

Different plans

Chapter 1-Moving

A/N: Any recognizable characters or places do not belong to me.

It was the 1st November 1981. The magical world was cheering. Finally You-Know-Who had vanished.

"So, who do you think is the Boy-Who-Lived?" an old man asked. He was sitting in a living room furnished with modern furniture, drinking a cup of tea.

"Max, of course," a woman answered, playing with her oldest son.

"I agree with you, Lily," another man said, looking disgustedly at his second son. "Harry's not even shown that he is a wizard and not a squib."

"What will you do with Harry?"

"He will be given to Petunia tomorrow," Lily Potter said. "We just can't take care of him and train Maximilian at the same time, Professor Dumbledore."

"I understand fully," Albus Dumbledore answered, standing up. "Good bye, James, Lily, Maximilian."

On the coffee table lay a copy of the Daily Prophet.

You-Know-Who vanished!

Yesterday night, 31st October, Maximilian Martin Potter vanished with his brother's, Harry James Potter's help, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. The twins, only a bit over a year old, managed to do what adults, including Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry, failed doing.

"Of course Max did all the dirty work," James Potter, father of the twins, said. "He, other than Harry, has shown plenty of magic. He just has to be more powerful than his twin."

The Potters are happy that their boys have survived, You-Know-Who has vanished and one of their boys is the first one to survive the killing curse. Who will that be?

"Like my husband said," Lily Potter told us, "Max is the Boy-Who-Lived. He vanished He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and saved his little brother. We will send Harry to live with my sister, so that we can train Max and let Harry have a good childhood with all the attention from his elders that he needs."

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

The next day Lily and James went to 4 Privet Drive, Whinging, Surrey, where her sister lived with her husband and son. They apparated there, Lily holding Harry and James holding Max. Lily rang the bell. A moment later the door opened.

"What do you want here, freak?" Petunia Dursley sneered, glaring at her sister and brother-in-law who, holding their children, stood in front of the door.

"Can you take care of Harry?" Lily asked her sister instantly, looking pleadingly at her.

"Of course we will give you money," James chirped in, knowing that the prospect of being paid would make it easier to talk these muggles into it.

"How much?" Petunia's husband, Vernon, demanded.

"How about £250 a week?" James offered

"Well, taking that in account... we might be able to take care of that little bastard," he agreed, already thinking of how to spend the money on his son Dudley.

Lily wanted to start an argument saying that Harry wasn't one, but James had pulled the boy away from her before she could react. Her sister slammed the door into her face after she'd taken the baby.

Severus Snape had read the Daily Prophet. How could someone be that stupid? he asked himself. As if Harry couldn't be the one who vanished the Dark Lord. I have to keep an eye on him, he made a mental note for himself. I have a weird feeling that he will be in Slytherin. Lily's sister, she is a muggle. It should be fairly easy to watch him. Surely Harry had more power than his pampered twin, he just hadn't shown it yet.

Chapter 2-The cupboard under the stairs

A/N: I forgot to say in the last chapter that I'm not a native English speaker, so please excuse any grammar mistakes or tell me about them so that I can fix them.

It had been a while since Harry moved to the Dursley's, but Severus still had not got the time to look how things were going on there. Dumbledore kept giving him tasks to fulfill, just if he knew what the Potions Professor planned and tried to stop him. Finally Snape had enough though.

"I need my free time, Albus!" he yelled furiously. He stood in front of Albus's desk in the headmaster office. "And how can I possibly spend some time relaxing if you keep giving me tasks to do?"

"I'm terribly sorry about that, Severus," Dumbledore began. "But you know like me that these tasks are important and have to be completed."

"Why can't you find someone else? There are plenty of people out there who could help you, Albus."

"Because you are the best person I could ever get."

"Albus, you know perfectly that this is not true", Severus said. "And if you would spend less time with Minerva, then..."

"I think you should go now," Albus abruptly ended the conversation. "Oh, and I think Madam Pomfrey needs a few Potions- "

"I don't care what she bloody needs! Find some other person to brew them, I need time on my own and I will get it some way or another," Snape yelled before he stormed out of the office. Yeah, he's terribly sorry for wasting my time, Severus thought sarcastically while he sprinted down the staircases towards the dungeon. Sure.

It wasn't until Christmas came near that Severus at last found time to look how Harry did with his relatives. As he appeared at Privet Drive he shivered at imagining to live somewhere like this place. As fast as

possible he walked to #4 and knocked; no one opened. He knocked again, harder. Still nothing happened.

Snape lost his patience and whispered, "Alohomora!".

There was a clicking noise and the door was suddenly open. Silently the ex-Death eater went inside. He looked around. There didn't seem anyone to be around. Pictures from the Dursleys were everywhere.

Petunia hasn't changed much, he thought. And this woman next to her must be her husband. With the pig of a boy in front of them. But where is Harry? No one would think that he was ever here, but they wouldn't have... would they? At the thought of this Severus began to shiver again, this time in fear. They wouldn't have done something like that, he told himself. They just couldn't. Not to Lily's son.

Suddenly he heard a noise from the cupboard under the stairs. Eager to know what it was he bent down and opened the door, which had, to his surprise, a few locks and even a huge padlock on it. The sight in there stunned him. A small boy, too skinny for Snape's liking, lay there with nothing but a rug which looked like a pyjama. He seemed to have problems breathing, too. Just then Severus noticed how dusty it was in there.

"Oh my god", he whispered, still in shock. Slowly and gently he scooped the little boy up in his arms. How often did they feed him? came through his mind next. Not very often, as it looks like, he answered himself. And then it hit him. The wave of a stranger smell.

"Oh no", Severus said, smelling that Harry's already overfilled diaper was now fuller than before, near bursting. "Not that."

Chapter 3-Talking

"Poppy?" Severus asked as he entered the infirmary.

"What is it?" the matron demanded, coming out of her office.

Taking a deep breath Severus continued."Can I trust you to keep a secret?"

"Of course you can, Severus. You know that."

"You know that Lily left Harry at her sister's house?"

"Yes," she agreed, wondering where this would lead to.

"I took him from there."

"Why, Severus?" Madam Pomfrey asked curious. For some reason she wasn't too surprised.

"They abused him, Poppy!" Severus burst out, not able to keep it a moment longer.

"They - what? Where is he now?"

"In my quarters. And I would like you to check him up."

"Of course I will do that," Poppy said, already looking for different medical utensils.

"And?" Professor Snape asked as soon as Poppy at finished the check up."How is he?"

Sighing Poppy told him the state of the baby."He is underweight, I dare say they starved him. And he's sometimes got breathing problems. It could be that he gets asthma when he is older. The next question is where will he stay?"

"Dumbledore would find it out when Harry would stay here," Severus voiced his thoughts. "What about if you watch over him?"

"I could do that, you're right... But what do I say if he finds out that I'm watching a baby?"

"Say that a friend asked you to," Severus suggested.

"But he knows how Harry looks like, doesn't he?"

"As much as I know he only has seen him once or twice," Sev said. "However, that should be enough to recognize him, I would say."

"What do you mean he is not here?" Vernon asked. He stood in the entrance hall, holding his son in his arms.

"When we left I checked the door and it was closed," his wife said, pointing at the cupboard under the stairs. "But now the door to the cupboard is open and the freak is not there!"

"What do we tell your sister? I don't want to get in trouble, and we are payed good by this worthless husband of her!"

"We tell them nothing, dear," Petunia decided. "Then we still get the money. When they ask about him, then we tell them that we don't know anything."

"You are brilliant, Petunia!," Vernon yelled happily, grinning from ear to ear. Although he didn't know what made his dad so happy, little Dudley started giggling.

"Daisy!" Sev yelled. After a moment an strange looking creature appeared with a pop!.

"What can Daisy do for her Master?" the house elf asked.

"Could you add a children's room to Poppy's quarters?"

"Of course I can do this," Daisy said happily. "I is beginning right now!"

"Thanks," Poppy said, smiling warmly at the house elf.

"You do not have to thank me," the house elf said, blushing. "I is doing it to help Master. I is liking it to help Master."

"You are dismissed, Daisy," Sev said, and with a pop! the creature disappeared again.

"So," Pomfrey began after a few moments silence, turning to face Severus. "We need at least another person to help hide him from Albus and his parents. We two alone could never do it."

"What about Minerva?" he asked.

"What about me?" a woman spoke, entering the infirmary.

"Ah, Minerva," Poppy said. "We were just wondering if you could help us with something. But first, why are you here?"

"I have a headache from working on the timetables too much," McGonagall told the matron.

"Here," Severus said, giving his colleague a phial. "This should help."

"Thanks, Severus," Minerva said, gulping the liquid down. "So, what did you want me to help you with?"

Taking a deep breath Snape told his tale again. "You know that the Potters gave Harry to the Dursleys?"

"Yes, of course," Minerva answered sadly. "I cannot understand how they could do something like that. Harry was always like a grandson to me, other than his twin brother Maximilian."

"Well," Severus continued, "I have been looking how he's doing there this morning."

"And? How was he?"

Sighing Poppy took over from there, knowing that it would have been too much for Severus to say what had been going on for nearly two months.

"They probably starved him, let him sleep in the cupboard under the stairs, didn't change his nappy more than a few times a week. The dust from his 'room' will cause him problems to breath once in a while. It could end up in asthma and if we don't watch poor Harry he could become ill oftener than normal."

"These bastards!" Minerva exclaimed."Ho could they-"

"Minerva!" Severus interrupted her, looking at the door leading out of the infirmary as if he waited for it to be opened."Be quiet! Harry sleeps in Poppy's living room, in case someone comes. And if you don't sop yelling someone will come, or Harry wakes up. Or worse, he wakes up while someone is here. Because then one of us would have to go to comfort him. It would look suspicious if I or you would go because Harry is in Poppy's quarters. If she would go whoever is here would ask why she is going."

"But how do we know when he wakes up?" Minerva asked."People hear it if he screams. Silence wards would prevent that, but then no one would hear him, not even one of us."

"I've put spells on him so we know when he wakes up" Poppy explained."And Severus added the silence wards. So only he or I knows when young Harry wakes up."

"Oh," Minerva said, blushing. She knew that kind of spells but had totally forgotten about it. "But how do we pretend that Harry isn't here?"

"Daisy, my house elf, set up a children room in Poppy's quarters," Severus said."One of the doors leads to my quarters and another one to your quarters, Minerva. If someone asks about it then say that that door leads to a storeroom for your rubbish that you don't want to throw away."

Suddenly the door to the infirmary flew open and in came a furious Dumbledore followed by James, Lily and Maximilian Potter.

"Where is the boy?" the headmaster asked.

Chapter 4-Excuses

"What boy?" Severus asked innocently.

"Harry, for god's sake!" Lily yelled hysterically.

"What did you do to him?" James, who was holding Max, added.

"Oh," Snape said. "You mean that baby boy that got abandoned by his parents? The boy who got abused by his relatives? The boy whose twin is more loved than himself? Because if you do, then you don't even have to start looking for him."

"What do you mean, Severus?", Dumbledore demanded angrily.

"I killed him," the Professor hissed sarcastically before he left the infirmary. His plan was to try and make them believe that Harry was dead, and then let him grow up far away from the magical world, far away from his parents who only cared about his twin.

"H-he can't have," Lily sobbed, collapsing.

"Poppy, did he really kill Max's twin?" James demanded.

The matron, who thought she knew what the potion Professor was trying to do, sighed and answered instantly. "He did kill him, I saw it myself."

"But how did you know that Harry was taken away from the Dursleys?" Minerva asked.

"We placed wards around the house so we knew what was going on," James explained, trying to comfort his wife and son who started crying too.

"You mean that you knew that Harry was abused?" Minerva yelled beside herself with rage.

"Yes, for your information we did know about it," Potter answered, obviously not caring one little bit. "We even did told them that they shouldn't pamper him one bit."

"How could you?" McGonnagal went on. "He was your son! The boy is better dead than alive with parents like you!"

A moment later James' wand poked into her throat. She swallowed.

"Do never ever say again that we aren't good parents." he hissed before turning around, scooping Max up and helping his wife out of the room.

"I'm going to have a word with Severus," Albus said icily.

"Are they away?" Sev asked as he came out of the fireplace a few moments later.

"Yes they are," Poppy said, sighing. She sat down on one of the nearby beds, trying to take in what had just happened.

Minerva, who had sat down on one of the other beds, spoke next. "Where are you going now? Dumbledore is surely firing you; and as much as I know James the Daily Prophet will bring out an article in the next couple of days. The whole magical world will be against you, especially as it is about the twin brother of the Boy-Who-Lived."

"I know, Minerva, I know", Severus sighed. "I plan to take Harry to my parents' house so that no one can find him there. I'll hex the fireplace so that only you, my mother, I , and, when he's old enough, Harry can come through. Any one else needs permission from Mum or me."

"Your parents live in a muggle village?" Poppy asked.

"Yes, they do," Sev confirmed. "And that's why I will go there with little Harry as soon as possible."

"Have you got packed?" Minerva asked.

"Clothes and things like that", Severus nodded. "It would be nice if you could get the rest and then bring them over."

"Of course I'll do that," McGonnagal agreed as she watched her colleague walk briskly into Poppy's quarters to get Harry and then leave.

"Who's there?" Eileen asked as she saw the flames changed from the normal reddish-orange to green.

"It's me, Mum," Severus said as he stepped out of the fireplace, holding Harry in one arm and a suitcase in his other hand.

"Severus!", Tobias yelled. "Haven't seen you in a while! How are things going?"

"Fine, Dad," he answered. "But I have a problem."

"Just tell us and we try to help you," Eileen smiled.

"You know the Potters?"

"Eileen told me a bit 'bout them," Tobias confirmed.

"They abandoned Harry."

"They - what?" the female Snape yelled shocked.

"And I saved him from his aunt and uncle's house," Severus continued. "Harry's underweight, abused and may get asthma when he's older. That's only because they let him sleep in the cupboard under the stairs."

"So," Eileen said, already knowing what her son wanted, especially as he already had brought Harry here. "You are asking us if you can live with us until Harry's old enough to attend Hogwarts?"

"Hasn't our boy got a teaching post?" Tobias interrupted irritated.

"Not any more, I guess," Severus said, sounding sad. "Potter noticed that I took his son, so I told him that I killed Harry. I don't think that Albus will let me teach a day more."

"I can't believe it!" Severus yelled two days later at the breakfast table. He and Harry didn't had much trouble getting used to the new environment.

"Don't yell, Sev," Tobias scolded his son. "You're giving me hearing problems."

"Sorry, Dad," his son said. "But I can't believe what Potter let the Daily Prophet publish!"

"Let me see," Eileen said, holding her hand out for the paper.

The twin of the Boy-Who-Lived killed!

Harry James Potter, twin of Maximilian Martin Potter, was killed on the 20th December 1981 by Severus Tobias Snape, former potion professor at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry. James Potter, father of the twins, complained yesterday in front of the Wizengamot.

"I won't have it that a Death Eater killed one of my sons", he said. "And think about my wife! The only thing she's done since we found out was crying her heart out! How do you think we both feel? How do you think Max will react that his twin brother was killed?"

So, what will the Wizengamot do against ? People are terrified that their children might be next. Maybe Snape is already planning his next attack? Parents, keep your children inside and do not let out alone under any circumstances! You never know if our killer is waiting behind the next house.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

"Severus!" Minerva shouted as soon as she stepped out of the fireplace. "Did you read the Daily Prophet?"

"Yes, I did," he answered. "And I will be going for a visit today."

"Don' t get into any trouble, son," Tobias said as he too read the article.

"I won't, Dad", Severus said smirking as he stood up and got his coat before leaving. "It won't take longer than a couple of hours, I guess."

Chapter 5-Arguments

"I go wake Harry up," Eileen said after a few moments of silence. "Sit down, Minerva. Would you like tea?"

"Yes, please," Minerva answered, sitting down at the dining table.

"I'll make one," Tobias said, already getting up.

"Thanks."

While Minerva sat at the table waiting for her tea she thought about what had happened in the last few months. First You-Know-Who attacked the Potters, then they abandoned Harry because they thought that Max is the Boy-Who-Lived. Afterwards Severus rescued Harry from the Dursleys who'd abused the boy. That led to the confession of James that he knew his son was abused and that he'd told the Dursleys not to pamper him, i.e. abuse, which means that they thought they could do whatever they wanted to the baby. After Severus had rescued Harry the Potters found out because of the wards they had placed around the Dursleys' home. Her younger colleague then said that he killed the boy and disappeared to his parents. And that led to the article in the Daily Prophet.

Severus stood in front of a door, the hood of his coat covering his face. He knocked. After a long while the door opened.

"Who-," James began but got cut off by a spell hitting him. He flew back and sank down at the nearest wall. He was unconscious and was bleeding from a wound near his mouth. Snape stepped into the house, and locked the door with a few spells. As he turned around he saw Lily, who held Max, standing halfway down the stairs. With a flick of his wrist her wand flew towards him.

"What do you want?" she asked horrified, not able to move.

Sev took his hood slowly down. "Why did you tell all these lies?"

Tears began streaming down Lily's face as she answered. "It was James. He was talking me into giving Harry away. It was him who told my sister they shouldn't pamper him. He-"

Severus cut her off, not wanting to hear what Potter had all done. "Then why did you marry him, and what does he have against Harry?"

Lily's voice began to shake as she spoke. "James put me under the imperius curse. That's why I married him. He thinks that Harry's unworthy because he didn't defeat You-"

Snape cut her off again, this time yelling at her. "The Dark Lord is not defeated! He can come back any time. And then he will kill you, Potter, that spoiled child in your arms and Harry! If he's unworthy or not, that doesn't matter, woman! Or worse, he makes Harry one of his followers!"

"Just like you, Snievellus," James said as he slowly stood up after he'd gained consciousness again moments before. He wiped blood away from his mouth with the back of his hand. "Just like you, traitor! You are one of his followers. And you know what? Lily married me without an imperius curse. She loves me and not you! She wanted to abandon Harry. It was her ide-"

"Stop it!" Lily screamed. "Stop it!"

Suddenly Max began to whimper.

"Get out of my house!" James yelled. "You made my son cry!"

"And Harry?" Severus asked, already turning to leave. "He isn't your son, is he?"

"He's dead! You killed him, bloody Death Eater!"

"No, Potter," Snape said. "He isn't dead. I never killed him, but you will kill him. You will brake his heart and because of that he will suffer. And it will be his death!" With that Severus unlocked the door, removed the silence spell and left, leaving a crying woman, an angry

man and an upset child behind. After the door closed Lily collapsed to the floor, Max still in her hands.

"This bastard," James said furiously, seething with anger. "He will pay back for that."

"J-James," Lily sobbed. "I-it was our f-fault. I-I still I-love him, don't d-
."

Suddenly he slapped her.

"You don't", Potter said coldly. "And you know that. Only I am worth for your love. Get undressed and wait in bed for me."

Severus apparated to a small park where he sat down and tried to calm himself down before going home. There he sat, thinking about what had happened. They gave each other the fault, he thought. Said the same thing about the other one, just if they had planned it.

Half an hour later Severus went home again, still thinking about that conversation. As he came in he saw Minerva playing with Harry. She looked up as she heard him enter.

"What did you do?" Tobias asked as he came out of the kitchen.

"I've had a conversation with the Potters," his son answered monotone.

"What did you do to them, Severus?" Minerva asked sternly.

"I stunned Potter, then I spoke with Lily," Sev said. "After James woke up again we had a few words together, then I left and went to a park to clam down."

"What did Lily say?" Eileen, who came down the stairs, asked.

Sighing Severus told them what had been said. "She said that Potter talked her into given Harry up, and that he used an imperius curse so that she married him."

"What did James say after he woke up?"

"That Lily's telling me lies, it was her idea to give Harry up."

"There was something more, Severus," Eileen stated. She knew that Severus wasn't telling her everything.

Taking a deep breath her son answered."He said that she never loved me."

"Oh Severus," she said, hugging her son.

"He called you traitor, didn't he?" Minerva asked knowingly.

Sev nodded as he began to sob.

"Harry doesn't deserve parents like them," Tobias said angry."He will grow up with us!"

"Of course," Eileen agreed."Oh, Minerva, what did Dumbledore say?"

"He didn't fire Severus because he can't find anyone to take his position", McGonnagal answered."The Governments didn't like it, but they couldn't do anything to prevent Severus to continue to teach. However, if he is seen outside of Hogwarts by anyone, whether it is a muggle or witch or wizard, he'll go to Azkaban instantly."

Just then the fireplace changed colour and a man stepped out.

Chapter 6 - Planning

"Severus," the man said. "I would've come earlier, but I just read the article-"

"What are you doing here, Lupin?" Snape asked irritated, looking confused at his former fellow student.

"I came to ask you to forgive me."

After a while of silence Severus spoke again. "Did you know that Harry's been abused?"

"He's been - what?" Remus couldn't believe a single word he'd heard. Harry abused? That could never be possible. "I knew James was going to get his way!" he muttered furiously.

"What do you mean?" Minerva asked, not getting anything of what was said.

Sighing the werewolf started his story. "It started as Lily told him that she's pregnant. He didn't like the idea, but acted as if he was happy. When he'd been told that he will be father of twins, James thought the Healer lied. He was furious; more than that actually. As Lily noticed that she was, let's say, a bit sad.

"Sirius had the same reaction as James. After the attack of Voldemort, he talked the couple into giving Harry away. They had planned it, but Lily was against it. Sirius said that they should give all their attention to Maximilian. James told Lily that he's right, so they decided to give Harry to the Dursleys. I tried talking them out of it, but three against one is never good. James forbid me to take Harry away because he said it would be the best like that. But how is he now that you rescued him?"

"You said you read the article," Severus said. "Then why would you ask me how he is?"

"Because I know that you could never hurt him, not Lily's son," Remus answered, smiling. "And, if you haven't noticed it, Minerva is holding him right now."

Eileen joined in. "Does anyone want tea?"

"Yes, please," Remus said, smiling at her.

"Of course, Mum," Severus nodded.

Sitting at the table they continued their conversation.

"So, what do we do with Harry now?" Remus asked, sipping steaming hot tea.

"He's staying here," Tobias answered, drowning down a mug of coffee.

"Who is his godfather?" Minerva suddenly asked. "Sirius is Max's, but who's Harry's?"

"I am," Remus answered this time. "And Lily secretly made Severus Harry's godfather as well."

"She - what?", Severus nearly choked on his drink as Lupin said that.

"She secretly made you Harry's godfather," Remus repeated, taking another sip from the herb tea.

"Then why didn't she give him to my son if he's the boy's godfather?" Eileen demanded. "Harry would never have been hurt!"

"Sirius and James both didn't know it," Lupin explained. "And even if, they would have thought that abusing is better than living with a former Death Eater."

"Still," Minerva said seriously. "We have a lot of planning to do. First of all, Harry's schooling. Remus, could you teach him English and maths?"

"Of course I can."

"I teach him science," Severus decided.

"OK, next thing," McGonnagal went on, playing with the young boy while talking. "His safety. How many people know about this house?"

"Hardly anyone," Tobias answered. "Except the people in this village, of course. However, none of them are magical living beings if you meant that."

"Anything else we should discuss?" Remus asked, looking at the wall clock. "I'll have to go soon - James and Sirius want to play Quidditch with a few friends of them." He screwed up his face as if he was in serious pain. "Never liked the game to say the truth."

"How can we contact you?" Eileen asked. "If we would use the floo then it could be possible that someone is with you or Poppy at the moment that we'll want to talk to you. And then we'd all be in trouble."

"You could talk to me, Mum," Severus said. "You are my mother so no one would question me if your head would show suddenly up for a conversation."

"Good," Tobias said. "Ah, and Severus?"

"Yes, Dad?"

"Could you bring me a new bottle of this Firewhiskey?"

"You shouldn't drink so much, you know," Eileen said sternly, eying her husband disapprovingly.

"I know, darling," Tobias answered. "But it just... tastes too good if you know what I mean."

Remus chuckled as he spoke again. "So, I have to excuse myself for now."

"Remus!" James greeted his friend as he stepped out of the fireplace.
"Ready to play Quidditch?"

"I wanted to talk about my godson, and no I am not ready to play and will never be."

"What do you know about- " Before Potter could finish the sentence Lupin cut him short.

"How could you let the Dursley's abuse Harry? He's your own flesh and blood, just to remind you!"

"What they did shouldn't concern you, Moony."

"Do. Not. Call. Me. Moony. Ever. Again."

"Wh-what happened to you? You're not like your normal self!" James sounded more than irritated and confused at the sudden outburst.

"Nothing happened, Potter."

"Since when to you use my last name?" James asked, his irritation growing with every moment that passed.

"Since I found out what for a person you really are."

"Has Snivellus told you this?"

"And what if he did?"

"How can you believe what Snape's saying!" Black, who joined Potter and Lupin in the living room, yelled furiously. "You are our friend!"

"Not anymore," Remus said coldly before turning around.

"What do you mean? You can't just leave the Marauders!"

"And why not?"

"Because... because..."

"Because you just can't!" James finished stubbornly.

"But I am."

"WEREWOLF-TRAITOR!" Sirius and James suddenly bellowed together.

That was it. Remus turned abruptly around again and held his wand towards them. "Never call a werewolf a traitor", he whispered angrily, before a light emerged from his wand.

"What the hell happened with you?" Lily, still with red eyes from all the crying, asked as she came out of the house as she heard the screams.

"R-Remus," Sirius managed to say. "He quit the Marauders, then hexed us."

"You must have done something if he's used the Bat-Bogey," Lily said thoughtfully, releasing the two men.

"W-We called him Werewolf traitor," James admitted in a low voice.

"Don't ask me to help you then!" his wife yelled at the men, hexing them again. "You know how sensitive he is about being different!"

"We have to get Remus," a man said, approaching them, stopping the Bat-Bogey hex with a flick of his wrist. "He knows where Severus is, so he can tell us where he's hiding Harry."

A/N: Thanks for the reviews!

Chapter 7 - 10 years

"Why, Albus?" Sirius asked irritated.

"Do you want him to be against us when Voldemort is raising again?" Dumbledore challenged his former student.

"He would never- " James began, but got cut off by his wife.

"How do you know?" Lily asked him horrified. "We shouldn't have given him away! Sirius, why did you talk us into it?" Tears began to stream down her face once again.

"You know just as well as I do that Max needs all your attention!" Black said fiercely.

"He's right, Lily," James said firmly, hugging his wife. "He's right..."

"Severus!" Remus exclaimed, literally jumping out of the fireplace into the Snapes living room

"What, Lupin?" Severus asked, putting the book he'd been reading down.

"Obliviate me!"

"What do you mean? Obliviate you? Why?"

"I shouldn't know about this place anymore, otherwise Dumbledore might torture me to get the information he needs!" Remus yelled anxiously.

"Is your name Remus Lupin?" Albus Dumbledore asked, looking hard at the man who sat on a chair in front of him.

"Yes."

"Are you a werewolf?"

"Yes."

"Did you quit your friendship to James Potter?"

"Yes."

"Good, the veritaserum should work," Dumbledore said happily, rubbing his hands. He sat down at his desk. "Do you know the whereabouts of Harry Potter?"

"No."

"What?" The headmaster had been so sure that he'd find out this way. Lupin had to know where young Harry was.

"I do not know the whereabouts of Harry Potter," the werewolf repeated, speaking in a monotone voice like before.

"But you must!" Albus insisted, standing up again. "Do you have an idea why you don't know it?"

"No. I don't."

A week later...

The twin of the Boy-Who-Lived is not dead!

S. Snape, former Death Eater and professor at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry, has NOT killed Harry Potter.

"Last week he came to my house", James Potter said in the interview. "He stunned me, then made my wife and son cry. Before he left he said that Harry's still alive. Please, we need help finding him! We need to get Harry back before any serious damage is done to him!"

So, what will happen to the boy now? Will he be found? How long will he still be alive? Or has Snape already killed him by now?

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

5 years later...

A small boy sat in a big garden, reading a book. He didn't notice the door being opened and a man coming out.

"Hello, Harry," the man said, sitting down next to the boy.

"Dad!" Harry exclaimed, putting the book down. He turned around to hug Severus. Suddenly he began to cough though. Severus watched in concern.

"Harry," he asked in a serious tone of voice. "Did you notice that you coughed a lot in the last few weeks?"

The boy nodded, slowly stopping to cough.

"Maybe you should go to Poppy," Eileen said as she stepped out, watching them.

"You're right, Mum."

"What can I do for you?" the matron asked as Severus, who'd checked moments before that no one was there to watch, and Harry stepped out of the fireplace.

"Could you check up on Harry?" Snape asked.

"Of course I can, but why?"

"He's been coughing a lot," Severus explained. "It worries me."

"Do you remember what I told you five years ago?" Poppy asked after the checkup.

"You don't mean he's got asthma?" Severus asked concerned, looking at the now sleeping boy.

"I'm afraid the answer is yes."

"There's nothing we can do, is there?" Snape asked in frustration. There'd been enough pain in the boy's life already; it didn't need anything else on top.

"No, there isn't. But he needs this inhaler," Pomfrey said, giving him two of them. "And the second one is for you, in case he forgets or loses his."

"He always has to carry it around, then?"

"Yes, Severus, he has to in case he gets an asthma attack."

Another 5 years later...

The twin of the Boy-Who-Lived still missing

This year Harry Potter, brother of Maximilian Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, should be starting Hogwarts like our hero. Will we see him there? What do the Potters have to say about all this? How do they react to this whole situation?

"I hope my son is fine," Lily Potter said in the interview.

"Hopefully we can get him back," James Potter added.

"I want my brother," young Maximilian had whined, nearly starting to cry.

So, like J. Potter said, we hope that we will see Harry Potter again. But what if he's already dead? Will the parents of H. Potter get S. Snape in front of the Wizengamot if the boy does not return this year to go to Hogwarts? We will keep you up with the latest news.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

"Grandpa?" Harry asked after he'd read the article for the third time.

"Yes, Harry?"

"Why, again, do I live not with my real parents?"

"Because," Tobias said, sighing, "they didn't treat you like real parents should treat their own flesh and blood."

"So, Dad took me away from them?"

"Yes, that's why, sweetie," Eileen said as she entered the kitchen and started to make breakfast.

"Morning, Mum, Dad, Harry," Severus yawned as he, too, entered the kitchen. "What does the Prophet say today?"

"Another article about me," Harry answered, wrinkling his nose in distaste. There'd been a few articles speculating if he'd attend Hogwarts - which he of course would do - this year.

"What did she write?" Severus asked, referring to Rita Skeeter. All the articles over the years about Harry had been written by her.

"That they hope to see me again. And the Potters said the same."

"Oh, before I forget it, Harry."

"What, Dad?" the boy asked.

"If the people see me with you in Diagon Alley, they will take you away."

"W-what does that mean?" Harry bit his lip fearfully. Would that mean he'd not be allowed to go to Hogwarts?

"That you'll meet your parents in three days, so that they can take you," Tobias answered sadly.

"C-can I still come here though?"

"Of course, sweetheart," Eileen said reassuringly, putting a plate with a pile of pancakes in front of him. "Whenever you want to, Harry. You'll always be welcome."

Three days later...

"Are you ready?"

"Yes... well, I think so, at least," Harry told Severus, looking at his feet.

"Harry," Sev said, crouching down in front of the boy. "I know that you can do this. You surprised me a lot in the last ten years. For example when you answered all my questions on year one stuff all right. Or when Poppy made you do the IQ-test. That day I was both proud and surprised."

Harry could clearly remember that day. He had been surprised how easy most of the questions were. In the end he had an IQ of 143, and that had been last year.

"Thanks, Dad," the boy said, managing a small smile.

"OK, you know how to get to the Leaky Cauldron, don't you?"

"Of course I do!" Harry didn't know how his "father" could ever have doubted that. Aunt Minerva had taken him there a few times in the last years (of course he'd been disguised as her nephew).

"And don't forget, you can always come to me at Hogwarts," Severus reminded him.

"Even if I'm in Gryffindor?"

"Even if you're in Gryffindor," Severus confirmed, speaking softly, hugging the boy a last time. "But I doubt that you will get anywhere except Ravenclaw or Slytherin."

"Harry!" Lily exclaimed as the boy stepped out of the fireplace, hugging him. The whole pup stared at him with eyes as big as saucers.

"Uh - hi Mum, Dad," he said, feeling uncomfortable with this whole situation.

James nodded at him. Max looked at him. They had hardly anything in common; Harry had James' hair, face, also wore glasses and was skinny. Maximilian had red hair, brown eyes, Lily's face and weight at least fifteen pounds more than his twin.

"Come on," James said, not wanting to waste anymore time standing around doing nothing.

Throughout the whole trip everybody shopping in Diagon Alley stared at Harry and whispered. As the Potters walked passed the Malfoys they glared at each other, only to Harry they nodded.

"I don't want you to hang around these people, Harry," James said angrily as he noticed what had happened.

The next family they saw where the Weasleys. Harry didn't like them, only the girl which looked as if she was ten years old.

In the bookstore Harry saw a girl with bushy brown hair. He liked her immediately, but his parents pushed him away before he could start a conversation. Harry thought he heard James mutter 'Mudblood' under his breath. He knew quite well what it meant, and he didn't like it a bit.

The days passed, Harry got to know his family better and was introduced to Sirius, who didn't even look at the boy but talked with Max.

Most of the time at his new home Harry spend in his room reading. And that led to problems because Sirius, James and Max thought it was funny to take the books and replace them with ones you can't open until you would let it eat your hand. Harry was furious and ran to Lily. After she'd heard what had happened she scolded the three males and said that they behaved like three year olds. Sirius only said that the boy shouldn't spend the whole day inside reading boring books. And then Lily lost it...

"Well, maybe, smart-ass, some people think it is stupid to play pranks on other people the whole bloody time!"

"But it is fun!" Max defended his godfather.

"Don't you start, Maximilian!" his mum went on. "Harry is only three days back and if you don't stop this then he will go back to wherever he came from for sure!"

Finally it was the 1st September. After Harry boarded the train he went to find Draco, who he had been friends with since he had been three.

"I will tell Dad!" Max hissed as he saw where his twin went.

"Does it look like I care?" Harry challenged him bored.

"Harry!" someone yelled behind them.

"Dragon," the boy greeted, smiling, giving him a high-five. "I just went to look for you." Together they went to look around the train. In one of the compartments Harry saw the girl from the bookstore again.

"Could you wait for a minute, Dragon?" he asked

"Of course, Harry," Draco said. The boy opened the door so that his friend could enter. He saw a girl sitting in the compartment. He didn't know her, so he assumed that she was a half-blood or a muggle-born. Draco knew his father didn't want him to be around muggleborns, but something about this girl was different.

"Hi," Harry said. "I'm Harry Potter, and you?"

"Hermione Granger," the girl answered without looking up from the book.

"Would you mind me sitting here?"

"Of course not..."

"Draco," Harry said, turning to his friend. "I stay here, OK?"

"If you want to..."

"Longbottom, Neville," Minerva McGonnagal said. In front of her was the group of first years, waiting nervously to be sorted.

"Gryffindor!"

"Weasley, Ronald."

"Gryffindor!"

"Granger, Hermione."

"Gryffindor!"

"Malfoy, Draco."

"Slytherin!"

"Potter, Maximilian."

"Gryffindor!"

"Potter, Harry!"

So, what do we have here?

An eleven year old boy who waits to get sorted.

Quite right.

I'm waiting.

Are you?

You know it and you are playing dumb.

Am I?

Yes, you are. And now, could we continue?

Ah, yes, where were we?

Sorting me.

Hufflepuff?

Not my thing.

Gryffindor?

Never!

Ravenlaw?

Better, but not quite right.

Who is sorting you, me or you?

Hmmm, let me think...

I let you.

You sort me, but you ask for my opinion, am I right?

Could be.

Slytherin?

Are you asking the questions or I?

We both do, as a matter of fact.

Do you have to be right?

I don't have to, but I usually am.

Then I think Ravencl-

NO! PLEASE NOT!

Gryf-

NOOOOOOOOOO! I DON'T WANT TO GO THEREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Slytherin might be the best...

YEEEEES!

Fine, you sort yourself and I call what house you want to be in.

You already know.

Yes, but you acted like a three year old. And don't forget to be polite.

Please, lovely hat, let me sort myself into Slytherin. Please!

Meanwhile at the Headtable...

"Where do you think he's going?" Filius Flitwick asked. "The sorting hat does take quite long to decide."

"300 galleons on Slytherin," Severus answered without thinking.

"500 on Gryffindor," Dumbledore said thoughtfully.

"150 on Ravenclaw," Pomona Sprout joined in.

"200 on Hufflepuff," Trelawney said. "My Inner eye is telling me."

"Your Inner eye is- "

"Severus, stop it," Albus cut him off.

"Slytherin!" the hat exclaimed.

Cursing the professors gave Severus his money.

"I swear my Inner eye- "

"We don't want to know it, Sybille," Severus cut her off, happy that Harry was in his house.

Chapter 8-A conversation

A/N: CatWriter - I changed this one a bit more. Hope you like it!

"So," the headmaster said, standing up, after everyone had finished eating, smiling. "I have a few announcement to make. First, the new DADA teacher is Professor Quirell. Second, the new flying teacher is..."

"Snape", James Potter sneered, standing in front of the Slytherin common room. "Could I please have a talk with my son?"

"Why should I let Harry talk with you?" Severus asked, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder. He didn't show any of his feelings towards Potter and his fright about what would be happening with Harry if he would go with his biological father.

"Dad, it won't be that bad, I think..." Harry whispered. He too didn't show how scared he was.

"Are you sure?"

"He said he wants to talk to me," James went on, impatiently. "So why don't you let him?"

The moment Harry stepped away from Severus, his father grabbed his arm and threw the invisibility cloak over them.

"Harry!", Severus exclaimed, frightened, but he got no answer. Sighing he stepped into the common room to have the traditional house meeting, hoping that the boy would be OK.

Everything hurt as he tried to sit up. It took him a moment to gain full consciousness. Then he began to cough. He looked for his inhaler, but couldn't find it. James must have taken it, Harry thought shocked. What do I do now? Slowly he fell unconscious again.

A few moments later the door opened and a man entered.

“Harry!” Severus exclaimed, shocked, as he saw the boy laying on the floor.

“He's got a broken arm, a concussion and several smaller wounds. Also he seems to have had an asthma attack,” Poppy said, worry written all over her face.

“I shouldn't have let him go,” Severus said, looking sadly at the sleeping boy. He inwardly blamed himself for what has happened to his 'son'.

“Who did all that to him?”

“Potter,” Snape spat bitterly.

"How did you find him?"

"Well, as he didn't return I cast a spell which showed me the way to the room he was in. Better I inform the headmaster"

“Why should I beat up my own son?”

“Yes, Severus,” the headmaster agreed. “Why should James beat his own son up? That's just ridiculous!”

“Maybe,” Sev said, acting thoughtfully,” because he did never want him!”

“You bastard!” James yelled furiously. “How can you say something like that?”

"Because it's true, Potter," Snape hissed angrily before he left.

“How are you?”

“D-dad...”

“Yes, Harry, it is me.”

“What happened...?”

“Your fath-”

“You are my f-father, dad, not James...”

Smiling Sev continued. “Potter Sr. beat you up. But you shouldn't say that I'm your father.”

“Can't you adopt me?”

“I would like to, but too many people would be in our way.”

“You wanted to speak to me?” Harry asked as he entered his head of house's office.

“Yes, Harry,” Professor Snape said without looking up from the parchments he was grading. “Uncle Tom would like to see you again.”

“Why, again, do people think that he's bad?” the boy suddenly asked.

“Because they think that he and his followers murder for fun.”

“And Dumbledore began with these rumors because he doesn't want anybody to follow him?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“When do we go?”

“Over the weekend.”

A few days later...

“Harry!” a tall, good looking man greeted the boy, smiling broadly, hugging the boy.

“Uncle Tom!”

“So, I heard you are in Slytherin?”

“Of course I am,” the boy said, smiling.

“Severus, Lucius wanted to speak to you,” the Dark Lord said, dismissively. “Harry, we go for a walk in the park, OK?”

“Yes! I love the park!”

“So, James Potter attacked you?” Tom asked, walking out of the house.

“Yes...”

“Do you think you could make any other friends at school?”

“Well, there is a girl called Hermione Granger. She's muggleborn, but intelligent.”

“So, you think you could befriend her?”

“I think so, especially as it seems no one likes her.”

“Harry, would you like it someone adopts you?” Tom suddenly asked, staring up at the sky.

“Of course I would!”

“Do you remember our first meeting?”

Flashback

Severus stepped out of the fireplace.

“And?” Eileen asked.

“Good news,” he said. “The Dark Lord isn't evil as we all have thought.”

“W-what do you mean?” Tobias wondered irritated. “Eileen told m-”

“That was only what Dumbledore let the people believe,” Snape explained. “The truth is that he tried to save the Potters, but Dumbledore injured him, so he fled. And now he wants to meet Harry.”

“Do you think it is such a good idea?”

“Mum,” Severus said. “Only one time, OK?”

“Ah, you are Harry, I believe?”

“Y-yes,” a small boy, not older than five, said. “G-good day, sir.”

“You are well mannered, little one,” Tom Riddle smiled, crouching down to the boy. “You may call me Uncle Tom, if you want.”

“Uncle Tom,” Harry whispered.

“Would you like to for a walk?”

“Yes, I would like to.”

“Severus,” Tom said, turning to face the adult. “I think McNair wants something from you.”

“Of course, my Lord,” Sev answered, already turning around to leave.

“Could you answer me a question, Uncle Tom?” Harry asked half an hour later.

“What do you want to know?”

“Why are some wizards and witches called the M-Word?”

“Because some people think that they are different from purebloods, Harry.”

“But if they have magic abilities, then they can't actually be from a line of muggles. I would say their parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and so on were squibs, but not muggles.”

“You are quite right, no one actually looked at it this way...”

“Do you think that purebloods are better?”

“No, but Dumbledore's letting everyone believe that I think so.”

“You know, sometimes I wish dad would be my real father.”

“I can understand what you're feeling, Harry,” Tom said thoughtfully.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked interested.

“My mother died giving birth to me and my father didn't care about me because I'm a wizard.”

“Oh.”

“My lord,” Severus said as he approached them. “Can Harry go back home with me?”

“Of course he can,” the Dark Lord answered; turning to Harry he continued, “I hope to see you again!”

“I hope so too, Uncle Tom.”

End Flashback

“Do you mean that dad could adopt me?” Harry asked hopefully.

“No,” the man said. “He couldn't do it without a big fuss.”

“But who would do it then?”

“Think about it, Harry. You are a bright boy.”

“Uncle Lucius might, but I don't think he would,” the boy began. “Vincent's and Greg's dad's wouldn't do it, I'm sure about it. Then who w-” He cut himself off. After a few seconds he spoke again. “You don't mean that...”

“Yes, I mean exactly that,” Tom said. “But only if you want to.”

“But why not anyone else?”

“Because Dumbledore will try to get you against me, be a spy for him.”

“So, I tell him I spy for him, but give him information he doesn't really need. And then, when he's giving me information, I tell you?”

“I told you you are bright, Harry.”

“Oh, and when the final battle comes, I and whoever is fighting mentally against Dumbledore will be on your side?”

“Yes, that's what I was thinking. But how do you know if there's a final battle?”

“Because my brother's got to be killed sometime, doesn't he?”

Chuckling Voldemort continued. “You are right, I have to finish your brother off sometime. But now, would you accept my offer?”

“Yes, but no one should know about it,” Harry decided. “Not until the time comes.”

“He what?” Harry yelled as Draco told him what Ronald Weasley had said to Hermione Granger. “I’ll kill him!”

“Don’t!” Draco said. “She’s in the girl’s lavatory on the second floor. Go and calm her down before you murder anyone.”

“Hermione?”

“W-what?” the girl asked between sobs. “G-go away! I don’t w-want to talk t-to you.”

“I won’t go away until you-”

“Fine!” Hermione yelled furiously, coming out of one of the toilet cubes. “Ronald said that I’m a know-it-all! Can you now go? And why are you trying to comfort me? You’re a Slytherin!”

“A Slytherin with as much brain as you, Hermione,” Harry said. “And I don’t care if people say that you are muggleborn, because you are not.”

“Of course I am!”

“Then why do you have magical abilities? Muggles are people without them!”

“Then what should my parents be?”

“Squibs.”

“Wait – that would make sense!” she exclaimed. “Then it wouldn’t matter if Maximilian’s calling me a mudblo-”

“He-what?”

“You heard right,” Hermione said, sniffing. “Your twin called me mudblood.”

“James called you that in the book store!” Harry exclaimed, suddenly remembering what had happened in Diagon Alley.

“W-what do you mean? I've never met you before!”

“We didn't because before I could begin a conversation James and Lily pushed me away from you, and he muttered 'mudblood' under his breath.”

“You are completely different from the rest of your family, Harry,” she smiled.

“Thanks to my dad,” Harry grinned.

“Oh, who's your dad if not Professor Potter?” Hermione wondered.

“Professor Snape,” Harry said quietly, already knowing that she wouldn't want to be his fri-

“Is he strict at home?”

“Well, he was...”

“What do you mean by 'was'?”

Sighing Harry told her everything.

“...And now I have to live with my real family,” he ended.

“That's...that's sad,” Hermione said. She had completely forgotten about Max and Ron.

“C-could we be friends?”

“Of course!” she said as she hugged the boy in front of her.

Suddenly the door burst open and a troll came in. Hermione began to scream. Harry stood in front of her, levitating the cob of the troll and made it hit his head. A moment after the troll fell down, Maximilian and Ronald entered.

“What did you think you were doing?” McGonnagal asked as she, Professor Quirrel and Professor Snape entered a few minutes later.

“H-Hermione was here and didn't know about the troll,” Max said fast. “So we, Ron and I, came to inform her.”

“And what part did your twin play?”

“He saw us and followed us,” Ron took over. “But of course we had to save him and Hermione from the troll.”

“5 points from Slytherin for pure dumbness. 5 to Gryffindor for each of you, Potter, Weasley. And now go!”

“Harry,” Snape said. “Could you and Miss Granger stay behind?” As everyone except them got out of earshot, he continued. “What did really happen?”

“Ron called Hermione a know-it-all, and then my brother called her a m...m...mudblood.”

“And why did you come here?”

“Well, I went here after they called me what Harry said and cried,” Hermione went on, looking away. “Then he came and comforted me. As the troll entered Harry knocked him out. After wards Max and Ron came in.”

“5 points to each Slytherin and Gryffindor for telling the truth,” Severus said, smirking. “And 10 from Gryffindor for insulting fellow students. And now, off to bed!”

Chapter 9-Seeker

“Why are you hanging around with Slytherins, moodblood?”

“Potter,” Draco said calmly, “It is not nice to insult people.”

“Why should we care, Malfoy?” Weasley asked.

“We should be on our way, Dragon,” Harry said. “Dad doesn't like it if we're late.”

“Who do you call 'dad'?”

“Professor Snape,” Hermione said without thinking.

“Snape?” Max asked angry. “He's not your father, Harry, James Potter is! Come here to us! We won't care if you're in Slytherin if you forget about your past!”

“How can you say something like that?” Draco went on, shocked. “Your father is an ass hole!”

“Well, but Harry's living with us now,” Max said triumphantly. “So dad will drive it out of him!”

“Draco!” Hermione suddenly yelled. “Where's Harry's inhaler?”

“Shit,” the boy said. “Professor Snape forgot to give it to Harry after the attack!”

“We have to bring him to his dad, Draco!”

After Harry had calmed down Severus hugged him and said comforting words to him.

“Wow,” Hermione whispered, watching in awe. “Professor Potter could never be a father like Professor Snape.”

“You're right, Mione,” Draco agreed with her.

“Can we tell her?”

“Are you sure, Harry?” Severus asked, still hugging the boy.

“Yes, dad.”

“OK,” the teacher said, standing up. “Hermione we have to tell you something.”

“Is it about You-Know-Who?”

“H-how do you know?” Draco asked, turning around to face her.

“Well, Harry and you sometimes go away over the weekend,” the girl began to explain. “So, the question is: where are you going? I researched a bit and found out that You-Know-Who's body was never found. So what if he was only injured? Because then it would make sense why you go away and why his body was never found. The only question left is why he never killed Harry when you visited him.”

“Easy,” Harry said. “He isn't bad and only wanted to save my twin and me from Dumbledore.”

“I believe you,” Hermione whispered, now understanding why things were as they were. “So Dumbledore made everyone believe that V-Voldemort's bad and he's good?”

“Exactly,” Snape said. “You are as bright as the boy's here, if I can say so.”

“Of course, thanks,” Hermione smiled.

“Uncle Tom wants to meet you,” Harry said a few days later.

“R-really?”

“Yes,” Draco said.

“When?”

“This Saturday.”

“Ah, you are Hermione Granger?”

“Y-yes...”

“Call me Uncle Tom,” Riddle said, smiling.

“T-thanks, Uncle Tom.”

“I'm glad that you believe what Harry and Draco told you,” he went on.

“I know, but how can Dumbledore possible say that you're evil and kill for fun?”

“Because when the final Battle comes, he wants to have everyone on his side, Hermione. And that's where you will be needed.”

“W-what do you mean, Uncle Tom?” the girl asked surprised.

“I need you to become Potter and Weasley's friend, so that you, as well as Harry, can give me informations.”

“What will Harry do?”

“He will tell Dumbledore that he can give him information when I 'raise' again, because then Dumbledore will regain the members of the Order of the Phoenix.”

“The Order of the...?”

“Kind of a club where people fight against me, Hermione,” Tom explained.

“Will I be in it too?”

“No, usually Dumbledore wouldn't let any under-age wizards or witches in the Order, but Harry will be an exception. And if Dumbledore should find out that Potter jr. is not the chosen one, then Harry will tell him that he won't defeat me because he's got different plans.”

“What for plans?” Hermione asked curious.

“He loves to draw, you know.”

“Don't even think about flying as long as I'm not here!” With that Professor Potter left with Neville.

“ Oh, what's that?” Draco asked as he saw Longbottom's rememberall.

“Give it back, Malfoy,” Max said.

“Why should I?”

“Because the Boy-Who-Lived said so,” Ron said, stepping next to his friend.

“Oh, and why should I care about what he said?”

“Because he defeated He Who Must Not Be Named!”

“Oh, really? And where is the Dark Lord's body?”

A second later Draco was in the air, followed by Max.

“If you want it, Potter, then you have to catch it!” With that Malfoy threw the ball away and landed on the ground again.

“Wood,” McGonnagal said. “Here's your new Seeker, Maximilian Potter.”

“Max,” Sirius said with a big smile across his face. “I'm proud of you! Here, I got you a present!”

“A Nimbus 2000!” Maximilian whispered in awe.

“Sirius,” Lily smiled. “You shouldn't pamper him. Oh, and where is Harry?”

“Forget about him,” Black snarled. “He's a shame for his family.”

“As were you!” Lily yelled. “He's my son, after all!”

“Well, guess who he's calling 'dad'?” James interrupted.

“Not you?”

“Oh no! As if I hadn't known that, Sirius!”

“Who, darling,” Lily asked softly.

“Snivellus!”

“What? I'll kill him!”

“Who are you going to kill?” she asked stiffly.

“Snape!” Sirius went on. “He stole James' son!”

“Dad didn't stole me, Black,” a voice said from the doorway.

Slap.

“SIRIUS!” Lily bellowed as she rushed to her son. “Do not ever again touch my boy!”

“HE CALLED SNIVELLUS 'DAD'!” Black roared furiously, pointing at Harry.

“Sirius,” James began. “He doe-”

“I do mean it,” Harry cut his father off. “I do mean every word I say.”

“DAD!” Max joined in. “HE'S INSANE!”

“I am not, but you all are.” With that he turned and left.

“Harry,” Hermione said, examining his cheek. “Who did that?”

“Black.”

“Why?”

“Because I call dad 'dad' and not James 'dad'.”

“They are insane,” Draco complained.

“I know,” Harry sighed. “That's what I told them.”

“You sho-”

“Hermione,” the boy cut her off. “It's the truth. If they would have a bit of brain then they could figure it out.”

“What?”

“Draco,” Hermione said, healing Harry's cheek. “He means Uncle Tom.”

“Oh.”

"Severus," a man said. "What do you intend to do with Harry?"

"I would like to adopt him, change his name and looks, my Lord."

"No," Voldemort said. "I have my plans with him. Send him back to the Potters the year he'll start Hogwarts."

"But-"

"Nothing but, Severus."

"Of course, my lord. But what about Dumbledore?"

"He won't fire you because he could never find a replacement for you."

"The Governments wouldn't want me to teach."

"They can't do anything, Severus. If they could find a replacement, then you would already be out of the school."

"Slughorn?"

"He's not half as good as you, and Dumbledore and the Governments know that. You are dismissed."

Severus sat up in his bed, breathing heavily. He had, again, dreamed the dream with what all had started.

Chapter 10-Injured by his own brother

"What's happening with his broom?" Lee Jordan asked. "It looks like someone's jinxed it!"

"Hermione," Ron whispered. "Snape's doing it!"

Looking at the Professor she saw who really did do it.

"Wait here," she said. Hermione ran towards the teacher seats, whispered something and suddenly there was fire.

"Severus! Your robe is on fire!" Quirrel yelled.

"W-what?" he asked, looking away from Maximilian Potter. A moment later the broom was back to normal.

"He wouldn't have done that," Hagrid said, shaking his head in disagreement.

"How do you know?"

"Hagrid knows him better than any of us, Ronald," Hermione agreed with the gamekeeper. "We hardly know any about him."

"But we know for a fact that he jinxed my broom!"

"We don't know anything!" Hermione yelled furious, turning to face the boy. "The fact is that we saw his lips moving, but nothing else!"

Severus, who hid a few meters away from the little group, smiled to himself as he listened to Hermione. He knew that she had set his robes on fire and why.

"Another plan did success," Tom said with a smile.

"Looks like it," Hermione commented thoughtfully.

"What are you thinking about?"

"No offense, but it seems to me a bit like you try to fool me and Harry, Uncle Tom."

"None token, Hermione," Voldemort said, laughing. "I know it is hard to believe that I'm not evil when you thought that your whole life."

"Well, most of my life I didn't know about you," the girl smiled.

"Ron!"

"W-what?" a sleepy boy asked.

"Presents!" Maximilian yelled.

"Wow," Maximilian said as he unwrapped his fathers invisibility cloak. "I never thought he would give me that."

"I didn't even know he had one of them," Ron commented impressed.

"Like it?" James asked as he entered the living-room of Potter Manor, putting a tray with breakfast on the coffee-table.

"Of course I do!"

"Merry Christmas, Harry!"

"Merry Christmas, grandma!" the boy said, hugging Eileen. "And you too, grandpa!"

"Harry, get ready," Severus interrupted. "We only have a few hours and Uncle Tom wants to see you and Hermione as well."

"Harry, Hermione," Tom said, hugging the kids. "Draco should be here any moment."

"Uncle Tom, merry Christmas!" a blond boy smiled as he stepped out of the fireplace, followed by his parents.

"Lucius, Narcissa," Tom greeted, shaking hands with the adults. "Good to see you again."

"And you must be Hermione," Lucius said to the girl.

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Call me Uncle Lucius, if you want to," the man smiled.

"Presents!" the Dark Lord yelled, sounding as excited as a little child.

"So," Max said after the holidays. "How were your holidays, Hermione?"

"Boring," the girl said to her new friend. She knew that it was important for Uncle Tom's plan, but didn't like to be the friend of two brats.

"Maximilian's got a invisibility cloak from his father!" "Really, Ronald?" Hermione asked, trying to sound interested.

"Do we bore you?" Max asked, a bit shocked that Hermione wasn't actually interested.

"What if?" With that she stood up and opened the door to the common room and went out on the corridor.

"Where are you going?" Max wondered, leaning out of the door.

"Library."

"But that is in the opposite direct-"

"I found a shorter way, OK?" Hermione cut him off, sounding annoyed. "Can you leave me alone now, please?"

"So," Harry said, beginning to pace back and forth. "You say he told you he's got an invisibility cloak?"

"Yes," Hermione confirmed.

"But what will that help us?" Draco wondered.

"Think, Draco," Severus said. "You can figure that out for yourself."

"Well," the blond boy said thoughtfully. "Hermione could steal it and-"

"We don't want to have it," Harry broke him off.

"Then why is it so important that we-" he broke himself off. "Wait, when he's got that cloak, he gets invisible when he pulls it over him or anyone for that matter, right?"

"Yes."

"Then he can go anywhere he wants without being seen?"

"Yes, he can," Snape said.

"But what can we do against it?"

Nothing yet, Dragon," Harry said, still pacing. "Nothing yet..."

"Guys," Hermione said seriously. "You should learn for your exams."

"They won't be for another two months," Ron complained.

"And it's more interesting to talk about Fluffy than learn," Max added.

"Forget about this stupid, three-headed dog!" the girl yelled, running out of the common room.

"Sometimes I wish I could tell them everything."

"I know, Hermione," Harry sighed. "I know."

"Could we stu-"

"What would they say if they would see you spending your time with a Slytherin?"

"That I'm brainwashed?"

"Exactly!"

"Hermione?"

"I told you," Harry began to yell at the girl as he heard his brothers voice, "that I can't go out with you!"

"W-why not?" Hermione whined, joining in. She knew exactly what her friend tried to do.

"'Cause you are a stupid Gryffindor, that's why!"

"Potter!" Ron shouted. "Stop making my friend cry!"

"Whatever," the boy replied, turning around to go. Suddenly something hit his head. Slowly he fell down and everything went black. The last thing he heard was Hermione yelling.

"You are idiots! How could you do that to your own brot-"

"Harry," a voice said softly. "Harry, wake up!"

"U-uncle Tom...?" Harry asked, slowly opening his eyes.

"Yes, it is me. And Hermione and Draco are here as well"

"W-what happened..?"

"Your twin hit you with a branch and now you have a concussion," Hermione answered.

"How c-came I here...?"

"Uncle Sev brought you," Draco spoke. "We followed him, not wanting to leave you alone. But did you really do that act?"

"W-what act...?"

"That Mione's in love with you!"

"Yes...", Harry said, managing a small smile at the sight of Hermione blushing.

"Maximilian Potter?"

"Here, Professor McGonnagal."

"Harry Potter?"

"He got injured yesterday," Hermione said stiffly.

"What does he have?" the transfiguration teacher asked surprised.

"Max," the girl said, glaring at the boy, "hit his brother with a branch and has now a concussion."

"Is he at the infirmary?"

"No," Draco spoke. "At his uncle's house."

"Which uncle?" Maximilian asked surprised.

"That doesn't matter, Potter," McGonnagal interrupted. "And now, can I please continue with my lesson?"

Throughout the lesson she kept muttering to herself and shaking her head. Injured by his own brother, she thought in disbelieve.

"You do know what happened to your son?"

"What!" James exclaimed, looking terrified at Minerva. "Tell me what happened?"

"His twin hit him with a branch and now he's got a concussion."

"I'll kill Harry!!"

"Well, how will you do that," Severus interrupted, "when he's in bed, suffering from said concussion?"

"Max would nev-"

"But he has, Potter," Snape cut his colleague off. "And he will do it again."

Chapter 11-Revenge

The next week was the worst Gryffindor ever had. But not only them, Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff too. Minerva, Pomona and Filius complained that Severus took too many points from their houses.

"5 points from Gryffindor," Snape said, without looking up from his essays. "For breathing too loud, Weasley."

"You can't do this!" Max yelled, throwing his quill down. "It's not fair!"

"So?" Severus continued. "Was it fair that you, Potter, injured your own brother? Is it fair that he's suffering from a concussion just because your friend fancies him and he said he can't go out with her?" By now he stood in front of the boy's desk. "And you will copy this again," he said, pointing at the page with ink all over it."

"I won't!" Maximilian yelled. "It took me nearly an hour to write all this!"

"But you will," the teacher hissed. "In Detention tonight."

"ALBUS!"

"What is it, James?"

"Snivellus gave Max Detention for-"

"Disrespect," Severus finished, entering the office. "He spoke up against me, that is called disrespect, Potter."

"If Max really did disrespected you," Dumbledore said, "then you have the right to give him Detention."

"What about all the points he took from Gryffindor?"

"Not only Gryffindor," Severus smirked. "I also give Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff their share."

"Harry!" Draco yelled as his friend stepped out of the fireplace. "How are you?"

"I felled better," he answered. "But what did I miss?"

"Uncle Sev took loads of points from Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff, but especially Gryffindor," Hermione said. "I'm glad you're back. Max and Ron are more annoying than ever, mostly because they are too lazy to learn for their exams."

"Your twin's thinking he'll pass every exam with an O just because he 'saved' the world," Draco added.

"Wouldn't have thought any different," Harry agreed. "But we have other things to do."

"Like?"

"Revenge, Hermione," Draco replied with twinkling eyes, rubbing his hands. "Sweet revenge."

"Where were you?"

"It doesn't matter, James!" Harry replied panicked.

"Tell me who your uncle is!"

"I told you!" the boy repeated. "It doesn't matter!"

"It does," James said coldly, slapping the boy. "Tell me now!"

"No!"

Slap.

"Never!"

Slap.

"Potter! Leave Harry alone!"

"Why should I?" James asked, grabbing his son by his collar. "He won't tell me what I want to hear!"

"LEAVE HIM ALONE!" two voices yelled behind Severus. "STUPOR!"

The moment James let Harry loose Severus charged forward.

"It's OK," he whispered to the boy, rocking back and forth.

"Will he be OK?" Draco asked.

"I think so," Hermione answered, looking at her friend's cheek. "But we still should let Madam Pomfrey see it."

"That's absurd!" Albus said. "Why should James do something like that?"

"I saw his wound," Poppy repeated. "And I believe Severus, Draco and Hermione."

"But the boy must have something to hide," Dumbledore pointed out. "James only loses his temper when someone doesn't tell him what he wants."

"So?" the matron went on. "Just because Harry wasn't in the infirmary doesn't mean he's got a secret!"

"Well," the headmaster said, leaning forward. "Where was the boy, then?"

"I told you to learn!" Hermione yelled after the last exam. "But you were too good for it! My god, even Neville will be better than you!"

"We'll go tonight," Max decided.

"Can't you just forget about this dog?"

"No, Hermione," Ron said stubbornly. "We can't."

"I start to think that it's wiser to hang around with a Slytherin than you!"

Slap.

"Never say that again!" Max bellowed. "We are thousand times better than they!"

"That's what you think!"

"We're right," Ronald backed his friend up. "We are better than any other house."

"You're just jealous!" With that she ran away from the boys, crying.

"You're right, Hermione," Tom said softly, hugging the girl. "They are jealous."

"But w-why c-can't they be like D-Draco or H-Harry?" the girl sobbed.

"Because the Potters and Weasleys pampered them as good as they could do," Voldemort answered. "They always got what they wanted. That's why."

"Oh," she suddenly remembered. "They want to go down tonight."

A few days later...

"But why did Voldemort want the stone?"

"Because," the headmaster said, "he wants to become immortal."

"So that he can kill me even if I live to be a hundred?" Max asked.

"No, silly boy," Dumbledore laughed. "He fears to die."

"But...no one wants to die."

"He fears to die," Albus corrected.

"How do you know so much about him?"

"I was his teacher, Max," the old man said.

"Was he good at school?"

"As good as you can be if you learn the next time exams come up," Albus chuckled.

"OK," Draco said. "Peeves, you know what to do."

"Oooof course!" the ghost laughed. "This will be fuuun!"

"I hope so," Harry smiled evilly.

"Granger, Hermione?"

"Yes, Professor Snape."

"Weasley, Ronald?"

"Yes, Professor Snape."

"Parkinson, Pansy?"

"Yes, Professor Snape."

"Malfoy, Draco?"

"Yes, Professor Snape."

"Potter, Harry?"

"Yes, Professor Snape."

"Potter, Max?"

Silence.

"Potter, Max?" Severus repeated, looking up. No one dared to say something.

Meanwhile...

"PEEVES!"

"Whaaat, Pottttti?"

"Stop it!"

"Whyyyy?"

"I have to get to-"

"Pooootions!" the ghost chuckled, throwing another water bomb at the way.

"H-how d'ya know?"

"I knooow muuuch!"

"Where's Potter?"

Dead silence. Everyone held their breath, knowing how angry their Professor could become if someone's not there or late.

"I asked where he is!" Snape bellowed angry.

Then the door burst open.

"Where have you been, boy?"

"P-Peeves," Max stuttered, standing in the door way dripping with water.

"I asked you a question!"

"Peeves," Maximilian started again, this time a bit more confident.
"He threw water bombs at me."

"That doesn't explain why you're 15 minutes late!"

"SNIVELLUS!"

"POTTER!"

"WHY DID YOU GAVE MAX DETENTION ON THE LAST DAY OF CLASSES?"

"WHY DID YOUR SON COME LATE TO MY CLASS ON THE LAST DAY OF CLASSES?"

"SEVERUS, JAMES," Albus bellowed as he entered the classroom.
"Stop it, now."

"He gave my son Detention!" Potter went on, pointing at Snape.

"Because he was 15 minutes late!" Severus yelled back.

"Harry o-"

"Maximilian, of course," Snape cut the headmaster off.

"What did he use as an excuse?"

"That Peeves threw water bombs at him."

"PEVEES!" Albus yelled for the ghost. A moment later he was there.

"Whaaat dooo youuuu waaant headmaaaster?" the ghost chuckled.

"Did you threw bombs at Mr. Potter?"

"Nooo," the ghost said. "I neeever touched hiiim. Hee's myyy frieeend!"

"That was funny," Hermione said to her friends. "But also mean."

"And," Draco argued. "He did meaner things to Harry."

"I know," she sighed. "At least you've won the house cup as well as the quidditch cup."

Several days later...

"...but I want to give some extra points," the headmaster said, looking around the Great Hall. "First, 50 points to Mr. Ronald Weasley for the best chess-game Hogwarts has ever seen. Secondly, for Ms. Hermione Granger for the use of logic when it was needed, also 50 points. Third, for Mr. Maximilian Potter for services to the school. And last but not least, Mr. Neville Longbottom for the courage to try and stop his friends; 5 points."

"What do you do for the holidays?"

"James said I come with them for the first two weeks, then I shall spend time with Lily's sist-"

"You won't," Severus decided. "You'll come to grandma and grandpa, OK?"

"Thanks, dad!" Harry said, hugging Sev. The summer holidays would be wonderful if he could see his grandparents again. Harry was sure of it.

Chapter 12 - Holidays

"Harry, Max!" Lily yelled as she spotted her sons.

"Mum," Maximilian said, hugging his mother.

"Lily," Harry simply replied, still talking to Draco.

"Harry," James warned.

"Good bye," the boy said to his friend, loud enough for his parents to hear. "See you at Uncle Tom's," he added, carefully not to let the rest of the family hear.

"So," James said as they entered Potter Manor. "I believe already told you that you'll spend most of the time with Lily's sister and her family."

"Yes, you must have amnesia if you already forgot about it," the boy replied.

"What did you say?"

"That you must have amnesia," Harry repeated calmly.

Slap.

"Sirius!" Lily yelled. "Why did you do that?"

"Because he's saying that James must've got amnesia!" Black defended himself.

"Harry, take that back," Lily said.

"No," the boy said. "It's the truth." Grabbing his trunk Harry went to the fireplace, throwing floo powder in and whispering, "Riddle Manor!"

"Harry," Tom said, surprised. "Why are you here?"

"Because I want to spend time with my dad?"

"Tell me what happened," the Dark Lord demanded, taking the trunk off the boy and leading him to his rooms.

"Well, I just arrived at Potter Manor. There James reminded me that I have to go to Lily's sister for most of the holidays. I told him he must have got amnesia if he already forgot that he told me."

"And then he slapped you?"

"No, Black did because I said that James's got amnesia. Then Lily told me to take it back. Then I said I won't because it's the truth."

"And then you came here," Tom finished, opening the doors to Harry's bedroom.

"Yes," the boy smiled, happy to be at his second home.

"When should you go to Severus?"

"When James would've send me to Petunia," the boy replied, yawning.

"Take a nap," Uncle Tom suggested.

"I will," Harry said, yawning again, kicking his shoes off and climbed onto the bed, already half asleep when Voldemort tucked him in.

"Thanks for informing me," Severus said.

"You know, Severus," Tom said after a while of silence. "I wonder what his exam results are."

"We will know in two weeks," Snape said.

"Dad!" Harry yelled, running into Tom's study. "I've got my results!"

"Lets see," the Dark Lord said.

Potions - O

Transfiguration - O
Charms - O
Herbology - O
History of Magic - O
DADA - O
Astronomy - E

"Wow," the Dark Lord said. "You're nearly better than me!"

"Really?" Harry asked, happy of being praised.

"Yes," his new dad said. "And I'm sure that you can get an O next year in astronomy."

"I hope so, too!"

Meanwhile at Potter Manor...

"Max," James bellowed. "Come down here, now!"

Slowly the boy came down, knowing what it was about.

"How dare you bring these grades in this house!" James yelled.

"Even I'm ashamed of you," Sirius added, trying to be serious.

Potions - T
Transfiguration - A
Charms - A
Herbology - P
History of Magic - T
DADA - E
Astronomy - P

Meanwhile at the burrow...

"RON!" Mrs. Weasley shouted. "COME HERE THIS INSTANT!"

"W-what m-mum?" the boy stuttered.

"Your grades are worse than the twins! Explain yourself!" Mr. Weasley yelled, pointing at a piece of paper on the dining table.

Potions - T

Transfiguration - A

Charms - P

Herbology - T

History of Magic - T

DADA - A

Astronomy - P

Later that day...

"I'm proud of you, Harry!" Eileen said, hugging the boy.

"Me too," Tobias added, looking proudly at the results. "Couldn't have done better."

"Thanks," the boy smiled.

"Here," Tobias whispered, giving him a £20 note. "But don't tell Eileen or Severus, they'll kill me!"

"I won't," Harry promised.

"You won't what?" Severus asked.

"Nothing," the boy replied, putting the money in his trouser pocket.

A few days later...

"Master Maximilian!"

"A-a house-elf?"

"You mustn't return to Hogwarts this year!"

"W-why not?"

"Because danger will come! You must promise me not to go!"

"I-I can't!"

"You must!"

"Can't!"

"Must!"

"Can't!"

"Must!"

"Can't!"

"Max?"

"Dad?"

"What's all this noise?"

"N-nothing," the boy replied; turning to the house-elf he continued.
"You have to go!"

"You must promise me not to go!"

"I can't," Max said. "I already told you!"

"Then I have to do this!" With that the elf went out of Maximilian's room, downstairs to the kitchen where the big cake for James colleagues, who had come for a talk about a mission, was.

"No!" the boy hissed.

The elf didn't listen and levitated the cake over to the living room.

As James saw the cake for his guests being levitated by his own son, his eyes got big.

"Is something wrong?" Kingsley asked.

"N-no," he replied, looking at his colleague again. A moment later the cake landed on Tonks. She shrieked. Kingsley jumped up and Moody cursed as some of the whipped cream hit him in the face.

"Max," James yelled. "In my study, now!"

"Do you know what that could cost me?"

"Dad," the boy began, but got cut off by his father.

"It could cost me my job! Why did you do it?"

"I-I didn't!"

"Who then?"

"A house-elf!"

"A-a house-elf!" James laughed. "Why should it do something like that?"

"I-it told me not to go back to Hogwarts because danger will occur, you have to believe me!"

"I don't have to do anything!" James went on. "Maybe I should not let you go back to Hogwarts! You've only been there a year and it already changed you from a perfect son to a son I keep have to punish!"

"What about my twin?" Max said, having a great idea. "Before I went to Hogwarts I didn't know him!"

"You're right," James suddenly said, falling down in a chair. "Why didn't I notice this sooner? My god, what became out of my perfect son since he met his twin? It must be because he's a Slytherin! A disease for you! Maybe I should give Snivellus the Rights over him, maybe you wouldn't get the whole disease..."

Chapter 13-School

James Potter official gives all his Rights about Harry Potter to Severus Snape

James Potter, auror and father of Maximilian Potter, gave all his Rights about Harry Potter to Severus Snape, Potions Professor at Hogwarts.

"I couldn't cope with him anymore," James said. "And Harry was only trouble. I even had to punish Max because of him!"

So, we hope that Harry Potter, now son of Severus Snape, is getting better understanding from the Potions teacher.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist of the Daily Prophet

"Sev!" Harry yelled.

"What?" Severus asked sleepily as he came down to the kitchen.

"Read this," the boy demanded.

"You're official his father now, Severus," Eileen smiled.

"Thank god," Sev said, leaning back in his chair. "At least one problem solved."

"I'm so happy for you, Harry," Hermione said as they met at Riddle Manor later that day.

"I'm too," Draco added, smiling.

"I still can't believe it," Harry said. "I wonder what Lily is going to say about this."

Meanwhile at Potter Manor...

"How could you?" Lily asked.

"He was nothing but trouble," Sirius defended his friend.

"Shut your mouth," Lily said. "This has nothing to do with you!"

"Lily," James began. "Sirius is right. He's better off with Snivellus. At least he can drive this cheekiness out of him."

"He was only being cheeky because of you," she said, now crying.

"What did you want me to do? Leave him here and let him change our Max to bad? Not with me!"

"HE DIDN'T CHANGE ANYONE!" Lily bellowed, storming out of the house.

"Lily," Severus said surprised. "How do you know...?"

"That doesn't matter," she said. "I want to see my son."

"He's not here," Eileen said.

"Where is he?" Lily asked.

Sighing Severus said, "This is a long story."

"So, you mean Voldemort isn't really bad but good?"

"Yes, exactly that, Lily," Severus said. "The question is, do you believe me?"

Biting her lip she thought about everything. She needed to see her son. Finally she answered. "I do."

"So, Lily," Tom said. "You do believe Severus?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because you may stand by your husband's side."

"Not anymore," the woman said.

"So," Tom went on. "Would you like to be part of my plan?"

"Where were you, honey?" James asked as Lily entered the house.

"Out," she simply said.

"When do we go to Diagon Alley to buy my new school things?" Max asked, entering the kitchen.

"Tomorrow," James promised.

"So," Lucius said. "Anything else?"

"Yes," Harry replied. "Our books."

"Oh, how could I forget them?"

"I think you like it to be the center of attraction, don't you, Potter?" Draco sneered as Max escaped from Lockhart.

"Why should I?"

"Because you always seem to have all the attention," Draco went on. "You can't even enter a book shop without having the reporters on your back."

"Draco," Lucius warned. "Enough."

"What do you want, Malfoy?" James asked coldly.

"To know exactly why you gave Severus the Rights about Harry," the blond man answered.

"I already told the Prophet," James said. "He was too much trouble."

"It doesn't seem to me like it," Lucius said as Harry stepped out between two rows of bookshelves, staring at the hundreds of books. "He only likes to read and learn. Other than you or your son."

"Say that again!"

"He only likes to read and learn, other than you," Lucius said, smirking, already knowing what would come.

"Malfoy! James!" Hagrid roared, holding both men away from each other. "Be sensible and fight elsewhere!"

"Did your dad drive it out of him?" Hermione asked Max on the train.

"Kind of," the boy answered proudly. "At least he stopped calling Snape 'dad'."

"Aren't you sad that he got send away?"

"No," Maximilian said. "Why should I?"

"For goods sake," Hermione yelled frustrated. "He's your brother!"

"A brother I never wanted."

"You're only jealous that he got better grades than both of you together!"

"What did he had?" Ron asked, laughing. "All T's ?"

"O's!" Hermione went on, becoming more angrier. "And only one E!" With that she ran out of the compartment, leaving two shocked boys behind.

"Ginevra Weasley."

Ah, another Weasley. Nothing to say?

No, not really.

Any house you prefer?

Anything except Slytherin. The best would be Gryffindor.

Why not Slytherin?

Because I have to get a friend of Maximilian.

The plan of Tom?

Yes, exactly.

Then so it shall be, ...GRYFFINDOR!

"It's just unfair!" Hermione said. "Why can't he be at least a bit sad?"

"I know it is," Tom sighed. "If the world would be fair, then no one would think I'm bad; no one would kill anyone. And no one would be jealous of someone else because he or she is better."

"What will happen once Ginny begins?"

"We will see," Tom said. "I control the dairy. So, try to get it in Potter's hands so that he'll see what happened 50 years ago. Then help Ginny get it back."

"When is she visiting you again?"

"As soon as possible," Tom answered.

"Hermione," Draco tried to calm her down as he followed her down the corridors of Riddle Manor. "I didn-"

"Of c-course you didn't!" the girl yelled hysterical, new tears coming down her face. "They w-why did y-you do it?"

"Do what?" Uncle Tom asked, coming out of his study as he heard the noise.

"C-call me a m-moodblood," Hermione sobbed as the older man hugged her.

"Draco," Tom said. "In my study. Hermione, go to your room. Daisy will bring you something to drink."

"What did you think?"

"I-it was Potter's fault!" the boy defended himself. "He said I bought me into the quidditch team with the new brooms father got! After that I got angry; it just slipped out!"

"Did you apologize?"

"Thousands of times since I followed her here," Draco said.

"You did see that that isn't enough?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how Severus lost Lily?"

"No."

"He called her a moodblood after Potter Sr. made him angry." Sighing Tom explained. "If you want her, you have to show her what you really think about her."

"H-how do you know?" the boy gasped.

Voldemort laughed. "I could see it, Draco."

"The enemies of the Heir, beware," Ron read.

"Guys," Hermione said. "I think we shoul-"

"My cat!" Filch screamed, he sounded much like a girl, as he saw the lifeless body of Mrs. Norris. "You killed my cat!"

"Argus," Albus tried to calm the care taker. "They couldn't have done it."

"Why not?"

"Because strong magic was used," the headmaster said.

"And why should innocent children try to kill a cat?" Gilderoy added.

"They are not i-n-n-o-c-e-n-t," Severus hissed. "Last year they went into the Forbidden forest, broke rules as often as they could, walked right to the third floor though it was also forbidden! Then they went down right into the

Dark Lord's arms! That's how innocent they are! Rule breakers-"

"I think that's enough," Albus cut him off, sounding annoyed. "Max, Ron, Hermione, you can go."

"What about my cat?"

"She'll be back to normal in a few weeks," Poppy said.

"I want to go to the infirmary!" Max yelled.

"I can heal it," Gilderoy said.

"What have you done?" James shouted a moment later. "How could you hex my son's bones away?"

"I-er-uh..." Lockhart said, trying to find the right words. "I think...you should go to the infirmary?"

"Malfoy's the heir," Max said a few days later.

"How do you know?"

"Why shouldn't he, Hermione?" Ron spoke up. "Everything points to him."

"Everything?" the girl asked. "What is everything?"

"Well," Maximilian said unsure. "Maybe not everything, but I'm sure quite a lot..."

"Please, Professor," Hermione said. "Can you sign this?"

"Of course," Lockhart smiled.

"We need to break into Snape's office?" Ron asked.

"Yes," the girl answered seriously. "We need to get ingredients that are not in the student store."

"But...how?" Max asked.

"Easy," Hermione said. "We only need to..."

Chapter 14-Information

A/N: Thanks for informing me, Dark Trax. I meant MUDBLOOD, not MOODBLOOD in the last chapter!

Bam!

Goyle's cauldron exploded.

"What did you do to make it explode?" Severus snapped angrily. This whole day was against him. Especially because he knew Hermione was now in his office, 'steeling' the ingredients for the poly juice potion. "Everyone who got something of this liquid, go to Madam Pomfrey, now!"

Everything was where it should be have been. Hermione was thankful for that. She grabbed the ingredients and ran out of the office as fast as she had come in.

"Do you have them?" Ron asked after the lesson.

"Do I have what?" Hermione asked sweetly, leading the way to the girls lavatory.

"The in-" Max said, but got cut off by Hermione.

"Oh, of course I have the invitations!" People looked at the trio strangely, as if to say, 'What are they talking about? Looks like they're mental!'

"W-what are you talking about?" Ron hissed.

"Can't talk 'bout it," Hermione replied, laughing mad. "It's a secret." 'She is mental. That's sure.'

"What was that?" Maximilian asked angrily as they had closed the door behind them.

"Do you want the whole school to now that I just stole ingredients from Professor Snape's office?" Hermione yelled. "I could get thrown out of school for this!"

"But you made me look like a fool hanging around a mental girl!" Max replied.

"Oh?" the girl asked. "That's what you think of me? That I'm mental? If that's so, brew your own Potion!" With that she ran out of the lavatory after he threw the bag of ingredients on the floor.

"I'm sorry," Hermione said, looking at her feet. "I overreacted."

"Hermione," Tom said. "Look at me."

Slowly the girl raised her head. "Everyone makes mistakes," her 'uncle' continued. "Even you, Ms. Perfect."

At that name she laughed; Voldemort smiled as he heard it. "You have to go back," he said softly.

"I-I'm sorry," Hermione said the next time she saw the boys. "I overreacted."

"No," Ron said, nudging Max.

"Uh?-oh, yeah," he said. "I'm sorry for calling you mental."

"Come on, we have a potion to finish!"

"I-I won't come with you!" Hermione said.

"Why not?" Ron asked with his Crabbe like voice.

"J-just don't come in!"

"Why not?" Max repeated in his Goyle like voice.

"Go!"

A few weeks later...

"Finally not a cat anymore!" Hermione said as she emerged from the infirmary. She made her way to the library, already knowing what she now had to do. Show time, she thought nervous.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley," McGonagall said. "Please follow me."

"No!" Ron yelled as he saw Hermione. "How could that happen?"

"She was on her way to the Gryffondor common-room," Pomfrey explained. "She saw the monster in the hand mirror and was petrified."

Later that day...

"We'll have to close the school," Minerva said.

"We can't!" Filius yelled.

"What shall we do with the students?" Poppy asked.

"We'll have to send them home," the deputy headmistress answered.

"But what shall we do about Ginevra Weasley?" Severus asked.

"W-what do you mean?" Lockhart asked.

Snape smirked as he continued. "The monster got her in its cave. You should have known that."

Slowly the teachers left the room. Max and Ron came out of the cupboard, both scared. Fear was written across their face. They made their way to the infirmary.

"Look!" Max said as he saw a piece of paper in her hand. He took it and read.

"Malfoy," Ginny said. "What do you want?"

"I need your help," the boy answered in a low voice.

"With what?"

"You have to swear secrecy."

"Why?"

"Just do it," Draco said, looking over his shoulder.

"Ok, I swear on my life I won't tell anyone."

"Voldemort's good."

"I believe you," the girl said promptly.

"You-you actually do?"

"Yes."

"OK, here's the thing: He wants you as a spy so that you can tell him what's going on in your family, what Dumbledore plans and things like that. OK?"

"Yes, but when can I meet him?"

"Professor Snape will get you!" Draco said before boarding the Hogwarts Express.

She sat up in her bed. Again she had the dream how her spy-life had begun. Nearly two years ago on platform 9 3/4. She had only been 10, but still a spy for the good. She looked around. She must have fallen asleep after she had come down here. Yawning she closed her eyes again.

Basilisks

A Basilisk is a huge snake; its eyes can murder anyone who directly looks into them. If someone sees them indirectly, they will be petrified.

A Basilisk can only be made if an egg of a hen is brood by a snake.
Also...

The rest was teared away. Max looked at Ron. Ron looked at Max.
They both ran out of the infirmary and to Lockhart's office.

"We know what it is!" Max yelled as the boys entered.

Gilderoy looked up.

"W-what are you doing?" Ron asked irritated.

"What does it look like?" Lockhart hissed. "I'm leaving!"

"You can't!" Max protested. "You're our DADA teacher! You fought against werewolves, squids, trolls...you can fight a Basilisk!"

"If you believed one word of my books," Lockhart snarled. "Then you're bigger idiots than I thought."

"We have a wand," Ron pointed out as he took his teachers wand from the desk. "You not."

Harry waited in a corner of the girl lavatory. Any minute now... Then the door opened.

"What now?" Ron asked as they stood in front of the sink.

"Open!" Harry hissed. The sink opened.

"I'll go first," Max said. "Then Lockhart and last you, Ron."

"I'll obliviate you," Gilderoy said, breathing heavily. "And then I say I fought the Basilisk and rescued the girl. Another one of my hero acts!"

Suddenly the room shook and the ceiling fell down.

Chapter 15-Another year ends

"I am Lord Voldemort," the fifteen year old boy said.

"Y-you can't be!" Max replied, shocked. "You're too young!"

"I am Tom Marvolo Riddle, later called Lord Voldemort." Tom laughed an evil laugh. "After I sucked all the power out of the girl I shall reign the world! Muhahaha!"

"I will stop you!"

"What can you do? You're a foolish, dumb little boy; I'm a powerful, intelligent big boy! Come out!"

"W-What?"

"Attack but not kill!" Tom hissed to the Basilisk which came out of a hole.

After a few minutes of seek and hide (the Basilisk looked for Max), Fawkes came. He ate the snake's eyes as the sorting hat fell down.

"A sword," Max whispered in awe. "Gryffindor's sword." Behind him Tom smirked. It was true.

"Noooooooo!" the memory yelled before vanishing.

"M-Max?" Ginny whispered as she woke up.

"Every thing's alright," the boy smiled. "He's gone."

"You both will get medals," Albus said. "For special services for the school."

Both boys smiled widely, not believing their eyes.

"Mr. Weasley," the headmaster continued, "I think your parents are waiting. Max, for a word, please."

"It's about the sword, isn't it?" Maximilian asked after the door closed.

"Yes, indeed it is," Dumbledore confirmed. "Do you know who gets it?"

"Only true Gryffindors," James said, opening the doors. "Max, both your mother and I are proud of you."

"Hermione!" Ron yelled as the door to the Great Hall opened. "Your back!"

"Yes," she smiled. "I am."

"And me too," Hagrid said, following the girl.

All the tables except Sytherin cheered. But you could see that Hermione Granger, Ginevra Weasley and Neville Longbottom weren't as happy as they could've been.

"Sev?"

"What, Harry?"

"Who is Remus Lupin?"

"W-why do you want to know that?" Severus asked. It was now the second week of Holidays. Harry's results were due any day.

"Here," the boy said, handing Sev the Daily Prophet.

Remus Lupin escaped!

Remus Lupin, murderer of Peter Pettigrew and 12 muggles, escaped from Azkaban last Sunday. He is the first known wizard to do that and no one knows how he did it. From the coming School year until he is safe back in his cell, a new security stage will be placed over Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"We try everything to get him back," Cornelius Fudge, minster of Magic, said. "It isn't safe to go outside until he's in Azkaban again."

Also we informed the Prime minister, but of course he doesn't really know who Lupin is..."

Rita Seeker, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

"We have to go visit Uncle Tom," Severus said, dragging Harry to the fireplace, after he had read the article.

"Severus," Tom greeted them. "Harry. What is the reason for this visit?"

"This," Snape answered, giving the man the Daily Prophet.

"Where do you always go?" James asked as Lily came back home.

"I told you I visit a friend," she answered nervous.

"That's not true!"

"It is tr-"

Slap.

"Tell me now where you always go!" James requested furious.

"Visiting a fri-"

Slap.

"I told you to tell the truth!"

Silence.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she replied. "V-Voldemort wants me to come to him. I'm a spy."

James shook her hard. "Who brainwashed you?"

"N-no one. He says he's good."

"As good as a series-killer! I forbid you to go there again!"

"H-he will become suspicious!" Lily exclaimed. "And then he'll come here, and..."

Slap.

"Do what I tell you!"

"Y-yes."

The next moment James petrified Lily and rolled her sleeve up. Then he walked to the fireplace and talked to one of his colleagues.

"My Lord," Severus said, bowing down. "Did you read the Daily Prophet?"

"No, I didn't," the Dark Lord answered, faking a yawn. "Anything important?"

"Yes, dad," Harry said as he entered the room. He gave his father an article of the Daily Prophet.

Death Eater captured!

Lily Potter, wife of James Potter and mother of the Boy-Who-Lived, was identified by James Potter, auror and deputy Head-Auror, as Death Eater.

"She's been not the same lately," James Potter said. "When I asked her where she's always going, she lied to me. After a while she finally told me she's been spying on me, Max and other people for Voldemort. Of course I petrified her and then gave her to the Head-Auror Colin Baker to deliver her to Azkaban."

What does You-Know-Who plan next? First his servant breaks out of Azkaban, then Maximilian Potter's mother is identified by deputy Head-Auror James Potter as Death Eater. Does a second war begin? If yes, will it be more brutal than the first one?

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

"Where's mum?" Max asked, pouring himself a glass of pumpkin juice. He had spend the last few nights at Grimmauld Place 12 with Sirius.

"Azkaban," James answered casually, eating his ham sandwich.

"W-what?" Maximilian choked. "Why?"

"Death Eater."

"Why?"

"Because," James said coldly, turning to face his son, "she thought Voldemort was better than Albus. She was a fool."

"Will I see her again?"

"NO! SHE'S A DEATH EATER, ONE OF VOLDEMORT'S FOLLOWER, FOR GOODS SAKE! SHE WANTED YOU DEAD! YOU WILL SEE HER NEVER AGAIN!"

Just then an owl cam in. Max results.

"Well done," Tom smiled at his son. "You got an 'O' in every subject. I couldn't be more proud of you."

"WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?" Mrs. Weasley bellowed. "THESE RESULTS ARE THE WORST I EVER SAW IN MY WHOLE LIFE!"

"YOU WON'T BE SEEING RONALD FOR THE REST OF THE HOLIDAYS," James shouted angry. "ALSO YOU ARE G-R-O-U-N-D-E-D!"

"James," Sirius said, entering the kitchen. "Don't you think you're too hard on the boy? Only because Snape won't give him an 'O'!"

"IT'S NOT ONLY SNAPE," James bellowed. "EVERY TEACHER DIDN'T GIVE HIM ANYTHING BETTER THAN AN 'A'! MOSTLY HE'S GOT 'T's AND 'P's!"

"WE DIDN'T RAISE YOU TO BE LAZY!" Mr. Weasley shouted between each spank. "WHAT DIDN'T WE?"

"Y-you d-d-didn't raise m-me to be l-lazy," Ron sobbed. He hoped that at least Max would come off better.

Chapter 15-Aunt Marge

"Max?" James yelled for his son.

"What, dad?"

"You'll have to go visit Petunia," James said.

"Why?"

"Because I have to go on a mission."

"Why can't I stay with Sirius?"

"Because I said so."

"But I don't want to!"

Slap.

"Don't say anything against my decisions ever again!" James yelled.

"So, freak," Vernon said, rubbing his hands. "How much did you say, again?"

"£100 a week," James replied. "If he misbehaves, then punish him. But that shouldn't be the case, I hope."

"How long?"

"Six weeks," Potter said. "Then I'll come and get him." A scream interrupted their conversation.

"Stay away from me" Dudley yelled.

"Why should I?" Max asked, pointing his wand at his cousin.

"Maximilian!" James scolded. "You know that you aren't allowed to use magic outside of school!"

"But he tried to eat some of my candy!" Max complained.

"He's your cousin," Vernon said. "You will share it if he wants something of it."

"You can't be serious," Max gaped.

"We are," James said, turning to leave. "Oh, and if you misbehave then your uncle will punish you."

"Where's my room?"

"Upstairs next to the bathroom," Vernon said. "And don not enter any other room except yours, the bathroom, the kitchen and the living-room, except when we tell you to. But then you will not touch anything. Did I make myself clear?"

"Yes," the boy mumbled.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, uncle Vernon."

"I don't like your tone!

"Yes , sir!"

"Don't shout at me, boy!"

"I didn-"

"Don't back-talk!"

Giving up Max muttered, "Sorry."

"Great," Maximilian said as he entered his room, putting his trunk down. Everywhere lay broken toys, the bed was half-broken and old-fashioned. The chair had lost one leg, the table was mostly untouched. The wardrobe had one door hanging out of place. "It can't become any worse, can it?"

"Boy!" Petunia shouted. "Come make lunch!"

"What?" Max asked as he entered the kitchen. His aunt looked bewildered at him.

"Make lunch," she repeated irritated.

"How?"

"Y-you don't know how to make lunch?"

"Why should I?"

"Then you'll have to learn it," Vernon snapped, entering the kitchen. "You must earn your stay here."

"Doesn't dad pay you?"

"He does," Vernon said. "But it still isn't right for a boy your age hanging around not doing any chores."

"What does the pig do?"

Vernon's face turned purple as he spoke, "Who's pig?"

"Dudley."

Slap.

"You will not call him again pig!"

"Why not? He's one."

Slap.

"Make lunch, now!"

It was 07:00 am the next morning. Max was still asleep as Dudley came into his room, carrying a bucket of water. He counted from ten backwards. As he reached zero he poured the water over Max.

"Wake up, freak!" he laughed.

"Ahhh!" Max yelled, sitting up. "Why did you do that, pig?"

Dudley froze for a second, then he ran out and yelled, "DAD! He called me a pig!"

"Do you know what it means to be spanked?"

"N-no," Max answered.

"Come here, boy," Vernon said angrily.

Slowly Maximilian walked over to his uncle. Vernon lay him over his leg, pulling his trouser off. With a wood spoon the man began to spank the boy.

After the first three Max began to cry. "Stop it!" he yelled.

"You're weak," was all what Vernon could say, adding another spank. After another seven he stopped. "Here's your to do list for today," he said. "And I hope you've learned your lesson."

1. Wash the kitchen
2. Wash the windows
3. Paint the bench
4. Make the laundry

The days passed, each worse than the one before. Then, two weeks later, Vernon announced that his sister, Marge Dursley, would come for a week the following Sunday.

"Show your best behavior," Vernon said to Max. "If you misbehave, then you won't forget the lesson you will get."

This week was the worst. Marge kept saying things she didn't like about him. Finally it was the last day of her visit. That evening Petunia had made a little feast. It was all OK, until...

"So," Marge said, already having drunked too much. "Who are his parents?"

"His mother's in prison," Vernon said. "His father is at home, not working, and he's drinking and smoking I believe. I already wondered how he could afford to send his son to a boarding school. This boy here also has a twin, he was given away because of the trouble he had made."

"You know, Petunia," Marge said, patting her sister-in-law's hand, "it's not your fault that your sister married a man like that. I'm glad you married Vernon. But tell me more about them."

"Well," Petunia said. "My sister also was in the boarding school both my nephew's go to. There she found that Potter boy. She fell in love with him. He used her, raped her, you know how men like him are."

Suddenly Max stood up, yelling, "Lies! That are lies!" A moment later Aunt Marge blew up like a balloon. Maximilian raced out of the kitchen up to his room, put all his things, including the birthday cards he had gotten, in his trunk. Then he went downstairs again, opening the front door.

"You won't go!" Vernon bellowed. "Not until Marge is back to normal!"

"Watch me!" Max yelled, running out of the house.

"Of course I will pay you for these three weeks," James said. "How was he like?"

"A nuisance," Vernon answered disgusted. "He wouldn't do what we told him to without complaining, he called Dudley names and finally blew my sister up."

"I will teach him a lesson," James said angrily.

"You do know that you brought us a great deal of worry," the minister said.

"I know," Max replied. "But what will happen to me?"

"Well, your father might punish you..."

"I won't get expelled?"

"No, we won't expel you just because you blew up your aunt," Fudge laughed uneasily.

"Minister," James interrupted. "May I speak to my son?"

"Of course you may," Cornelius said, leaving the room.

After the door had closed James continued, "You will stay at home for the rest of the holidays. You will get a punishment for what you did. Also you will get disciplined by Madam Draper."

Max eyes grew wide. Madam Draper was the strictest teacher in the subject of etiquette and everybody feared her.

"Get your trunk," his father said. "We'll go home."

"What about the form for Hogsmead?"

"Oh, that. You can forget about it."

A/N: Do you think that was fair to Max? And least I think so; only James, Sirius and Dumbledore are left for revenge, MUHAHAHA!

Chapter 17-R. J. Lott

"Who's that?" Max asked as he entered the compartment.

"Our new DADA teacher," Hermione answered. "R. J. Lott."

"How d'ya know?" Ron wondered.

Hermione pointed at the trunk. "There it is written."

"Don't let that beast out!" Ron complained. "It'll eat Scrabbers!"

"Crookshanks won't," Hermione said in a soft voice, looking at the cat.
"You won't attack Ron's rat, will you?"

"It's not a human," Max said. "So stop speaking to it as if it was."

"It's a living being, just as we are," Hermione lectured him.

"And?" Ron joined in. "It's only a stupid cat."

"Crookshanks is NOT stupid!"

"Shut up or Lott will wake up!" Max hissed.

"W-what's happening?"

"G-Ginny?"

"Yes, I'm here with Neville," the girl answered anxiously.

"Sit down," Hermione said. "You don't know what's going on, do you?"

"Stay where you are," a voice croaked as the door opened. "We don't have Remus Lupin in here. Go away."

The figure did go away, but merely a second later a scream broke the silence. R. J. Lott climbed over the legs of the children and went.

"You're worthless, no one likes you! Give in, say it! Say it or I won't stop! Come on, say it!"

"I-I'm wor-worth-worthless..."

"SAY IT, NOT STUTTER!"

"I-I'm worth-worthless and no one l-likes me..."

"I SAID DON'T STUTTER!"

"P-please stop!"

"NOT UNTIL YOU SAID IT!"

"NOOOOOO! PLEAAAAASE! STOOOP!"

"What happened?"

"Harry collapsed as the Dementor came in," Draco said concerned, looking at the Professor.

The boy on the floor stirred. Slowly he opened his eyes.

"W-who screamed?" he asked, sitting up.

"No one screamed."

"What do you mean, Draco? I heard this boy scream..."

"What exactly did you hear?" Lott asked.

"Someone said to a boy he's worthless and no o-"

"What?" Draco asked.

"This was a Dementor, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Harry, it was," R. J. Lott answered, breaking a bar of chocolate in pieces. "Do you remember when this had happened?"

"My first year," the boy whispered. "After I got sorted into Slytherin, J-James beat me up a-and..."

"It's OK," Lott said in a caring voice, hugging the boy. "Does anyone know about this?"

"No."

"Do you want anyone to know?"

"No, Uncle Ronny."

"Are you sure?" Draco asked, still looking concerned. "Maybe you should tell Uncle Sev about it. Or Uncle You-Know-Who."

"No. I'm fine. I don't want anyone to know."

"Well, if you change your mind you're always welcome in my office," Ronny said, getting up.

"...Our new DADA teacher is Ronny Jeremy Lott," Albus announced, smiling at the next bit. "I hope you won't give him a hard time, students."

"Hey," Max yelled as everyone left for their common-room. "Did you hear? My brother collapsed because of a Dementor!"

Most of the Gryffindors erupted in laughter as the Boy-Who-Lived tried to act how his brother had collapsed.

Hermione looked disgusted at her friend and said, "You weren't the happiest person, too."

"And, did I collapse? No! I'm not that weak, ya know."

"Mr. Potter," Ronny Lott said after the class had finished. "Please stay behind."

"Yes, sir?" Harry asked as he stepped to the teacher's desk.

"I just wanted to ask you how you feel after yesterday."

"Oh," the boy smiled. "I feel pretty good, except for the fact that my biological father still wants me dead and the maniac and moron called my twin acts as if he's the owner of the world. But except from that, I'm fine."

"You know what I mean," Lott sighed. "What Tom told me to do."

"Oh, you mean that! The Patronus charm, if I'm not mistaken."

"You should control your cheek, Harry," Ronny said.

"I know," the boy sighed. "But my twin's making my life hell because I collapsed on the train."

"Draco is retreating his position as seeker?" Lott changed the subject.

"Yes," Harry answered, glad that his teacher didn't speak about the incident on the train."

"Who's taking it?"

"I do."

"What?" Max couldn't believe his ears as Wood had told the team the news. "My brother's doing what?"

"Malfoy retreated as seeker for the Slytherin team and your brother is now the new seeker," Oliver repeated angrily. "We have practiced our tactics for Malfoy, but we've got no idea how your twin will play!"

"You shouldn't worry," Max tried to calm his team captain down. "The few weeks he spent with us he didn't even show interest in flying."

"That was more than a year ago!" Oliver went on, yelling at the Boy-Who-Lived. "God knows how good he is! Maybe he didn't show interest because he wanted to read and not fly, ever thought about that?"

"Uh - er - no?"

"Get lost, Max! I need to think; training's dismissed."

"Maybe I could help...?"

"No. Well. Yes. Think of something that might make your twin unable to play. That's the best thing to do."

A/N: What do you think about Harry being a seeker? Review and tell me, please!

Chapter 18-Quidditch

"Dementors!" someone yelled as cloaked figures came from the gates towards the Quidditch field where the whole school was, watching the first game of the season.

"You're worthless, no one likes you! Say it! Say the word! Come one, say it!"

"I-I'm wor-worth-worthless..."

"I SAID SAY DON'T STUTTER!"

"I-I'm worth-worthless and no one likes me..."

"DON'T STUTTER!"

"Please stop!"

"NOT UNTIL YOU SAID IT!"

"NOO-"

"Harry," Draco said. "Wake up, come on!"

Slowly the boy opened his eyes and asked, "W-what happened?"

"Dementors attacked the field," Flint explained. "You fell from your broom."

"What happened with it?"

"It...flew right into..." Hermione couldn't finish the sentence. She took her bag and put the rest of Harry's broom on his bed.

"You can't do anything anymore," Neville said. "But Hermione, Ginny and I have to leave now, otherwise the Gryffindors wonder where we are."

"Who won?"

Ginny managed a small smile. "You."

"H-how did I catch the snitch?"

"It flew right into your hand," Draco explained. "At least somehow. And at least Gryffindor lost."

"Ah, your lessons," Professor Lott said. "What about after Christmas?"

"Sure," Harry answered. "See you in the Great Hall for lunch."

"Yeah," Ronny said, looking through a few documents absentmindedly.

"Ronny, I want to ask you something."

"Yes, My Lord?"

"Would you be willing to be Harry's godfather next to Remus Lupin?"

"Of course, My Lord."

Ronny woke up. He smiled, remembering every detail from that night, that night he got to be Harry's godfather. He was one of the few who knew about the adoption, and was happy for both Harry and the Dark Lord. Finally they both had someone to care about.

"Wow," Draco said as he saw what his friend got for Christmas. "A Firebolt! Who would send you this?"

"I don't know..." Harry answered monotone, still staring at the broom in his hands. "I'll ask dad if he knows."

"Dad?"

"What, Harry?"

"Did you got me this Firebolt?"

"No, I didn't, but maybe I know who did..."

"Who?"

Sighing Tom said, "Do you know who your first godfather is??"

"Uncle Ronny?"

"No..."

"Uncle Sev?"

"No..."

Suddenly Harry knew it. The thought which crossed his mind was stupid, but at the same time...real. "Remus Lupin...?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes," his father answered, looking in his son's eyes. "Remus Lupin. He was your biological parent's friend, until he gave up their friendship because of you. Your biological father and Black tricked him, so Remus got send to Azkaban, but now he's on the run."

Suddenly Harry began to smile. "I hope I can meet him soon," he said.

"But don't forget," Voldemort reminded his son, "to everyone else he's a mass murderer."

"I won't!"

"WHAT?" Oliver bellowed. "HE'S GOT-WHAT?"

"A Firebolt," Max repeated disgusted.

"YOU DO KNOW THAT NOW WE CAN FORGET THE QUIDDITCH-CUP?"

"Maybe I can get my dad to buy me one," Max suggested.

"GO AND DO IT FOR GOD'S SAKE!"

"I AM NOT GOING TO BUY YOU A NEW BROOM," James shouted.
"YOUR'S IS PERFECTLY FINE!"

"BUT I NEED TO DEFEAT MY TWIN!"

"I'll but it," Sirius said, entering James' office. "I understand you, Max.
I'll order it straight away."

"WHAT?"

"I don't get the broom," Max repeated, looking at his feet. "It costs
2500 galleons. Sirius says it's too much."

"Then find a bloody way to beat your brother!" Oliver went on, angry.
"We need to win the Quidditch-cup!"

"I know, but what shall I do?"

"I don't give a damn as long as we win! Injure him for all I care about!
Or even cheat in the game!!"

"...and last, Harry Potter with his new Firebolt!" Lee shouted in the
microphone. "The newest broom on the market, the fastest,-"

"Jordan," McGonnagal interrupted. "You should comment the game
and not someone's broom!"

"Sorry, Professor! It won't happen again!"

"What's happening? Maximilian grabbed his brother's broom and
helped the snitch to escape! That's a foul! The biggest I've ever
seen!"

Madam Hooch whistled. Slytherin scored, 60:30 for them.

The next hour went by more or less quiet. Gryffindor and Slytherin both fouled, but only Slytherin scored when they got a shot. And then finally Harry saw the golden snitch and raced towards it, seeing his twin talking with Wood.

"POTTER CATCHES THE SNITCH! 330:120!"

At 02:24 am the next morning...

"Even if you did win the Quidditch-Cup," their head of house said, "you still have classes tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," the remaining students said; only about fifteen had already gone to bed.

"And Harry, your Uncle wants to see you on Wednesday."

"Yes, Professor Snape," the boy yawned, happy that he had beat his brother in Quidditch, the only thing Max was good at.

A/N: Harry's got three godfathers and two godmothers: Ronny Lott, Severus Snape, Remus Lupin, Bellatrix Lestrange and Minerva McGonnagal. Ronny, Severus and Bella know about the adoption and being godfathers/mother, Remus knows that he's Harry's godfather, but not about the adoption. And poor Minerva doesn't know anything until the day she comes to the Dark Lord...

How do you like this story? I want to know what you think: good, bad, stupid, ect. ect !

Chapter 19-The Shrieking Shack

"We have to go after them!"

"Max," Hermione interrupted. "We should get a teacher! This is Remus Lupin we're talking about! The mass murderer!"

"He could murder Ron if we don't hurry up!" the boy argued.

"Fine," the girl snapped. "But if get expelled, then it's your fault!"

"You have to believe me!" the man begged. "I'm not a murderer! Your father and Sirius tricked me!"

"Why should I?" Max asked, looking disgusted down at the man. "I'm going to bring you to the Dementors, they'll give you a good kiss and then it's over with! And I'm gonna get the Order of Merlin first class! Muhahaha!"

"Er...Max?"

"What, Hermione?"

"You might not get the Order of Merlin first class," Hermione said, "because an adult surely takes the credit for all this."

"Who would do that?"

"I would," a voice said, coming from the shadows. "And I'm sure that you can explain why you are here, not knowing that everybody's looking for you."

"It's half past six," Max said irritated. "Why should anyone look for us?"

"Max," Hermione interrupted. "It's half past ten. It took us half-an-hour to get here through the tunnel, another 20 minutes to first find the tunnel and fight the Whomping Willow, the ten minutes to find this room, 15 to notice Lupin's here,..."

"OK, OK," Max answered holding his hands up. "Take Lupin here to the Dementors Professor Dumbledore, but everything is my credit."

"The moon!" Hermione yelled, but too late. Remus had transformed. He took Hermione and ran off towards the Black Lake. Ron fell to the ground, screaming in pain. A minute later he was unconscious. Severus smiled as he watched from the shadows of the trees. Everything had gone like they had planned it three weeks ago.

Hermione lay on the shore, breathing heavily; the Dementors were coming, a few of them already were there, sucking out the girl's soul. As Max approached he fell to his knees because some of the Dementors already began to eat his soul.

"E-expe-pecto," the boy stammered, trying to form a patronus. "P-pat-tro-onu-nu-m..."

Suddenly a silver-white creature came from the woods. The Dementors withdrew from their victims.

"Dad," Max whispered as he fell and touched the sand. The last thing he saw was his dad stroking that creature.

"Of course," Albus said, smirking. "I'm more than glad he's locked away."

"If I can arrange it," Fudge said. "If not, then the Order of Merlin second class must be enough."

"Of course, as long as he's locked away," Dumbledore repeated, walking into the infirmary.

"He's not bad!" Hermione insisted.

"Look what he's done to Potter," Snape said, pointing at Max who lay unconscious in one of the beds. "And he broke Wealsey's leg!"

"It was an accident!"

"Ms. Granger," the headmaster said. "Calm down. What happened this evening was terrifying. We need to be sure your brain isn't da-"

"My brain is better than it ever was!" Hermione went on. "And no, he didn't use a spell!"

"Headmaster, Minister," Snape interrupted. "Could I have a word with her?"

"Of course," the men said, turning around to leave.

"Finite Incantatem," Severus said after the infirmary door was closed. Harry appeared. Hermione pulled the time-turner out of her jacket and hung it over both their heads.

"Good luck," Severus said as the kids began to dissolve. "I'll be locking the door."

"C'mon, Bucksbeak!" Harry whispered as he tried pulling the griffin to the forest. "We haven't got the time for fuss!"

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" Harry shouted and his Griffin Patroni shot out of his wand, running towards the Dementors.

"Wow," Hermione whispered. "That's advanced magic, Harry, really advanced magic..."

"Seventeenth window," Harry said, mounting Bucksbeak.

"OK," Hermione answered.

As they had reached the window they knocked at it. Hermione made it explode. The next minute Remus sat on Bucksbeak with the children.

"I'm glad the Dementores didn't get me," he said.

"I'm too," Harry said. "I'm glad my godfather didn't leave these grounds soulless."

"Dad?"

"Harry," Tom said. "I want you to meet your godfather, Remus Lupin."

"Hello," the unfamiliar man said. "I'm your godfather."

"Dad told me about you," Harry answered, smiling.

"Dad?"

"I adopted him," Voldemort explained.

"And Potter gave me all Rights over him," Severus added.

"Ah, better parents couldn't be found."

"There are always better people," Harry said. "Even if Dad and Sev are good parents, somewhere on earth there are better parents. But I don't care how good they are, I still love Dad and Uncle Sev, like Uncle Ronny and

Aunt Bellatrix, even if I don't see her often...well, and I hope I love you too!"

"I hope so too," Remus replied, smiling.

Harry smiled as he remembered his first meeting with Remus. And now he stood on the Astronomy tower with Hermione, waving his godfather.

"We should go," Hermione finally said.

"Get in," Severus said, opening the door to the infirmary just enough so that Hermione and Harry could slip in. Then he locked the door and left. Harry made himself invisible again. Hermione sat on her bed, waiting for the door to open again. Madam Pomfrey came out of her office and gave the girl tons of chocolate. Secretly Hermione gave Harry his share. Then it came.

"WHERE ARE THEY?"

"Headmaster," Severus's voice could be heard, "I've looked them in."

Someone unlocked the door.

"See?" Fudge said, entering the infirmary. "The door was locked. You can't say anything against it."

"SOMEHOW THEY DID IT!" Albus went on.

"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE," Poppy interrupted, angrier than ever before. "HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT THE PEACE MY PATIENTS NEED! POTTER AND WEASLEY ARE BOTH (A/N: I wanted to write 'dead', but couldn't because the boys aren't) UNCONSCIOUS AND MS. GRANGER HASN'T LEFT THE INFIRMARY SINCE PROFESSOR SNAPE LOCKED THE DOOR! AND NOW, GET OUT!"

After the door had closed Cornelius said, "I would keep an eye on him, and maybe test his eyesight..."

"No need for that," Severus conjectured, shaking his head. "It's only the loss of the Order of Merlin, even though I can't understand why one isn't enough..."

"I agree with you," the Minister said, turning to leave. "But still...I would keep an eye on him..."

"I will..."

"I, again, give some points to students," Albus said at the leaving feast. "But I also have to take points. First, 50 points from Gryffindor for both Mr. Ronald Weasley and Mr. Maximilian Potter for being out after curfew. Then, 30 points from Gryffindor for Ms. Hermione Granger for not getting her friend to go and get a teacher when she should have done it. Another 20 for the wrong use of property of other people." With 150 points taken away, Gryffindor lost the house-cup. Slytherin was second, followed by Ravenclaw with a difference of 25 points. The headmaster continued, "And finally, 30 points for

Ravenclaw to Ms. Luna Lovegood for not caring what other people think of her and her way of styling."

"I too have a few points to give away," Severus said, standing up. "50 points to both Ms. Hermione Granger and Mr. Harry Potter for saving innocent lives."

"200 points to Hufflepuff for Ernie Macmillan for helping his fellow students with their homework!"

"300 points to both Slytherin and Gryffindor for not trying to murder each other!"

"500 points to Ravenclaw for inventing after school sessions to help each other catch up on work!"

"700 points to both Slytherin and Gryffindor for getting all their homework in Potions done!"

"1000 points to Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff for not insulting each other!"

"1500 points to both Slytherin and Gryffindor for playing a fair Quidditch game!" After he spoke the last word Severus put the headmaster under a silence spell, not wanting to continue this argument.

Slytherin had won with 2987 points, followed by Gryffindor with 2712 points. Third was Ravenclaw with 1999 points, and fourth was Hufflepuff with 1787. This year was the happiest for both Slytherin and Gryffindor, and they left the Great Hall in harmony, talking to each other, making friends and exchanging addresses. This all was only because one hard-hearted Professor, who loathed everyone who wasn't Slytherin and took much more points from the other houses than other Professors, had given 1800 points for each Gryffindor and Slytherin just to stop the headmaster meddling in the winning in the House-Cup.

A/N: Like it? Hate it?

I l-o-v-e you all, especially the ones who leave all these kind reviews!
Thanks a thousand times!
Did you enjoy Severus and Albus argument at the end? I think it's
funny...

Chapter 20-Quidditch World Cup

"How long?" Max asked.

"Half-an-hour," Ginny replied, annoyed that the boy couldn't even walk an hour without resting every few minutes.

"You actually should be in top form," Hermione scolded. "You're the Gryffindor seeker, you need to be fit so you can win the Quidditch-Cup next year." She said this though she knew there wouldn't be any Quidditch the following year.

"You must be Mr. Weasley," a boy said as he jumped down from a tree.

"Cedric," Arthur greeted him.

"I'm Hermione," Hermione said. Cedric bowed to her.

"I'm Ginny," the youngest Weasley said. Cedric also bowed to her.

"We are Gred and Forge," the twins said. Cedric shook their hands.

"I'm Ron," Ronald said. Cedric shook his hand.

"And I'm Maximilian Potter," Max said, already waiting for this mysterious boy to fall to his knees and kiss Max's shoes.

But Cedric didn't. He simply asked, "Where's your twin?"

"I've got no twin!" Max yelled angry.

"Of course you have," Cedric answered. "Harry Potter."

"He's not my twin!"

"Cedric," a voice interrupted. "Don't anger the Boy-Who-Lived."

"Yes, father," Cedric replied.

"C'mon, Krum!"

"You can do it!"

"Max, it's loud enough, you don't have to shout," Hermione said.

"What's happening?" Ron asked, stopping what he was doing.

"Get out!" Mr. Weasley shouted. "Death Eaters!"

"Hermione," Harry said as he caught up with the girl. "Where's Ginny?"

"I'm here," Ginevra said, coming from behind. "Why are they here?"

"Something is out of control," Draco said, joining them. "We have to get to the forest, dad's waiting there for us!"

"Thank god you're here," Lucius said as the teenagers came. "I thought you have been..."

"What now, Uncle Lucius?" Hermione asked, trying to get her breath back.

"Tom said you and Ginevra have to look for the Weasleys," Malfoy Sr. replied. "Harry and Draco will stay with me until Anthony's telling us otherwise. But if something else is going wrong, find us. I have a portkey to Riddle Manor."

"Aye, aye, captain," Ginny said, managing a smile.

"Where were you?" Fred asked as he spotted the girls.

"We lost you," Hermione explained. "We tried to find you again. Where's Ron and Max?"

"Looking for you," George replied.

"How stupid can they be?" Ginny sighed in frustration.

"Here you are," the boys said as they joined the others again.

"Yes, here we are," Ginny replied harsh.

"What's the matter with you?" Max asked.

"That you could have been killed as you went looking for us!" Hermione answered.

"You did what?" Arthur asked as he approached them. "I told you to stay together!"

"Ginny and Hermione got lost," Ron said. "So Max and I went looking for them."

"How stupid can you be?" Arthur went on. "The girls are right, you could've been killed! Max, they want you! You-Know-Who wants revenge! You can't just go around like you want to, you have to listen to the adults because they know what's best for you."

"You're safe," Tom said as Ginny and Hermione came the following evening. "I have already thought the worst."

"What happened?" Ginny wondered.

"No one knows," Voldemort confessed. "Someone's done something wrong, but everyone denies it."

"What's going to happen now?" Hermione asked.

"We'll have to see what the time brings," Tom sighed.

"HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE?" James bellowed as he had heard what had happened. "THIS WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WILL GO TO A QUIDDITCH GAME AS LONG AS YOU'RE UNDER MY ROOF!"

"But the girls-"

"I DON'T CARE IF THEY GOT LOST OR NOT! SOMEONE WOULD'VE FOUND THEM!"

"Yes, the Death Eaters!" Max yelled as he ran upstairs to his room, slamming the door.

"Max?"

"What?"

"Can I come in?"

"You would anyways, so why should it matter if I allow you or not?"

The door opened and James came in. He sat down on the bed beside his son.

"I wanted to say sorry."

"For what?" Max asked without looking up from his book which he held upside down.

"That I yelled at you. But you must understand that Death Eaters are dangerous. I fear that you die."

"Then why can't it be like it used to be before I went to Hogwarts?"

"Because things change," James answered.

"I want mum."

"Me too," James whispered before hugging his son who had begun to cry.

"Harry!"

"Lily," the boy said, swallowing hard.

"Severus," the woman said weakly. "What do you want from me?"

"Dumbledore wants you to be a spy," Severus answered, coming straight to the point. "If you say yes, then you'll come out of here. If not, then..."

"Then what?" Lily asked weakly. "Then I'll be send back? Then I'll be dead?"

"Both," Severus said, turning to leave. "You will be both send back and be dead."

"Good bye, mum," Harry whispered, touching his mother's hand through the bars.

"I love you, honey," Lily whispered back.

Chapter 21-Welcome back to school

A/N: Loira Lia - No, it wasn't, but Tom ordered them to watch over the game in case something would happen

"James, can I come through?"

"Sure, Albus," James answered. The flames changed colors and out stepped Dumbledore, followed by Lily.

"What's mum doing here?" Max asked as he entered the living-room. "I thought she was in Azkaban."

"She'll be a spy," Albus answered. "I'm sure now that Voldemort's somewhere out there."

"W-what?" James asked unbelievably. "But-but didn't Max defeat him?"

"I think he weakened him," Albus said. "But nothing more, I'm afraid."

"Then what will happen?" Max asked anxious, already knowing the answer.

Albus' face was serious as he spoke, "A second war will begin."

"She is against us now."

"I know, Ray, I know," Tom replied, watching the conversation from his crystal ball.

"What shall we do? She knows who we are," Raymond said. "Shouldn't we do anything?"

"She won't talk," Voldemort answered. "She's too scared. Scared of what might happen with her."

"I know, but she knows who I am," Ray argued.

"Yes, but she doesn't know that you changed your name, Ray," the Dark Lord said.

"You're right," the boy whispered, holding the goblet in his hand in the air before gulping the liquid down. A moment later he screamed in pain and collapsed. Sighing Tom scooped the boy up and walked out of the room, whispering, "Raymond Eduard Riddle, welcome to the world."

"How is he?" Hermione asked. "Can we see him?"

"He'll survive," Severus said. "It's only a blood-adoption potion, nothing dangerous. And no, you can't see him."

"Still," Draco replied. "He's like a brother for us."

"Only for a minute," Ginny begged.

"No," Severus repeated. "He needs rest."

His whole body ached as he woke up. He groaned in pain. Slowly he sat up, rubbing his eyes. A mirror stood on the bedside table. He too it and looked at himself.

"Hello, Raymond," he said, smiling, to himself.

"Come on!" Ginny said. "You've got to let us!"

"No I don't," Severus argued.

"We can't wait!"

"Your problem, Draco."

"He's our friend!"

"I do not care, Hermione."

"Let them in," a hoarse voice said from the other side of the door.

"Wow," Hermione said as she saw her friend. He looked like a younger replica of Uncle Tom.

"You have to take the other potion," Severus reminded his godson, holding a phial towards him.

Raymond gulped the liquid down and grimaced. A moment later he was back to his old self.

"You look better the other way," Draco said. "Then you're sexier than me. Maybe you'll become the Sex God of Slytherin."

Ginny laughed at put an arm around him. "We've got to tell you something," she said.

"We're going out," Draco finished, kissing the girl on the cheek.

"...Some of you might know him, our new DADA Professor Alastor Moody!" Albus announced. "Also, there won't be any Quidditch this year because of the Triwizard Tournament! And, some of you should know it, two other schools, Beauxbaton and Durmstrang, will be coming here. Because of that I hired Madam Draper, I'm sure many of you know her, to test your discipline." The students groaned. This shall be the worst year, the ones that knew Madam Draper thought. "She will arrive tomorrow morning. And now, a good night!"

"How can we have a good night if we know that monster is coming tomorrow morning?" Ron asked Max.

"I do not know the answer," Maximilian said monotone, his eyes wide with shock.

"Good morning, students," Madam Draper said. "I will call you in alphabetical order, then you will come here and I will tell you what to do. When you pass the test, then you are lucky. If not, then you will have to take lessons with me. Araib, Anne."

"...Potter, Maximilian."

"But my brother's first!" Max complained.

"I said Potter, Maximilian!" Madam Draper repeated. "And I hope you didn't forget what I taught you!"

"No, miss," the boy replied quietly.

As Max did his test, Madam Draper scribbled on her paper.

Potter, Maximilian

Language: bad

Straight walking: horrible

Table etiquette: couldn't be worse

Test overall: failed

Comment: forgot everything I taught him, now he is worse than before; has to take lessons again

Potter, Harry

Language: good

Straight walking: perfect

Table etiquette: excellent

Test overall: passed

Comment: one of the best disciplined boys I ever saw, an idol for others; didn't teach him before

"I will work out how many failed or passed for every house," Madam Draper said after everyone was done.

House Passed / Failed

Gryffindor 180 / 70

Ravenclaw 238 / 12

Hufflepuff 240 / 10

Slytherin 250 / 1

Overall 918 / 93

"Shame on Gryffindor," Draco snarled. "They have the worst manners on earth!"

"I have to agree with you," Tom said. "Even I think that monkeys are more disciplined than these foolish Gryffindors."

"But Hermione, Ginny and Neville are exceptions," Raymond reminded them. "They are on our side and have passed."

A/N: Did you figure out who Raymond Eduard Riddle is?

Chapter 22-The champions

A/N: Yes, Raymond is Harry!

JWHOPfan - in a straight line with a book on the head

"Cedric Diggory!"

"Fleur Delacour!"

"Victor Krum!"

The champions stood up and went to the small room. After Victor had gone, the goblet of fire changed colors, again.

"Maximilian Potter," Dumbledore read.

"He can't!" Minerva said. "He's not of age!"

"But the rules say that everyone who got chosen by the goblet of fire must take part in the Triwizard Tournament," Barty Crouch argued.

"Someone put my name in the goblet," Max said. "I never wanted to be a champion!"

"Oh, and we shall believe you?" Severus asked. "You, the one who always wants to be the center of attention? Why should we believe you?"

"Severus," Albus interrupted. "It's enough."

"And? It's true!"

"But even if someone did put Max's name in the goblet," Moody said, "then there's no reason that there are four champions."

"If Hogwarts can have two, then I want my school to have a second champion as well," Maxime pouted.

"Barty," the headmaster said calmly. "What do you think?"

"Maximilian Potter was chosen by the goblet of fire," Barty answered, looking out of the small window. "He's now a champion for the Triwizard Tournament."

"Uncle Sev?"

"Yes, Ray?"

"Do you have Poly Juice?" Raymond asked.

"For what do you need that?" Severus wondered.

Sighing Ray explained. "Even if I'm not a Potter anymore," he began, "I still have a brotherly feeling towards my twin. And now that he's a champion for the Triwizard Tournament, I think that I should help him, somehow. Without help he's going to die."

"But you do know the plan?"

"Yes, Sev, I know. He can do the last bit, but to get there he needs my help."

"Ray," Hermione whispered, hugging her friend. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Yes, Mione," Raymond said, gulping the blue liquid down. A moment later Max stood in front of Hermione. "It's time," the boy said, turning to leave.

"Ray," Hermione said, looking away.

"What?"

"I-I love you."

"We will think about this after it all has ended," Ray promised, hugging her a last time before leaving the tent.

"Maximilian Potter!" Ludo Bagman announced.

Ray/Max mounted his broom, taking a deep breath. He knew that he was doing the right thing. His twin was not far away from here; Severus would make him look different once Raymond had done the task. But he first had to do it. He could see the dragon, waiting for him, sitting on its egg. The golden egg. Ray already had made a plan how to get it, but it would take time as he knew that female dragons with an egg weren't likely to leave it alone, fearing that someone might take their egg.

Yes! Ray thought as the dragon finally began to follow him. His plan was it to lead the dragon away from the egg and then come back to get the egg. Hopefully it would work. If not, then there was always a plan B, even if he hadn't worked one out yet.

"Where's Max?" someone yelled.

"It looks like he disappeared," one of the Ravenclaws said.

"I think he's been eaten by the dragon," Draco added.

"Here he is!" a Gryffindor shouted. And it was true, Maximilian flew over the stadium towards the golden egg. The dragon followed a few moments later, but the boy already had the egg in his hands.

He felt that the potion would wear off any minute, he had to hurry. In the tent the real Maximilian Potter waited for him.

"You shouldn't have done it," he said as he saw his twin.

"Come here, Potter," Severus interrupted as he followed Raymond. With a few spells Max looked like his fake self, which began to transform.

"Try to find out the clue for the next-

"I will, Harry," Max cut him off, hurrying out of the tent.

"It looks horrible," Hermione told Raymond.

"It looks worse than it actually is," the boy lied.

"So," the girl said. "What about our relationship?"

"I thought about it..." Raymond said slowly.

"And?"

The next moment Ray had covered her lips with his. "I love you too," he whispered as they broke apart.

"Can anyone name me the three unforgivable curses?" Moody asked the class. Hermione's and Ray's hand shot up almost immediately.

"Ms. Granger?"

"Avada Kedavra," Hermione answered.

"Good," Moody said. "I'm sure Longbottom can give us one too."

"C-Crucio," the boy whispered, looking down.

"Weasley?"

"I-I don't know."

"Thomas?"

"No, sir."

"And Potter?"

"Imperio," Ray answered.

"Right, can these people tell the rest who obviously don't know these curses what they do?"

"Avada Kedavra is the worst," Hermione said, looking away. "It kills the person it hits immediately."

"C-Crucio makes people go insane if they're under it too long. Otherwise it's a great deal of pain." Neville still looked down, remembering things.

"Imperio allows people to take control of other people." Raymond looked Moody in the eyes, knowing who the person really was.

The days grew colder and colder. A few days after Christmas Dumbledore announced that-

"...Madam Pomfrey will have to go on a Hearer's conference for a month, so she won't be able to look after her patients. Because of that I have hired a man, Healer Brown, to take over as long as our matron is not available."

Raymond, who had caught a cold over the holidays, sneezed.

"Are you alright?" Draco asked, sounding concerned.

"I'm alright," Ray answered, coughing. "Dshusd a cold."

"You're burning up!" Hermione exclaimed as she felt Ray's forehead. "You have to go see Healer Brown!"

"It's dshusd a cold," Raymond said, rubbing his head in the hope that the headache would go away.

"I'll take you," Draco said, helping his friend to get up.

"Nothing to worry about," Healer Brown said. "It's just a normal cold."

"It's not just a cold!" Draco argued. "He's burning up!"

"It will go away in a few days time," Brown said, pushing both boys out of the door.

A week later the cold was worse. Draco and Raymond kept going to the infirmary, but Brown always send them away. Then, after two weeks, Draco had enough.

"HEADMASTER!"

"Mr. Malfoy," Albus said calmly. "How can I help you?"

"Ra - Harry's burning up and Brownie won't allow him to stay at the infirmary," Draco said.

"Who's Brownie?"

"Healer Brown."

"I'm sure he has a reason why he won't allow Mr. Potter to stay at the infirmary," Dumbledore said, getting up.

"Because it's only a cold!" Brown said.

"How can you be so stupid?" Severus asked. "The boy's burning up! He's more than ill!"

"A cold!"

"His temperature is 40.3, for goods sake!" Professor Snape went on. "And you call that a normal cold!"

"Severus," Albus interrupted. "What are these noises? This should be an infirmary, not a court!"

"Tell him that!" Severus pointed at Brown as he spoke. "This man doesn't know anything about the art of healing!"

The flames in the fireplace changed colours and out stepped Madam Pomfrey.

"Hello," she said, reordering her clothes. "The conference finished one and a half weeks early."

"Good," Severus said. "Then this man can go."

"What do you mean?" Pomfrey wondered.

"Brownie didn't let Harry stay here," Draco explained.

"And?" Severus asked after Madam Pomfrey had examined Raymond.

"He's got a lung-infection," the matron answered, still angry at Brown.
"If we don't keep an eye on him, it could easily turn into pneumonia."

Chapter 23-The second task

A/N: I wanted to thank ALL the people who send these wonderful reviews, even you worldmaker!

CSlvHP11 - Healer Brown was there to make Ray suffer, so that he can't do the second tasks

athenakitty - I think about if they do it, but I think Tom and Sev are working on it...

Sabaku no Sable - I know that he does

eldorna - I'm already looking for one

JWOHPfan - I know that it does, I called him that because my business partner loves Brownies, she even called one of my dog figures that!

"Max," Hermione hissed. "I need to speak to you."

"What?" the boy asked as they exited the Gryffindor tower.

"Harry's ill," the girl answered in a whisper. "He's got a lung-infection because of Brown. It could turn into pneumonia."

"But the he won't be able to do the second task!" Max exclaimed.

"That's the problem," Hermione said. "You have to do it on your own."

"But - I can't! You know what a coward I am! I'm as dump as someone possibly could be!"

"Max, listen to me. You are not a coward! You are not dump! You are the opposite, believe it or not!"

"Harry - he's the perfect son! He is intelligent, he's not a coward, he knows how to behave! Sometimes I wish...I wish I hadn't been so mean to him. I wish I could be like him."

"Then show the world what you can!" Hermione yelled frustrated. "It won't help sitting around and moaning about things you can't change! You have to win the Tournament! And I know that you will."

"Max, could I have a word with you?"

"Of course, Cedric," Maximilian answered.

"Did you find out how the egg works?"

"No..."

"Water," Cedric said, patted the younger boy's shoulder and then ran off. Max stared after him.

"Is he awake?"

"No, Ms. Granger," Madam Pomfrey replied. "And I don't think he will be for the next couple of days. After that we have to make sure that he doesn't get pneumonia."

"What if he does?"

"We'll have to see. And now, get out of here!"

"And?"

"Nothing, Draco," Hermione answered. Draco and Ginny had been waiting in front of the infirmary for her.

"You look sad," Ginny said.

Hermione sighed. "We are going out."

"Use the Prefect's bathroom," Hermione advised Max as he had told her what Cedric had told him. "I think you should try to open the egg under water. Maybe that will help."

"Maybe," Max answered. "I just have to try it out."

"Dumbledore!"

"What can I do for you, Severus?"

"What the hell did you think by taking Brown?"

"Because Madam Po-"

"What about me? I'm as good as her!"

"But how would you look after students if you have to teach?" Albus argued.

"And? I don't care how I would've done it, but at least then R - Harry wouldn't be in the infirmary with a lung-infection!"

The headmaster sighed. "I'm sorry."

"You always say that! But sometimes it's not enough!"

"What shall I do then? I cannot change what has happened!"

"You can," Severus muttered.

Albus gave him a hard look. "You perfectly know how dangerous that can be."

The next morning Hermione, Ginny, Draco and Severus became a letter.

Come to the infirmary now! PP

The four hurried out of the Great Hall and towards the infirmary where Poppy Pomfrey already waited for them.

"Did he wake up?" Hermione asked, trying to catch her breath.

"Yes," the matron answered.

"And?" Ginny spoke. "Has he got...?"

"It looks like it," Poppy answered. "But it's too soon to say."

"I told Dumbledore to do it!" Severus said frustrated.

"Do what?" Draco wondered.

"There is a way to change the past," Sev explained. "But it's dangerous."

"How?" Poppy asked.

"Did you ever heard of Legilimency?"

The others looked confused, but then Hermione's face lit up. "I remember!" she said. "Uncle Tom talked about it one time! It's that one person looks into the mind of another person!"

Severus smirked. "Exactly. So, what would happen if I would look into your mind back to the moment where you got your Hogwarts letter?"

"You would see through my eyes how my parents reacted," the girl answered.

"There's an ancient spell which allows a person to go back in time," Severus continued. "If I would go back in time, then I could give Harry a pepper-up-potion before the cold turns into a lung-infection. The only problem is that I only have so long time as the memory lasts, which means a few minutes if I'm lucky. After that I will return to the present."

"But what is dangerous about that?" Ginny asked.

"If I don't say the spell correctly," the Potions Professor said, "then it could cause the death of both me and Harry."

"Hermione," Max said, "I found out what the second task is! I have to go into the Black Lake and rescue someone."

"Good," the girl answered. "If you're lucky, Harry can do it."

"How?" the boy wondered. "I thought he's got a lung-infection."

"Snape found a way to help him recover," Hermione whispered.

"The second task of the Triwizard Tournament will begin any moment!" Ludo Bagman announced. "And here are our champions! Cedric Diggory, Maximilian Potter, Victor Krum and Fleur Delacour!" The four teenagers jumped in the lake. The second task had begun.

Chapter 24-The graveyard

A/N: Sorry for the wait, but I had a lot of things to do

LoireLoa - because he's got brotherly feelings towards his twin, but not for long!

(1) I hope it sounds a bit French...

Fleur came up first, alone.

"These montrese attackete me(1)!" she said.

Cedric was second; he had Cho. Then Victor came with Hermione. At last Max came with Gabrielle and Ron.

"So Harry is not well yet?" he asked once he was alone with Hermione.

"No, I wonder why not..."

"I told you not to do it!"

"Headmaster, I prefer that he's got a painless death rather than a painful!" Severus defended himself.

"Still, I need you as Professor and spy, never forget this!"

"Uncle Sev," Hermione said. "Why didn't you try to change the past?"

"Dumbledore stopped me," Severus answered. "He always has to tell other people what to do! It's annoying! And if someone dies, all he can say is 'sorry!'"

"Brown," Albus said, "I hope you know what you have to do."

"I know it perfectly," the other man said, rubbing his hands, smiling evilly.

"I don't want to," Ray muttered as Madam Pomfrey held a goblet on his lips.

"You have to," she replied, forcing him to drink the liquid. The next moment Raymond tried to push her away, but her grip around his neck was too tight.

"Stop!" Severus yelled as he ran into the infirmary. He pushed the woman away and looked into the goblet. "Arsenic," he whispered.

"What do you need?" Hermione asked as she followed. Suddenly the woman transformed.

"Brownie!" Draco yelled as he came in.

"He tried to poison Ray," Severus said, leaving the infirmary.

"We need to get Ray away from here!" Hermione said.

"I know, but Dumbledore will wonder where he is," Severus argued.

"We need to get this meddling old man away from here," Draco decided. "I'm sure it was his idea to poison Raymond."

"But how?"

"I've got an idea, Mione," the boy replied.

Lucius sat on the table eating his breakfast as the mail came. One of the letters was from Draco.

Dear father,

We have a few problems here at Hogwarts. Dumbledore is the one causing most of them. He hired a man called Brown as Healer when Madam Pomfrey was at a conference. Brown refused to let Raymond stay at the infirmary as he had a cold. Now it's a lung-infection and could end with pneumonia. As if that wasn't enough Dumbledore tried to poison Ray. Could you do something? We, Hermione, Uncle Sev

and I , would like to take Raymond to Uncle Tom's but can't because of the headmaster.

Your son, Draco

The next few days nothing happened at Hogwarts, but then a man from the Ministry of Magic came. He walked to Dumbledore's office.

"Albus," the man greeted.

"Percy," the headmaster replied. "How can I help you?"

"We have reasons to believe that you tried to poison one of your students," the young man said.

"Which student?" Albus wondered.

"Harry Snape."

"Is he already at Tom's house?" Hermione asked Draco.

"Yes," the boy replied. "And Dumbledore is at the Ministry. The third task will be in a week if we have luck."

One week later...

"Cedric and Max will go first," Ludo Bagman decided. "Then Victor and at last Fleur."

"You deserve it!"

"Let's do it together," Max said.

"Fine," Cedric snapped. "One, two, three!"

The trophy had been a portkey. Cedric and Max stood in a graveyard. Cedric knew what was going to happen. He had his wand in his hand, ready to cast the illusion jinx.

"Kill the spare one!" a voice yelled. A moment later Cedric lay on the ground, dead as it looked like.

"NO!" Max exclaimed. As he turned around he could see a rat-like man. "Wormtail!"

The man smiled as he pinned the boy against one of the statues. "The Dark Lord shall rise again!"

"He won't," Max said, trying to get free.

"He will, foolish boy, he will!"

"My servants," the false Voldemort said. "Come to me!" A moment later ten Death Eaters stood around him. Wormtail joined the circle. "And you, Potter," the wizard continued, "will duel against me!"

"I never will," the boy replied.

"Oh, do you think so? I'm sure you will!"

"Max," Cedric's ghost said. "Grab my body and go back! I will distract Voldemort!"

Cedric's death had been a tragic, but after a few weeks most people were over it. Hermione, Draco, Severus, Ginny and Neville were the only ones who knew the truth. On the last day of term Dumbledore returned. he had got out of the mess, but the Ministry would send him straight to Azkaban if there was one more complain about him. Eventually the last day ended and another year had gone by. Raymond was still at his father's house, so the teenagers couldn't wait to visit their 'uncle' again. Severus had told them that Ray had recovered greatly and everyone was happy about it.

"I can't for the next school year to begin," Hermione told Ron and Max on the train home.

"Yes, because then you can show off with you knowledge again," Ronald giggled.

"You haven't been learning for the exams, have you?" the girl asked.

"No," Maximilian said, yawning. "No need, We'll fail it anyway, so why bother?"

"I'm just glad this year has ended to good, especially after Cedric's death."

"Now don't tell me you had a crush on him!" Ron exclaimed.

"No!" Hermione yelled. "But anyway, who cares?" Yes, she thought, who cares about if I have a crush on someone who is technically dead?

Chapter 25-A new member

A/N: I've planned this one a long time because I think it's going to be a great chapter; hope you think so too!

"We have a new member in the Order of the Phoenix," Dumbledore said, looking at everyone.

"Who is it?" Sirius asked, hoping it would be his godson.

"Me," a boy said as he entered.

"Sorry," Severus apologized as he followed. "We came from a meeting."

"You can't do this!" James yelled, standing up. "Why can he join us but not Max, Hermione or Ronald?"

"He's right, Albus," Molly agreed. "We won't let them in, so why would you let Har-"

"Raymond," the boy cut her off. "I changed my name to Raymond Eduard."

"You will not do such a thing!" James went on.

"He already did," Snape said. "And the Dark Lord approves."

"What does it matter if Voldemort approves but not his parents?" Sirius interrupted.

"It doesn't matter," Ray said. "And dad did let me do it. Also, if you forgot, James gave all Rights over me to Severus; so he shouldn't say anything about it because he can't change it."

Slap.

"I told you to keep your hands off him!" Lily bellowed, rushing to her son; nobody had noticed that Ray and called Snape 'Severus' and not 'dad'.

"Leave me alone, Lily," the boy said, holding one hand to his cheek, breathing heavily. "Go on, James and Sirius, beat me up like you did to Remus. Then we can end it here and now."

"H-how do you k-know?"

"It is simple," Raymond answered. "As soon as I read the article of the Daily Prophet from 1982 I knew you did it. You beat him up and tricke-"

"Stop it, Ray," Remus said, looking down.. "They are not worth it. And you know that you are over them."

"What do you mean, Lupin?" Sirius asked.

"That I trained karate, archery, fencing and boxing," the boy explained. "Also I train weekly at the headquarters of the Death Eaters to duel. So, you won't have a chance against me."

"We will see that," James spat.

"Go on, I don't care. I officially ask you to a duel."

"I take the offer." James smiled evilly as he thought about a plan.

"We have more important things to discuss," Dumbledore interrupted. "So, Severus, what can you tell me?"

"The Dark Lord has been wrong," Snape answered.

"What do you mean?" Kingsley asked.

"Potter isn't the Boy-Who-Lived, Ray is."

"Then we will need to discuss Harry's trai-"

"I don't need training," Ray cut his headmaster off. "And My name's Raymond."

"You need training, boy!" Moody interrupted. "How do you want to defeat him when you're not trained?"

"I won't defeat him."

"What do you plan do to then?"

"Drawing," Raymond answered.

Moody looked shocked for a moment, but then he began to laugh.

"What's funny?" Ray asked.

"Y-you pre-prefer to draw rather t-than kill the most da-dangerous man on earth!" Mad-Eye-Moody said between his laughs.

"I can't see anything funny," Raymond said. "I don't like violent things."

"In the basement at 10:00pm," James hissed as they went out of the kitchen after the meeting. Ray nodded.

As Ray entered the basement there were a few people: James, Sirius, Maximilian, Severus and Kingsley. James broke up his conversation with his son. Raymond knew they planned something.

"Bow down," Severus ordered.

"We know the rules, Snivellus," James hissed as he bowed down.

"I know," Snape hissed back. "But I just want you to remember: this is a fair duel, not one of your tricks! Turn around and go three steps back."

"Stupefy!" Ray yelled the second he had made the three steps back and faced to turn James again.

"Protego!" his biological father countered. "Expelliarmus!"

"Expecto Patronum!" Raymond's silver-white griffin shot towards James who tried to escape away from it, but no luck.

"GET THAT BEAST AWAY!" the man yelled as he fought the Patroni. "IT'S NOT FAIR TO USE THESE BEASTS!"

"It is allowed," Severus corrected, smirking.

With a flick of his wrist Ray let the Patroni disappear. "Stupefy," he said. The spell missed James by millimeters.

Angrily Potter yelled, "SECTUSEMPRA!" The spell had hit Ray in his stomach.

"Rictusempra!" Max followed, causing Raymond to grimace as he suddenly had to start laughing, and more blood than before came out of his wounds.

"WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?" Moody demanded to know as he stumbled down the stairs.

"Potter is breaking the rules of a fair duel," Severus explained as he began to heal his godson.

"JAMES POTTER!" Moody turned to face the man. "YOU ARE AN AUROR, YOU KNOW THE RULES!"

"And he encouraged Max to help him," Kingsley added.

"YOU ARE BOTH GROUNDED!"

"YOU CANNOT GROUND ME NOR MY SON!"

"OH, I CAN'T? THEN LISTEN CAREFULLY! YOU, JAMES POTTER, ARE GROUNDED FROM MISSIONS UNTIL YOU GROW UP AND YOUR SON IS GROUNDED FROM GOING TO HOGSMEAD THE FOLLOWING YEAR UNTIL HE GROWS UP! AND IF I HEAR ANY

DISAPPROVAL FROM YOUR TEACHERS, MAXIMILIAN, THEN I'LL BE THERE!"

"MAXIMILIAN!" Hermione yelled as she heard what had happened. "HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID?"

"Where is your twin, anyways?" Ron asked.

"Snape took him to Voldemort," Max snapped angrily.

"Well at least he's away from you!" Hermione went on. "But how could you after what he had done last year for you?"

"Well, how fair is it that he gets to be in the Order and I don't?"

"I can't understand how he could do this," Tom said, looking at his son who lay in his bed; Alex's face was nearly as pale as the white pillows his head rested on.

"They are both jealous," Severus answered, making Ray drink a liquid. "Raymond is better in nearly anything than they ever will be."

"We need someone who is trusted by Dumbledore," Voldemort went on.

"What about Minerva? She's Ray's godmother and I'm sure she would like to know about it."

"You're right. Talk to her."

"Minerva, I need to talk to you."

"What about, Severus?"

"Do you trust me?"

"Of course, why shouldn't I?"

"You are Ray's godmother."

"W-what? Why me?"

"I thought it's a good idea," Severus whispered. "But before I can tell you who else is, you need to swear that you will not tell anyone about what I'm telling you."

"I swear on my wand," the woman replied, a bit irritated.

"The Dark Lord isn't bad." Severus looked at Minerva who stood there, mouth opening and closing like a goldfish. "He's Ray's father," the man continued. "I'm his godfather with Remus and a man called Ronny Lott. Bellatrix Lestranger and you are his godmothers."

"W-why did you tell me?" Minerva asked finally.

"Because Tom wants you to be a spy," Severus answered.

"Give me one day," Minerva said. "I need to think about all this."

"Ray?"

"C-Cedric?" It had come out as a whisper, but Cedric hadn't thought anything else. His friend was still weak and had only woken up. The last six days Ray had been in a kind of coma due to the great loss of blood.

"W-what happened?"

"Potter cheated in the duel and his son helped him," Cedric explained. "You've lost a lot of blood and some of the injuries might leave scars."

"I've made my decision," Minerva said.

"What do you choose?" Severus asked.

"I choose..." the woman began.

Chapter 26-Conversations

It was a sunny day. The sky was cloudless. A man walked out of a house towards a boy who sat in front of a tree drawing a picture.

"Ray?" he asked.

"Yes, dad?" the boy replied without looking up from his painting.

"Your godmother wants to talk to you."

"Professor," Raymond said as he shook her hand.

"Raymond, if I can remember right," Minerva smiled. "Call me Minerva."

"Yes, but call me Ray. So, you choose to be a spy like me and Sev?"

"I did," McGonnagal replied. "Even if it is an unbelievable story, I believe Tom."

"I'm glad to hear this, Professor McGonnagal."

"Cedric! But - didn't you die?" Minerva couldn't believe her eyes as she saw the boy everyone believed was dead.

"Uncle Tom wouldn't kill an innocent boy," another voice said.

"M-Ms. Granger?"

"And Neville and I," a second girl voice answered.

"Ms. Weasley, I am shocked," Minerva said. "And I assume Mr. Malfoy is here too?"

"Of course I am," the boy replied.

"Did we forget anyone?" Severus asked as he followed the children.

"Ray, what do you say?" Lucius asked.

"Remus comes later," the boy replied. "Uncle Ronny should come any moment and Aunt Bella is still in Azkaban. So no, we don't miss anyone."

"Then let the feast begin!" Tom said as he led everyone in the dining room.

"So," Voldemort said as everyone had finished eating. "We need to discuss our plans."

"Who will be next?" Remus, who had come as the dessert was served, asked.

"Next?" Minerva wondered.

"We try to get as many followers as possible," Ginny explained. "That way we also can get many spies. If any of them should say something about what's going on here, then we'll obliviate them. But even if this should happen, who would believe that Uncle Tom is good and Dumbledore bad?"

"I see," McGonnagal said.

"I would say we take Percy Weasley," Lucius said. "He's in the Ministry and might run away from home."

"The perfect cover," Neville replied thoughtfully. "There's a flat in London near the Leaky Cauldron where he could stay."

"How do you know that?"

"Everyone here as a job, Minerva," Ronny explained. "If someone needs a place to stay, then he or she would go to Neville. Hermione is there to think of backgrounds for us if we should need an alibi. Ray is there in case someone should threaten us. Even if he doesn't look like it, he's stronger than some of the men here around the manor."

"What is Ginny's job?"

"I'm there to be a sweet little girl and try to get people believe Tom's story," the Weasley girl answered.

"I brew all the potions that are needed," Severus said. "Sometimes Ray is helping me."

"I try to get followers from the werewolf colonies." Remus had spoken, looking down.

"I pay for most of the things that are needed," Lucius smiled.

"Back to business," Tom interrupted. "We need to dicuss important things."

"Did you memorize the three most important rules?" Ray asked.

"I think so," Minerva replied. She and her student sat in the winter garden and practiced the rules for a fight with enemies; all of them were set by the Dark Lord.

"Then tell me rule number one."

"We should only kill if we are in danger, but otherwise we can injure enemies."

"Two?"

"If we need help we shall look for someone and no play hero and get ourselves killed."

"You should remember that one," Tom said, smirking, as he entered the winter garden. His son blushed.

"What do you mean?" Minerva wondered.

"He has more than enough experience in how to get killed," Voldemort answered. "Maybe you should start writing a book, Ray?"

"Dad!"

"What? It's true," Severus said.

"It wasn't that often," the boy complained, pouting.

"Only a few thousand times," Lucius smiled. The next moment a wand was pointing at his throat.

"We'll see that tonight," Ray hissed before he walked out of the winter garden.

"What does he mean?" McGonnagal asked, sounding a bit concerned.

"A duel," Tom smiled.

"Stupefy!"

"Protego," Lucius yelled, nearly a second too late.

"Expecto Patronum!"

"Your trick is getting old," the man replied as he let the patroni vanish with a flick of his wrist.

"I have a few new ones," Ray said, concentrating. The next moment Lucius' wand flew out of his hand and Raymond grabbed it.

"How...?"

"I helped him with wandless magic," Severus replied, smiling inwardly.
"Ray won fair."

"The next time you better think before you say anything," the boy told Lucius as he turned and walked out of the room.

"I wonder where he got his temper from," Malfoy Sr. said, watching his godson.

"Not much choice," Severus answered.

"What do you mean, Severus?" Tom asked. "I hope that you do not mean me."

"Well, who then? Ray only has a father," Ronny said.

"I know," the Dark Lord replied, sighing.

Diagon Alley was full of people, but Tom hadn't expected anything else, not so near towards the next school year. This was one of the rare days he would go away from the manor, buying a few things in the shops in Diagon Alley. Tom felt the Poly Juice Potion wear off, so he walked into the shadows of one of the shops. There he got a phial out of his bag and drank the liquid. After that he made his way towards the apothecary. The sun was shining and the sky was cloudless. Tom didn't look where he walked, and soon enough he bumped into someone.

"Sorry," he said, turning around to help the person up. "I didn't see yu-" Tom stopped speaking as he saw in the face of a beautiful woman and something inside of him started to get mad...

Chapter 27-Louisa

"Sev?"

"Yes, Ray?"

"Do you know what is wrong with dad?" Raymond asked his godfather.

"I thought you could see that," Severus smirked, looking up from the homeworks he had been grading. "Your father is in love." He watched his godsons' reaction. Raymond opened and closed his mouth like a goldfish.

"Y-you mean he met a woman in Diagon Alley?"

"Where if not there?" Lucius asked as he entered the room. "Tom wants to see you, Ray."

"Ray," Tom greeted his son. "I wondered if you could help me."

"With what?" the boy asked.

"Do you think the green trouser is better or the black one?"

"Where do you go?"

"A muggle restaurent."

"Why?"

"I have a meeting with someone," Voldemort answered. "Green or Black?"

"Black," Ray said before leaving. He knew who his father would meet.

Tom sighed as the door closed behind his son.

"So, you want to tell me that he's good?"

"Yes, Louisa," Tom answered. "Do you believe me?"

"Why shouldn't I?" the woman said, placing a kiss on his lips.

"I want you to know who I really am."

"Let me think. He himself?"

"Aren't you afraid?" Tom wondered.

"Why should I?" Louisa asked. "You are only a human, like anyone else."

"What shall I do?"

"Wait and see what time brings," Hermione answered. "Maybe it won't work between them?"

"But what if?"

"Then you have to get used to it, Ray."

"I know," the boy said, sighing. "I want him to be happy, but...it's just that I never really had a mum except from the few weeks with Lily. Everything will be changing." After a briefly pause Raymond continued. "How is it to have a mum?"

"Wonderful," Hermione said, remembering her childhood before the Hogwarts letter came. "My mum used to tuck me in when I was little. And she read me stories. Every time I came home from primary school a delicious lunch was waiting for me and in the evening my parents often played games with me."

"It must be wonderful to have two parents," Ray whispered. "I would give anything for a normal childhood."

"Do you want to meet my son?"

"Sure," Louisa answered. She lay her arms around Tom and then they apparated away to Riddle Manor.

"Raymond?" Tom asked, peering around the door.

"Yes, dad?" Ray said.

"I would like you to meet Louisa," Tom replied.

"Don't forget, smile and be polite," Hermione whispered before Voldemort and Louisa entered the winter garden.

"Hello, Raymond," the woman smiled.

"Good evening," Ray greeted. "This is Hermione, my girlfriend."

"Hi," the girl said.

"Hi, Hermione," Louisa replied. "I hope you are both fine?"

"Of course we are," Raymond smiled.

"Hermione, you have to go," Tom suddenly said as he looked at his watch. "You're already running late."

"Good bye," the girl said as she ran out of the winter garden.

"What do you think of her?"

"She's OK," Ray replied.

"You wouldn't care if I...?"

"Marry her?" Raymond snorted. "What do you think? I never really had a mother before, so why should I care? Do what you want: I'll be at Hogwarts anyways, so why should it matter to me?"

"Ray," Tom said, trying to calm his son down. "If you don't"

"I said I don't care!" Raymond interrupted. "And don't 'Ray' me!"

Two days later...

"Did you see Raymond?" Tom asked Severus.

"We had an Order meeting last night," the Potion Professor replied.
"Ray stayed at the headquarters."

"It's my fault," Tom whispered. "What if something happened to him?"

"I'm sure he's OK," Severus said, trying to sound reassuring.

"So, what do you do here, Snape?"

"I have a right to be here," Ray replied. "Can I go into the bathroom now?"

"Why should we let you?" Ron asked.

"Yes, why should we?" Max repeated, acting as if he would think. "I cannot see a reason why we should. Can you, Ron?"

"No," the boy said, shaking his head.

"Just get out of the way," Raymond said. He knew that if he didn't drink his potion any time soon, then he would transform into his actual self and everything would end. They would kill him. Hermione would break down when she would find out. And then she would be next, together with Ginny and Neville and... No, he couldn't let that happen. Why did he even stay here at the headquarters? Because of his father. That was the answer. But still nothing that would help him. He couldn't do wandless magic because no one here, except for Hermione and Ginny, knew that he could do it. And suddenly a thought came into his mind. A wish. Something he had never wished before. He wished that Sev would never have rescued him. Then things would have been different. He wouldn't be in this situation. Or would he? The sorting hat would still have sorted him in Slytherin. Or maybe not...? He might have talked the hat into sorting him in Gryffindor. But now it was too late. He could feel the tickling that came over him once he started to transform. Now everything would end...

Chapter 28-The Demementors' kiss

"Max!" Molly yelled. "Ron! Ha-Raymond! Come down!"

"This is not the end!" Maximilian hissed as he and Ronald went downstairs.

As both were out of sight Ray gulped down the liquid in the phial and also went down.

"What is it, Mrs. Weasley?"

"It's about your mother, Max, H-Raymond," the woman replied.

"She was visiting Aunt Petunia," Max said. "What could've gone wrong?"

"Dementors attacked the house," Mr. Weasley whispered. "They kissed all of them: Lily, her sister Petunia and Petunia's husband and son."

"This is all your fault!" James yelled, throwing himself on top of Ray. "You-"

"He didn't do anything, Potter," Severus replied as he stupefied his enemy. "Ray com-" He stopped speaking as he saw that his godson wasn't there anymore. The next moment they heard the front door being slammed close.

His world broke together. First his parents abandoning him, then his father abusing him. After that he got a new father. And this father was thinking about marrying a woman he hardly knew. And now, on top of all, his biological mother was somewhere wondering around soulless. Nothing worked anymore. Not for him. He knew what he had to do. Now or never. It was a good thing Lucius had taught him how to apparate.

He landed in a graveyard. He knew this graveyard. It was the graveyard Sev's grandparents were buried. He liked coming here,

talking to the tombstones. And here he would do it. He couldn't do it anywhere else because people would stop him. But not here. Ray walked along the path to the tombstone he had been looking for.

Raymond and Elizabeth Snape

That was why he wanted himself named Raymond Eduard. He had known his godfather's grandparents for a few years. They had died when he was eight, and they had said that they were proud of him only moments before their eyes closed and never opened them again. And that day was the day he had made his plans. He would make them prouder than they ever were. Proud of him. For what he could do if he wanted to.

Raymond crouched down in front of their tombstone. And he began to cry. He often cried there. After he was calmed down again, he got a pocketknife out of his trouser. And he looked down at his arm. There were already several scars. And today there would come new ones.

"You - what?"

"I-I thought it was a good idea," Lucius said.

"You do know that he could be anywhere now?" Tom yelled. "And he could do whatever he wants to! He could kill himself!"

"He wouldn't be that stupid," Hermione sniffed. "At least I hope so."

Severus was pacing back and forth, thinking about places where his godson could be. "I know!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I know where he is!"

"Then get him back here now!" Tom yelled.

He had to be here. There was no other place the boy could've gone. And there he was, laying to the foot of the tombstone.

"Ray!" Severus yelled as he saw his godson bleeding. He ran towards him and crouched down to see the wound. "Foolish boy," he continued as he saw that Raymond had cut his arms. He also saw the scars.

Four days later...

"What made you wound yourself?"

"Everything," Ray answered, looking away.

"Look at me when I speak!" Tom bellowed. Ray didn't move. With two big steps Voldemort stood in front of his son and slapped him. Again Ray didn't move. He didn't even make a noise. Tom knew he couldn't do anything now, so he walked out of the room.

Even after the door had closed after his father, Ray didn't move. He looked out of the window, hypnotized. Then he turned around, moving like a robot, and grabbed a pen with a steel top, a sharp steel top. Slowly he held it up, looked at it in interest and then rammed it in his chest where his heart should be.

Thousands of miles away an elderly wizard laughed evilly as he came out of the boy's mind. His plan had worked. The boy had killed himself.

"NO!" Hermione screamed at the top of her voice as she saw her boyfriend. The scream had echoed in the whole manor and seconds later nearly everyone came into the room to see what had happened. And they saw a horrible scene. Ray lay on the floor, not moving. Where his heart should be a pen was sticking out of his body. Next to the boy Hermione lay, crying.

"It can't be," Tom whispered as he sank to the floor, tears falling down his cheek.

"O god," Severus said as he walked towards his godson. Then he sighed in relief. "He's still alive, but only barely. We need to get him to his room!"

Everything hurt, especially the area where his heart should be. He couldn't remember what had happened. He just had been in the library, studying. Slowly he opened his eyes.

"Ray!"

"H-Hermione," the boy whispered. "W-what happened?"

"You tried to kill yourself," the girl sobbed.

"I - what?" Raymond sat up, ignoring the pain. "Why should I do something like that?"

"And you cut your arms," Severus said as he entered the room.

Ray looked at his arms, and yes, there were scars. "I-I never did anything..."

"What is the last thing you can remember?" Sev asked, suddenly knowing what could have happened.

"That I was in the library, studying," Ray answered. "And then I woke up here."

"What has happened?" Hermione asked, looking at Snape.

"Someone used Legilimency and made him do things," Severus answered, sitting down in a chair. "And I'm sure it was Dumbledore."

Chapter 29-A new mum

A/N: This story now has 168 reviews. Whoever writes the 200th gets a character named after him/her!

"I wanted to say sorry for slapping you," Tom said, looking at his son.

"I didn't even know you did it," Ray replied. "And you were angry at me. I would've done the same thing if I were you."

Voldemort sighed. "If you don't want to...then I won't marry Louisa."

"Who?" Raymond looked at his father, confused

"Oh, right, you can't know. I fell in love with-

"I'm getting a new mum?" Raymond asked, sounding as excited as a five year old which was told that it could have the toy it had wanted for a long, long time.

"Yes," his father said, sounding relieved. "But only if you want to..."

"Of course I want to! I wanted a mum since ever!"

"I'm glad that I can be your new mum," Louisa smiled.

"I am happy that I can have one," Ray replied, smiling in return. "And as much as I saw already, you and dad love each other very much."

"You can't describe how much we love each other," the woman said. "Maybe you even get a little brother or sister?"

"It would be fun."

Albus Dumbledore: Guilty or not?

Complains about Albus Dumbledore were made by a parent in the last school year. The father said that the headmaster of Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry tried to poison his son. The

Ministry decided that if another complain was made, A. Dumbledore would have to go to Azkaban. And this complain came three days ago. The father told the Ministry that Dumbledore used Legilimency on his son and made him cut his arms and nearly kill himself. A trial will be held against the headmaster on the 29th August.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

"What do you have to say in your defense?"

"Even tough I can do Legilimency it is hard to use it in that distance," Albus replied. "And it would be impossible for such a long time."

"He has a point," Fudge said, looking at Severus.

"My son nearly killed himself because of him!" Snape yelled furiously, pointing at Dumbledore.

"I say we make a break and afterwards decide if he's guilty or not," Cornelius decided uncomfortable.

"What can I do?"

"You are Minister of Magic now," Lucius hissed, watching is opposite pacing back and forth. "Without me you won't be anymore in a few days. I can get you out of your position before you can say 'Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious'."

"But his word is against yours," Cornelius sighed, looking up and stopping to pace.

"He's lying," Malfoy said. "You know that. A lot of people know that."

"But what can I do?" the minister repeated, helplessly.

"Say that he's guilty," Lucius said before walking out of the room.

"I have made the decision," Fudge said after the break ended. "Albus Dumbledore, you are guilty. Lifelong in Azkaban."

"You can't do that!" James yelled. "Who is going to be headmaster if not him?"

"I will discuss that with the school governments in the next few days," Cornelius answered, walking out of the room. "Get him away, Aurors."

"I do," Tom said, putting the ring on Louisa's hand.

"Do you, Louisa McCall, want to marry the here present Tom Marvolo Riddle?"

"I do," she answered, putting the ring on Voldemort's hand.

"You can kiss the bride," the priest said, closing the book he had read from. Tom and Louisa had decided to marry in a muggle church, away from everything that had to do with magic.

"Let's see who is going to catch the flowers," Louisa whispered to her husband, throwing the bunch of red and white roses.

Ray followed the flowers with his eyes. As they flew over him he jumped up in the air, using his seeker skills to grab the roses.

"I think he's going to marry Hermione," Tom whispered back. And yes, Raymond did bow in front of Hermione, kissing her hand and giving her the roses.

"The wedding was really good, mum," Ray smiled.

"Thanks," Louisa replied, hugging her new step-son.

"I'm sure you will get along very good," Tom said, watching them.

"I still have to give you your wedding present," Raymond remembered, leading his parents towards their bedroom. He opened the door. On the bed lay a big, square sized, thin box, covered in a blanket.

"What is it?" Louisa asked.

"Look at it," Ray replied. He was nervous, not knowing what his parents would think of it.

Curiously Tom pulled the blanket away. It was a picture of him and Louisa and everyone else, made today in the church.

"I drew it and then placed a charm on it so that the figures move like in a magical picture," Raymond said, looking at the floor.

"Thanks a thousand times!" Louisa said, hugging him again. "This is the best painting I ever saw!"

Chapter 30-The headmistress

"I'm sure you all heard what happened to Albus Dumbledore," Fudge said, once all students were seated. "So Minerva McGonagall will be your new headmistress and Severus Snape will take the role as deputy headmaster. I hope you all have a good year."

The students began to talk loudly. One of the Gryffindors yelled, "Snape sucks!"

"SILENCE!" McGonagall bellowed, and everyone went quiet. "If I hear another student swearing at a member of staff, there will be consequences. And just to let you know, I choose Professor Snape as deputy headmaster. There are quite a few new teachers this year. Professor Slughorn is one of them. He and Professor Snape will both teach Potions. Then there is Professor Mayer. She will teach transfiguration. Last but not least there is Professor Umbridge who will teach DADA. And, you should have noticed, we have a new student, Mary Collins."

"But how shall we learn to defend ourselves with books?"

"Why should you learn how to defend yourselves?" Umbridge asked, smiling a fake smile. "There is nothing out there which could be harmful."

"Nothing!?" Max went on. "Voldemort is out there and you call it nothing?"

"He is not," Dolores replied harshly. "It is a lie that You-Know-Who is back."

"So you call me a liar?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. Potter. Your imagination is playing tricks on you."

Ray couldn't hold it back any longer. "He is back." The class turned their eyes on him.

"What did you say?" Umbridge asked, turning to face the boy.

"That he is back."

"Detention Mr. ...Potter? Snape?"

"Snape."

"Detention at eight o'clock, Mr. Snape."

"Write I shall not tell lies," Dolores told her student.

Ray didn't even bother to ask why he didn't had ink. He knew this type of quill. Raymond slowly began to write. Pain came over him, but he ignored it. He knew that if he would show in how much pain he was, Umbridge would be pleased with herself.

"Ray!" Severus exclaimed, throwing the quill he had been writing with down. "What happened to you?"

"Umbridge," the boy answered, grimacing in pain. He showed his godfather his hand.

I shall not tell lies

"How dare she! It's against the law to use blood quills. I'll have a word with Minerva."

"No," Raymond interrupted, gulping down a pain reliever potion. "If you do that, she'll know I told you and then I get in more trouble. We need to focus on our next target."

"But after all what happened in the summer-"

"It's the past," Ray cut Sev off, staring into space. "We need to focus on the here and now."

"You're right," the Potion Professor sighed. "How many Detentions do you have left?"

"At the moment none," his godson replied.

"But what if you get another one?"

"Then ask McGonnagal that I can serve it with you."

"Ray! You need to see-"

"I already told Sev, Hermione," the boy replied stubbornly.

"But Umbridge can't go around letting students use blood quills," his girlfriend argued.

"For god's sake! If she only hears a rumor about blood quills, then she will be after me! Don't you understand it?"

"I'm sorry, Ray," the girl sighed. "of course she would go after you. But what if another student has to use one?"

"I've got an idea!"

"What?" Hermione wondered.

"I'll tell you later," Ray said, leaving towards the dungeons.

"We should enjoy the time we can spend together," Ginny told Draco, cuddling with him. They, Ray, Hermione, Neville and Sev still sometimes went to Riddle Manor on the weekends.

"You are right," the boy answered.

"Do you know if we already got Percy on our side?"

"Nearly."

"It seems that we'll take over my whole family, eh?" Ginny wondered.

"We won't," Percy answered, entering the room. "Mother, father, Ronald and Charlie won't be on our side."

"Why not Charlie too?"

"We have a meeting now," Percy said, ignoring her question.

"Everyone who can be here is here," Ray said after everyone had sat down.

"Good afternoon," Tom greeted, standing up. "We have a few things to discuss. First, Severus informed me that Dumbledore plans to let Maximilian Potter have Occlumentic (A/N: I'm not sure if I wrote it right) lessons. If the boy is good at it, then we'll be having a problem because I can't let him see the visions."

"What if Severus would teach Max a kind of Occlumentic which isn't as powerful as real Occlumentic," Minerva suggested.

"Max would know it," Ronny said. "And then he would go to Dumbledore and tell him."

"Then I would get into trouble," Severus took over. "And as you all know, Albus is the only one who can keep me out of Azkaban."

"I think we should wait until we know if Max is good or not," Hermione said. "We don't have to worry about things we don't know whether they are good or bad."

"Hermione is right," Ray said. "Let's move on to our second topic: Umbridge."

"What do we have to talk about her?" Remus wondered.

"She let Raymond use a blood quill," Lucius informed the werewolf. "We can't take the risk of getting our informants injured."

"So we have to go away from Hogwarts?" Ginny asked.

"Yes," Severus answered. "On Halloween a few Death Eaters will attack the school. They will take you all as hostages."

"The last thing for today would be our next victim," Lucius said. "As Percy is on our side, we thought about asking Fred and possibly George."

"They plan to leave Hogwarts and open a joke shop," Ray added. "No one would care if Slytherins would go there to 'buy' a few things."

"How do you know?" Draco wondered.

"Well, I had a few Detentions with them..."

"Ray! I told you to tell me if Umbridge would give you another Detention!" Severus yelled.

"Muffliato," Ray mumbled.

"What did you do?" Hermione asked.

"A spell Fred and George taught me," the boy explained. "It fills peoples' ears with an unidentifiable buzzing to keep them from hearing nearby conversations. Anyway, I-"

"Finite Incantatem," Severus said, "and don't think I do not know this spell."

"Can we continue?" Ginny asked impatiently. "Percy said that Charlie can't be a victim. Why not?"

"We can't have everyone," Lucius said.

"Then why can Bill be a victim?"

"Because Bill is trusting us both more than Charlie," Percy explained. "And you always said that you like Bill more because he played with you. Charlie always read about dragons or played with his friends, but never with you. We need to work together when we have to, but Charlie probably wouldn't do it."

"I know," Ginny sighed. "But I wish he could join us."

Chapter 31-Halloween

"Sorry," the girl said, helping Ray up from the floor. "I didn't mean to-"

"It was my fault," the boy cut her off, beginning to walk again. "I shouldn't have daydreamed. You are Mary Collins?"

"Yes, I am," Mary replied, walking next to Raymond. "I'm in Ravenclaw. You are Slytherin, aren't you?"

"Call me Ray," the boy said. "What year are you in? I'm in year five."

"Call me-" The bell cut Mary off. "I need to go!" she yelled to Ray as she ran away.

Draco had been nervous the whole day. What would happen if the attack wouldn't go after plan? Would the Death Eaters be sent to Azkaban? What would happen to him, Ginny, Hermione, Neville and Ray?

"Draco!"

"W-what, Ray?" Draco asked, startled.

"Guess who just ran into me?"

"Umbridge?"

"Mary Collins!"

"And why are you so excited?"

"Draco, she is on our list," Raymond explained. "Fred and George, Bill and then Mary."

"Where are you, Ginny?" Draco asked as he made his way through bushes. "Who the hell choose this as the meeting point?"

"You," Ray answered harshly. "And now stop moaning or someone might hear us."

"Dray?" Ginny asked, coming from the right side towards the boys.

"Dray!" Raymond whispered, giggling.

"Shut up," Draco hissed.

"Is that you, Raymi?" Hermione asked.

"Raymi!" This time it was Draco who couldn't stop laughing.

"Nev?" Ray asked into the twigs. "Are you somewhere here?"

"Coming!" came the reply instantly.

"They should be here any minute," Draco said, trying to hear any sound which might come.

Plop, plop, plop, plop.

"Where are you?" Lucius asked.

"We're over here!" Neville said.

"OK," Ronny said. "I'll take Ginny. Ray you'll take Hermione. Then we both will come back to get you, Draco and Neville."

"Good bye, Ginnykins," Draco said, getting revenge.

"Can I have the pleasure, Ms. Miney-Mine?" Ray asked, bowing down.

"We don't have time for stupid games," Lucius interrupted.

The feast in the Great Hall was better than ever before. Though Umbridge tried to stop the band Minerva had got, the students couldn't remember a funnier, scarier or happier time in their whole life. As suddenly the door opened, no one thought that it might be Death Eaters. All assumed that it was another attraction. But when the Death Eaters entered, panic erupted.

"Protego Totalum!" Minerva yelled.

"Protego Horribilis!" Flitwick followed.

The Death Eaters cast a few harmless hexes and jinxes, then they ran out again. They had all done they did had to do.

"What the hell was that?" Ron wondered as he came from under the Gryffindor table.

"I don't know," Max said as he followed his friend.

"They left a message," Mary said as she noticed the piece of parchment which was floating in the air.

"Give it," Snape sneered impatiently, grabbing it out of the girl's hand, and read it out aloud.

Dear Professors, dear students,
We hope that we didn't shock you too much, for our visit was only there to distract you. The reason we've come was to get students away from here. If you do wrong move, then they'll be dead. To spare your time to find out who these students are, we tell you:

Hermione Granger
Neville Longbottom
Ginevra Weasley
Draco Malfoy
Raymond Snape

We hope that you have a happy Halloween!
Yours faithfully,
The Death Eaters & Co. (TDE&Co.)

"What if someone sees us?" Ginny asked.

"We need to risk it," Neville replied. "If they come from the castle, then it's a waste of time coming here to get us."

"I know," the girl said, sighing. "Fine."

They worked their way back through the bushes, but as they came out someone stood there.

"Good to see yer," Hagrid said. "But what're yer doin' 'ere?"

"We just needed some...fresh air!" Ginny said, thinking up an excuse.

"I hope yer didn't do anythink I wouldn't have done," the half giant replied, giggling. "But you should back to yer castle. 'Tis getting dark and yer never know what's waitin' for ya."

"We will!" Neville said, blushing. "See you around!"

"What did you think by doing that?" Lucius whispered angrily, stepping out of the shadows of some trees after Hagrid was out of sight. "If it would have been someone else, someone more cautious and cleverer then the plan would've failed!"

"We're sorry," Neville replied, looking down. "It was my idea. I thought it would save time if we'd come towards you."

"We should get to Riddle Manor," Ginny interrupted, looking around. "Otherwise we'll be found here, you go to Azkaban and they won't let me and Neville anywhere alone anymore."

"She's right," one of the other two Death Eaters said. "We can talk 'bout tis later."

Chapter 32-Reactions

A/N: I wonder who the lucky one is who will get a character named after him/her...

"Hagrid, you say that you saw them after we opened the note in the Great Hall?"

"Yes, Max, I told yer so," the half giant replied.

"Then something must be foul about all this," Ron concluded. "Maybe they knew about all this?"

"But why should they go with the Death Eaters willingly?" Maximilian asked. "This doesn't make sense."

"It does," Mary said. She had befriended them after the message appeared. "I'm in Ginny's year and-"

"But you don't have with Gryffindors," Ron cut her off.

"If you would listen then you would know more than you do," Mary replied. "Anyway, I sometimes study with her in the library and yesterday she seemed a bit nervous."

"What do you mean with nervous?"

"Well, not concentrating, always looking at the clock; things like that," the girl said. "And, if you look at the bottom of the message, you see something."

"TDE&Co.?" Ron asked. "Why should that be important?"

"Mary's right, Ron," Hagrid said after a few moments of thinking. "If yer would listen then yer would know more."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Max wondered.

"Well," Mary took over. "They called themselves 'The Death Eaters & Co.'. The question is, who is Co.?"

"You don't mean...?"

"That's exactly what I mean," Mary said. "Ginny must be in contact with Death Eaters. And as it looks like together with Hermione Granger, Neville Longbottom, Draco Malfoy and Ray."

"But that wouldn't make sense," Max argued.

"It does," the girl replied, leaving the others to think.

"You do know that we have to get Mary Collins as well?" Tom said.

"Why her?" Ginny wondered.

"Because she will figure it out," Ray replied. "And probably tell Potter and Weasley, if she hasn't already done it."

"So we are in trouble?" Neville asked.

"No," Tom smiled. "If we get her, then we can tell her about all this. She will be safe if she believes us. If not, then she will be safe but a prisoner."

"Who will get her?" Ginny asked.

"I will," Percy said, entering Tom's study.

"Let's get to work," Tom said. "And let the show begin."

Mary walked down the corridor towards the library.

"Could I have a word with you, Ms. Collins?" a voice behind her said.

"Of course, Mr. ...?"

"Weasley," Percy replied. "

"What is it about?" Mary asked as she walked next to him towards the entrance hall.

"Did you figure out about the message?" Percy whispered, looking around to see if there was anybody.

"Yes," the girl replied. "But I was a bit shocked that Ginny and the rest are..."

"They aren't," Percy continued. "What I tell you now is top secret."

"He is good?"

"H-How do you know?" Weasley asked, taken aback.

"I just guessed," Collins replied. "And you came to get me?"

"Y-yes."

"Then take me," the girl said. "It can't get worse, can it?"

"Where is she?" Luna asked.

"Mary?"

"Yes, Cho. She should be back from the library by now."

"Maybe it took her a bit longer to get there...?"

"I go to Professor Flitwick," Luna decided. "He'll know what to do."

"You say that you think Ms. Collins is missing, Ms. Lovegood?"

"Yes, Professor Flitwick."

"I talk to Minerva about it," the dwarf-like man said. "You can go back to the common room. The teachers will find her."

"What? She is missing?"

"Yes, Ms. Lovegood informed me," Filius said. "It seems that Ms. Collins went missing on the way to the library, as Mrs. Pince doesn't

remember her actually entering it. But she did see her outside the library, talking to someone from the ministry I think. Maybe they took her?"

"I need to talk to someone," Minerva said, walking towards the fireplace. She had an idea who kidnapped the student, and if it was true, then this person would be in trouble. At least if they didn't had a good explanation for their actions.

"What did you think by kidnapping her?"

"I didn't kidnap her," Tom replied. "It was Percy who got her, and anyway, she didn't care. And, we had to get her. She figured it out."

"You could've told me! And also you could've made the letter not as obvious as you did."

"Hardly anyone knows all my plans," Voldemort went on, angry. "And if someone moans about the way I do things, they can go."

"Dad," Ray interrupted. "I agree with Aunt Min that you could have told her about taking Mary. But I agree with you about not telling her all your plans."

"You're right," the Dark Lord said. "Sorry, I should really have told you."

"Everyone makes mistakes," Minerva smiled.

"I go to see how Mary is," Raymond said.

"Oh, Ray?" his father held him back.

"Yes?"

"Louisa is pregnant," Tom smiled.

Chapter 33-Mary Poppins

"I can't wait," Ray smiled back. "But where is mum anyway?"

"At her parents' house," his father said. "She'll be back in a few days."

"So, your name is Mary?"

"Yes, Neville," the girl replied. "But call me JWOHPfan, OK?"

"We'll try to remember," Hermione said.

"How're ya doin'?"

"Ray, how often shall I tell you that you should speak in a normal way and not imitating Hagrid?"

"I'll try to remember, ya know, Miney-Mine," Raymond said, laughing.

"You do sound a bit like Hagrid," Ginny giggled. "C'mon, spill the beans. What made you happy?"

"That I'm going to be a biggy bro for my littly sib."

"Ray! Stop making us laugh!" Draco yelled, rolling around the floor.

"So I'll start saving money in my biggy piggy-bank!"

"Why's that?" Neville asked, stopping to laugh for a moment.

"Someone needs to pay for the christening fest," Ray laughed. "You know what?"

"What?"

"Two people walk down the street. One says, 'I know a man whose wooden leg is called Smith.' Says the other man, 'What's his other leg called?'"

"More!" Draco roared, laughing his head off, hitting the floor.

"Supercalifracilisticexpialidocoius," Ray said once he had calmed down again so fast that he started laughing again.

"W-what?" Mary asked between her laughs.

"S-u-p-e-r-c-a-l-i-f-r-a-c-i-l-i-s-t-i-c-e-x-p-i-a-l-i-d-o-c-i-o-u-s," Raymond spelled slowly. "Have you never seen Mary Poppins?"

"A spoon full of sugar helps the medicine go down," Hermione began to sing.

"Medicine go down," Ray joined in. "Medicine go down. Just a spoon full of sugar helps the medicine go down in a most delightful way."

"Can we watch that film in the next few days?" Draco asked.

"Course we can," Hermione said. "But first we'll play a game..."

"Dad?"

"Yes, Draco?"

"I have learned a new word."

"A...new word?"

"Supercalifrailisticexpialidocious."

"Oh. And what should that mean?"

"It doesn't mean anything," Draco explained. "You just say it if you don't know what to say."

"Severus?"

"Yes, Lucius?"

"Do you want to hear the new word I've learned?"

"What...should...that...be?"

"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious."

"Ronny, pass the word Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious on."

"Why, Severus?" Ronny questioned curious.

"Just do it!" Severus demanded.

"Remus, I need to tell you something."

"And I say it again, it will never work between us two!"

"Supercalifragilisticexpialilocious."

"Is that a new language?"

"Why a new language?"

"Because you already asked me in English, German, French, Russian and Hindi if I want to go out with you," Remus explained crossly.

"No, it's not a new language," Ronny replied, blushing deeply. "Just pass it on. And I tell you, we are meant to be together. My inner eyes tells me."

"Are you related to Trelawney?" Remus asked.

"Well, actually, I am. she's my...fifth cousin around a few corners, I think..."

"What the hell means that?"

"You say it if you don't know what to say, Tom," Remus explained.

"Everybody who knows the word Supercalifragilisticexpialilocious come to the sitting room now," a voice echoed through the manor.

"We are now going to see Mary Poppins," Hermione explained as everyone sat in the living-room.

"But why did we had to know that word?" Tom asked.

"You will see later," Ray said, smirking.

Louisa entered Riddle Manor. She had decided to come home earlier. As the woman came into the entrance hall, she could hear voices from the sitting room. As she approached, Louisa figured out that people were singing. Slowly she opened the door.

"...Even tough the sound of it is something quite atrocious. If you say it loud enough you always sound precocious. Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious."

Ray stood up to sing the next part. "Because I was afraid to speak when I was just a lad, my father gave me nose a tweak and told me I was bad. But then one day I learned a word which saved me aching nose. The biggest word I ever heard and that is how it goes."

"O, Suptercalifragilisticexpialidocous," Louisa sang. "Even tough it sounds quite atrocious. If you say it loud enough you always sound precocious."

"Louisa," Tom said, standing up.

"I love to laugh," Hermione began.

"Loud and long and clear," Draco followed.

"I love to laugh," Neville took over.

"It's getting worse ev'ry year," Remus joined in.

"Oh yeah?" Ray wanted to know. "Then you don't know me!" With that he jumped upon his godfather and began to tickle him.

"Pillow fight!" Ginny yelled, laughing, as Draco began to hit her with a pillow.

"JWOHPfan, how do you like it here?" Neville asked in the evening.

"I never had more fun," the girl replied, smiling.

"I-I know that you don't know me much...but...would you...?"

Mary stopped him by placing a kiss on his lips. "Yes," she whispered.
"I would and I do."

Chapter 34-Howler

"Do you know where Mary is?" Max asked his friend. "I haven't seen her since yesterday."

"I saw her going to the library," Ron answered. "But after that I didn't. Maybe she's still there."

"Let's go to McGonnagal," Maximilian decided. "Maybe she knows. After all, the library is usually closed between lessons time. She went there before the first lesson to give back a book, I think."

"She's at home," the headmistress replied. "Her mother send a letter telling her to get home as fast as possible."

"What's she doing there?"

"Her grandmother died, Mr. Potter. And now, I believe that you have Potions in the dungeons."

"Crap!" Ronald exclaimed, looking at her watch. "Could you write us a note, Professor McGonnagal?"

"Sure," the witch said. "And Mr. Weasley, no swearing!"

"But she wrote us a note!"

"I don't care what she did and what she didn't, Potter," Snape sneered.

"You can't give us detentions, sir," Ron protested.

"Since when can you tell me what to do?!"

"I can't," the boy answered, looking at his feet.

"Sir! I demand respect, Weasley!"

"Sir," Max said. "Professor McGonnagal wrote us a note explaining why we are la-"

"I don't think this explains anything," Severus snarled, throwing the piece of parchment into the boy's face.

Ron read out aloud, "Severus, please excuse Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley from being late to your class. ."

"It says you should excuse us!" Max shouted.

"First, do not shout at a member of staff," Sev bellowed, "and secondly this note only says that I should excuse Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley from being late, nothing about you two dunderheads!"

"Then who are they," Ron wondered, "if not us?"

"As much as I know your fathers are called so," the Professor said. "And you will cover the work you've missed this lesson in detention tonight."

"Why on earth would McGonnagal write a note to Snape that he should excuse our fathers for being late?" Ron asked after the lesson had ended.

"I don't know," Max replied, stuffing his books in his bag.

"Maybe we just bunk the detention?"

"I know what we do!" Maximilian said, looking at his friend, grinning.

Ray had had a few bad days. First his paint ran out and no one was able to buy new one. Then Hermione didn't want to kiss him anymore for some reason, and last he was annoyed that he didn't know why his girlfriend didn't want to kiss him anymore. And it didn't help to improve his mood that a howler arrived at breakfast.

"Why the heck did you get a howler?" Ginny wondered.

"I don't know," Raymond replied.

"YOU WORTHLESS, LITTLE BASTARD!" a woman screamed. Ray's eyes grew wide; he recognized the voice at once. "HOW DARE YOU TREAT YOUR BROTHER LIKE THAT! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! BUT BETTER BE ASHAMED OF-" Raymond put a silencing charm around the letter and fled from the room, crying silently.

"W-what was that?" JWOHPfan asked, shocked.

"I have no idea," Neville said slowly, letting his peanut butter and jelly toast fall down on the plate.

"What just happened?" Severus asked as he entered the dining room.

"Someone send Ray a howler," Draco explained. "A man screamed, 'You worthless, little bastard! How dare you treat your brother like that! You should be ashamed of you! But better be ashamed of-' . That's when Raymond put a silence charm around it and fled."

He sat there, remembering what had happened in the summer at exactly this spot. Ray knew that the woman hadn't meant what she had said, but it still broke his heart. And he knew that she was right. He was a worthless, little bastard. He was ashamed of himself, even though he didn't know why. But what he wasn't sure about was the last person. Who should that be? Severus? Uncle Remus? Dad? Uncle Ronny? It couldn't be either Remus or Ronny, Raymond was sure. That left Severus or - Dad. Ray knew who it was. Dad. He should be ashamed of him. But why? And then it stuck him like a mosquito would stick its victim. Louisa was pregnant. Did Hermione know something he didn't? Was that the reason he should be ashamed of his father? And was that the reason that Louisa had come home earlier? Ray couldn't take it anymore. He apparated away, sure that no one would find him.

It had begun to rain. The wind was stronger than before. His clothes were already as wet as they could ever be. He was freezing. Slowly he walked towards the water, taking deep breaths. It didn't make any sense. His life was as good as over. He was a worthless, little bastard. His whole life didn't make any sense. He knew he had to end this. Suddenly a voice behind him yelled, "Lily was wrong!"

Chapter 35-Hermione

A/N: I took the first scene partly from a book called 'Just Henry' and partly from 'Pirates of the Caribbean'. I think it fits perfectly

"You can't change it," Raymond said, continuing to walk towards the water. "Both you and I know it is true."

"It's not!" the man yelled, jumping upon his son. "It is not true!"

"Leave me alone! I can't do this any longer! Just let me get over with it!"

"No, I won't! Not until you tell me why you try to kill yourself!"

"My life is worthless, understand and admit it! I'm glad when it's over!" Ray tried to free himself from Tom's arms to run into the water and end his life, but the man wouldn't let him.

"You are not worthless! You're the best son anyone could wish to have, Ray!"

"And you are not my father! You can't tell me what to do, so just let me go!"

"I bloody well adopted you!" Tom went on, struggling to hold his son back. "And it doesn't matter to me who your real parents are, I will always love you like a father should love his son!"

"And made Louisa pregnant," Raymond added angrily. "My mother was right. I should be ashamed of you."

"This woman is soulless, she doesn't know what she's doing! Forget what she said!"

"How can I forget what my biological mother said? It's impossible!"

"Ray!" someone yelled suddenly.

"Hermione," the boy whispered, stopping to fight against Voldemort.

"I can explain everything," the girl said as she came into reach, but Ray stopped her by placing a kiss on her lips. They both stood there in the rain, wetter than anyone could be, and kissed. The time seemed to have stopped.

"Why?" Ray whispered as they broke apart.

"My grandma died," Hermione replied, also whispering, hugging her boyfriend. "Ray!" she yelled as the boy suddenly collapsed.

"He's burning up," Tom said as he felt his son's forehead.

"I'm sure it was Max," JWOHPfan said, bathing Ray with a cool cloth.

"Together with Ronald," Ginny added, looking at Draco. "What do you say?"

"I agree," the boy said, looking at his friend who lay in the bed, whiter than even the white blanket and pillows. Only Ray's cheeks were bright red from the fever.

"We need to do something against them," Hermione said, pacing back in forth, hoping that it would help her getting an answer.

"But what?" Neville asked helpless. "There is nothing we can do."

"Oh, there is," Ginny said, smirking evilly. "And I know what."

"You do know that it is risky," Severus said, raising his eyebrow. "But I still think that it'll work."

"So you are going to help us?" Ginny asked, sounding hopeful.

"Yes," the Potion Professor said, defeated.

"What do you freaks want here?" Vernon asked.

"We wanted to talk to you," Hermione said. "And I'm sure you are going to like the result."

"Am I?"

"It's about Maximilian Potter," Ginny added. "We want him to feel guilty for what he has done to a friend of mine."

"Mh, I might help you," the whale said thoughtfully, scratching his head.

"The first part is done," Hermione smiled as she and Ginny came out of #4 Privet Drive, both of them smiling.

"Now is time for my idea," the female Weasley said. "I can't wait to see what for a face they will make!"

"Ginny! Hermione! I thought...I thought you were..." Mrs. Weasley was lost for words.

"Ronald and Maximilian knew where we were," Hermione said. "But we don't have much time. Soon they'll come to get us."

Suddenly Ginny and Hermione turned around and walked away.

"W-what's happening?" Molly asked. Then, when it was already too late, she knew that both girls were under the imperius curse.

A few days later at Hogwarts...

"Two howlers?" Max couldn't believe his eyes. "What have we done to get two howlers?"

"YOU DUMB, WORTHLESS, FREAK CREATURE! SOMEONE TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID TO THAT BROTHER OF YOURS! YOU NEARLY KILLED HIM! AND DON'T THINK I CARE FOR HIM, BUT IF YOU WOULD STILL COME TO ME, THEN THERE WOULD BE HELL TO PAY!"

"U-uncle Vernon," Max whispered shocked.

"RONALD BILIUS WEASLEY AND MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH POTTER, HOW DARE YOU NOT TELL ME WHERE HERMIONE AND GINNY ARE? I'M SICK WORRYING ABOUT THEM AND YOU WALK AROUND WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR WHEREABOUTS! AND DON'T EVEN THINK OF DENYING IT!"

"Who told her that we know where they are?" Ron asked. "Who was that idiot?"

"Potter, Weasley, come to my office now," the headmistress said, sounding very angry. "I'm sure we have a lot to discuss."

Chapter 36-Hell

A/N: To everyone who is confused: Max and Ron asked Lily if she can send Ray(or Harry to them) a howler. Because she didn't know what she was doing she did it. The result was that Ray tried to kill himself but Tom and Hermione saved him. But due to the fact that he was wetter than wet, he got pneumonia(sorry I didn't mention that in the last chapter). To get revenge Hermione and Ginny went to number 4 Privet Drive and asked Vernon Dursley if he could send a howler to his nephew, Maximilian (the girls helped Vernon a bit by making the howler). Afterwards they went to the Burrow and made Molly Weasley believe that Ron and Max knew where the missing students are. So she also wrote a howler. This is the cause of the boys visit to the headmistress' office.

"WHAT WHERE YOU THINKING BY DOING SOMETHING SO FOOLISH? DON'T YOU HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN TRY TO KILL YOUR BROTHER, POTTER? AND YOU, WEASLEY, SHOULDN'T HAVE HELPED HIM! AND NOW TELL ME WHERE THE MISSING STUDENTS ARE!"

"WE DON'T FUCKING KNOW!" Maximilian shouted.

"How dare you shout at you Professor and swear in front of me," James said harshly as he entered the headmistress' office. "And you, Ronald, aren't any better than him."

"D-dad," Max whispered anxious as he turned to face his father. "What are you doing here?"

"Minerva called me," the man answered. "And you will be punished, as well as Ronald."

"How do you want to punish them?" the headmistress asked.

"I spoke with Molly," James said. "And we both think they should take a little holiday to calm down."

"Where?"

"At Maximilian's aunt and uncle," Potter Sr. smiled. "They will teach them to behave."

Day 1

"Potter, show your friend the way to your room," Vernon said. "And afterwards you can start your work."

"But this is meant to be a holiday!" Ron argued. "Why should we do work?"

"Rule # 1, never argue with me! Potter, what is the second rule?"

"Do as your are told," Max muttered.

"I couldn't hear you!" Vernon shouted into his face.

"Do as you are told," Maximilian said loudly, looking at his feet.

"This is a waste of time," Ron whined as he watered the plants.

"DAAAAAAAAAADDY!" Dudley yelled. "Freak said that the work you gave them is a waste of time!"

"Which one did?" Max's uncle asked.

"Ron did, Uncle Vernon," Maximilian replied without looking up from painting the gate.

"Come here, boy!"

"Traitor," Ronald whispered as he stepped into the house.

"Why did you tell him?"

"Ron, in this house you do everything that you can to stay out of trouble," Max told his friend. "If you don't, then there is trouble. Believe me, I've spent some time here and it was horrible. And

whatever you do, never criticize the work you are told to do or swear at Dudley."

"But he is a-

"Shut up! We aren't at Hogwarts anymore. You don't just get detention here, you get spanked or, worse, whipped!"

"This is like hell," Ronald complained.

"It isn't like hell, it is hell," Max corrected.

Day 2

"Who spilled the milk?"

"P - Dudley did," Ron said.

"I never!" the little whale shouted.

"Duddikins doesn't spill his milk," Petunia said.

"I did," Max mumbled without thinking.

"What did you say?" Vernon asked.

"I did," the boy repeated, this time louder.

"Come here, boy," his uncle said. "You do know what's happening if you don't say it fast enough?"

"I get slapped," Max said, swallowing hard.

"Why did you say that you did it?" Ron asked, beginning to wash the dishes. "Pi-"

"Don't call him that," Max interrupted.

"Fine. Dudley pushed you. He did it."

"Never say that Dudley did anything wrong," Potter simply said, washing the kitchen floor. "Because if you do, you get in more trouble."

Day 3

"Which one of you burned the bacon?"

"I did," Ron said, grimacing.

"Ah, you are starting to learn," Vernon smirked, slapping the boy.

"How many days left?" Ron asked his friend, staring at the ceiling.

"Four," Maximilian replied, yawning.

"I'm glad when we are back at Hogwarts."

"Me too, me too..."

Day 4

"I have enough of this!" Ron yelled, throwing the paintbrush with which he had painted the shed down.

"What did you say?" Petunia asked stiffly.

"N-nothing," the boy stuttered.

"Maximilian?"

"He said that he's got enough of it," Max told his aunt.

"Freak, come here!"

"No!"

"Petunia told you to come here!" Vernon bellowed, entering the garden. "So do what you are told!"

"I hate you!" Ron shouted, still having after effects from the spanking.

"What the fuck could I do against it?" Max shouted back.

"You could've shut your mouth!"

"I've been longer here than you," Potter said, "I've been through the same as you and now shut your mouth or we both get in trouble!"

Day 5

"When is this having an end?" Ronald whined, still having a sore back from yesterday.

"Two days," Max replied.

Suddenly the back door opened and out came Dudley, licking a lolly.

"Hahaha!" he said, beginning to dance in circles around his cousin and his cousin's friend. "You've got work to do and I haven't!"

"Why you little," Ron said, getting his wand out, reading to cast a spell.

"MUUUUUUUMMY! DAAAAAADDY!" Dudley whined. "Freak's got his wand out!"

"No!" Max yelled, jumping upon his friend.

"Who has?" Vernon shouted as he came into the back yard. At that moment he saw Max getting up from the floor, a wand in his hands.

"Get in the house now!" Dursley Sr. hissed angrily, shoving his nephew towards the door.

"Sorry, mate," Ronald whispered as Max entered their bedroom. "I should have controlled my temper. Did you get spanked?"

"Whipped is more of right word, I guess," Maximilian said, grimacing with pain as he sat down on the bed.

"I try to do better from now on," his friend promised.

"Don't think about it," Max said. "I've made the same mistakes."

Day 6

"Tomorrow is the last day," Max yawned as he got up.

"When are you coming down to make breakfast?" Vernon bellowed from downstairs.

"One minute!" Ron replied, getting dressed.

"So," Uncle Vernon said once everyone sat at the table, eating there breakfast. He paused briefly before he continued, looking at the boys who wolfed down their bacon and scrambled eggs as fast as they could. "Your father, Potter, will come tomorrow and get you at three o'clock. If you haven't done every chore on your list, you're staying an extra day and so on and so on until you did it."

"B-but that could take weeks!" Ron complained.

"Of course, Uncle Vernon," Max said hastily, trying not to let them hear what his friend had said.

Day 7

Chores for Potter:

1. Clean the living room.
2. Wash the dishes
3. Clean the windows
4. Make cookies (don't forget to wash up afterwards!)"

Chores for Weasley:

1. Clean the entrance hall
2. Wash the kitchen floor
3. Pack your things
4. Make tea/coffee and set the table in the living room for seven people

"You wrote my name wrong," Ronald said after he had read his list.

"What did I do wrong?"

"N-nothing," the boy said meekly.

"Good. Now get to work or you'll still be here tomorrow!"

At three o'clock...

"Thank god you did all the chores!" Petunia said.

"He's here," Vernon interrupted. "Potter, open the door."

"Max, how was your holiday?" James greeted as he entered the house.

"Nice," his son replied.

"Of course it was," Ron snorted behind everyone's back.

"Ronald, would you like to add something?" Potter Sr. asked the boy, glaring at him.

"No," he said, looking down. "Nothing."

Chapter 37-DA

A/N: 1AriA08 - Draco only had a crush on Hermione. About Lily: Max found a Potion (sorry I didn't explain it sooner) which made her able to speak, but she didn't know what she said.

Also, if you read Another life 2-Memories, you will find that I answered your other review.

"Ginny, Mary, Hermione, Neville and Draco, come to the library," Severus ordered.

"Why?" JWOHPfan asked.

"DADA," the man replied.

"Noooo," Draco whined. "I don't want to have lessons. School is booooring. Can't we do something fun?"

"School can be fun," Neville said.

"No one asked you," the Slytherin boy muttered.

"Daco, stop this silliness," Severus said harshly. "You are acting and sounding like a five year old that, I'm sure of it, you are not."

"But it's true," Draco argued, something he had never dared before. "Especially DADA. You never do anything that's gonna help you if you are attacked."

"Who the hell told you that crap?" Ginny asked.

"Ginevra, your language," Snape barked. "Draco, did you had any Detentions with Umbridge?"

Instead of answering the bot held his hand up.

I shall do what I'm told to.

"Who else?" Severus asked, already knowing the answer.

I shall not back talk, read Ginny's hand. Neville had to write I shall not forget what I learned. I shall not question what my elders tell me to do

was Hermione's scar. I shall not act like a know-it-all was what JWOHPfan had to write.

"Go to the library and read something," Severus ordered, sighing. "I need to talk with Lucius."

"She's gone too far," Lucius yelled angrily, hitting the desk in his study with his fist. "I get her out of her job in no time!"

"But who will replace her?" Severus asked.

"You're right," Malfoy Sr. said, trying to calm himself down. "First we need to find a replacement."

"Maybe you should concentrate on Fred and George," a voice said, coming from the doorway.

"Ray! What are you doing out of bed?" his godfather asked, rushing towards him.

"It's boring," the boy smirked. "And I feel a lot better."

"Fred," George whispered.

"What's up?"

"I got a letter."

"From?"

"Harry. He wants to meet us."

"Isn't he one of the missed students?" Fred asked.

"He is, but he told us to come to the Hog's Head on Saturday. Do you think we should?"

"Why not?"

"Call me Raymond," Ray said as Fred and George sat down.

"What are you doing here?" Fred asked.

"I need to ask you something," Snape said.

"Then do it," George replied.

"Would you consider joining a group called TDE&Co.?"

"You made the thing with the missing students up, didn't you?" Fred asked.

"We did," Ray confirmed.

"But how should we now that we can trust him?" George wanted to know.

"If you have eliminated the impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth," Raymond said, standing up and leaving the pup. "Owl me!"

"What do you think?"

"We can give it a try," Fred replied, thinking about what Har - no. He had said they should call him Raymond. He thought about what Raymond had said. If you have eliminated the impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. And it was true. Somehow. Somehow it made sense that Voldemort was good.

Dear Raymond,

we take the offer. Give us further orders when the time comes. We're waiting.

F&G

"I have a plan," Max said.

"Why do I have a bad feeling?" Ron wondered. "Every time you have a plan we get in trouble. I still remember our 'holiday'."

"We need to set up a club. A club where we learn to defend ourselves."

"But what with Umbridge?"

"Forget her. She's stupid, dumb and an idiot. If we don't learn how to defend ourselves, then we'll die out there!" Max pointed out of the window before he continued. "Voldemort is out there. Death Eaters are there. People get killed this minute. We have to do something except sitting around here and reading books about how to hold a wand!"

"You're right," Ron gave in. "I'll ask a few people if they would join. But how do we call us? We need a name and a place where to meet. It should be some kind of secret room, otherwise Umbridge would find us..."

Maximilian thought for a moment. "In memorial of our old headmaster, Dumbledore's Armee. Short DA. And as much as I know there's a secret room on the seventh floor which becomes any room you want it to."

Chapter 38-Bill

A/N: moogles - No, but I read it in a book.

"Fred and George are for us," Ray said as he entered the dining-room. "I just got a letter from them."

"Then lets move on to our next target," Draco said. "William Weasley."

"I take that one," Ginny decided. "Hermione, could you help me with it?"

"Of course," the girl said. "And I'm sure JWOHPfan can help as well."

The days got hotter and hotter. Bill began to wonder how hot they could get. In his lunch breaks he usually sat in the shadows of palm trees, drinking cold water or just relaxing. Sometimes his friends came with him, talking or just to think in the peace of the desert. And so was it today. Bill lay in the shadows of a group of palm trees, listening to his friends talking, as -

"Hey, look! What's that?" Eugen asked, pointing at an animal.

"An owl," Bill said, sitting up.

"It's got a letter," Owen exclaimed. "I wonder for who that is."

"Let's see," Tim said, trying to find a name on the piece of parchment. "Bill, it's for you."

"Let me see," the male Weasley said, opening the letter.

Dear Bill,

I'm sorry to tell you that you are needed here in Britain. Ginny and some other students were captured by Death Eaters! Meet me at the Three Broomsticks on Monday at 01:00 pm.

Mum

"Do you think he will come?" Raymond asked.

"Of course he will," Ginny said. "Bill is more than overprotective if it is about me. And if he won't, then you can call me..."

"Ginnykins," Draco said as he entered the library, "your br-"

"Deal," Ray smiled, running out of the room.

"What was that about?" the blond boy asked.

"I just said that if Bill isn't coming, Ray can call me...and then you came and said 'Ginnykins'," his girlfriend explained. "I only hope that Bill is coming."

Ray stood in front of the Three Broomsticks. He looked like the younger self of his father. Hopefully Bill wouldn't come. Hopefully he would. Raymond hoped that the young man wouldn't come because then he could call Ginnykins, but he hoped that Bill came because then they would have more people.

Suddenly the door opened. Ray looked at who entered the pup. Bill. Sighing he went after him.

"No, Bill," the boy could hear Rosmerta. "I haven't seen her in a while."

"But she told me to come here," the red head said.

"Bill," Ray interrupted the conversation. "Your mother send me. I shall tell you what is going on."

They both sat down at a table which was a fair distance away from everyone else in the pup.

"So," the young man began, taking a sip from his firewhiskey. "What happened to Ginny."

"First of all, call me Raymond," Ray said. "Second, I need to ask you something. What would you do to see her again?"

"Shall this be a threat?" Bill asked alarmed.

"No. I just need to be on the safe side. What would you do?"

"Well, I would kill myself if I can rescue her with it."

"And what about joining the dark side?"

"Where's Bill?" Ginny asked as Ray entered the manor.

"Here," the boy said, pulling a coin out of his pocket.

"It's a...coin."

"Well observed, Gin," a voice said.

"AHHHHHHH!" the girl yelled. "The coin spoke!"

"I can't believe it that you're still scared about coins," Bill said, shaking his head. "And I thought you learned to fight."

"I did," Ginny replied, jumping upon her brother, beginning to tickle him. "But everyone has fears. And without fears you cannot have courage."

"Who is our next victim?" Ginny asked that evening.

"'Victim'?" Bill wondered.

"That's how we call the people we try to get on our side," Severus explained, entering the dining room.

"Snape," the male Weasley greeted coldly.

"Mr. Weasley, your attitude hasn't improved the least bit," the Professor, smirking.

"I don't think we have met before."

"Malfoy!"

"And don't forget me," Draco said.

"What is going on, Ginny?" Bill asked.

"I'll explain it," Ray said as he entered.

"One moment," William said. "Aren't you Harry Potter?"

"He was," Tom responded.

"V-Voldemort?"

"Well, they call him Tom," Raymond said. "And yes, I was Harry Potter. But now I'm Raymond Eduard Riddle."

"How long?"

"Since my first year," the boy replied. "You will meet the others who are on our side in the next few days."

"How many people do I already know?" Bill asked.

"Minerva, Remus and a few other members of the dark side. Oh, and I'm sure you'll like to meet Louisa."

"Louisa?"

"His step mum. And don't be surprised when you meet her," Draco explained.

"How do you cope, bro?"

"Could be better," Bill replied. "I learned a lot today. With...Tom being good and stuff like that."

"You are confused, aren't you?"

"Of course. Also I'm not sure how long I can stay. I'll have to go back to work in a few days."

"I'm sure Dray can arrange something," Ginny said.

"Dray? Do you mean Draco?" Bill wondered. "Why do you call him 'Dray'?"

"She's together with him," Ray said, smirking. "A nice pair actually."

"And you are together with Hermione," the girl replied sourly. "No need to show off."

"Well, another shock to come over," William said, yawning. "I better be off to bed."

"Who do you think is our next victim?" Ginny asked after a few moments of silence.

"We have six people in the Order of the Phoenix, so I don't think we'll get another one of them," Ray replied thoughtfully. "But maybe we do. Have you ever heard the name Nymphadora Tonks?"

Chapter 39-Teaching

"I'll win!" Severus yelled, ducking.

"That's what you're thinking!" Ray replied, kneeing him in his stomach. "And just to remind you, we didn't make any rules!"

"If that's the case then watch me," his godfather said, grabbing him by his wrist and pulling the boy's feet away. "I told you I win."

"Remember what you always told me: constant vigilance!" With that Raymond shot up, hit Severus' nose with his palm and then finished by kicking the man's head. He knew the fight was over.

"Ooow!" Severus howled as Raymond broke his nose. He knew his godson won this time. And the boy would win again. And again and again. He was a natural talent. And not only at karate and boxing. No, also at Art, dueling, fencing and archery. Not to forget Mathematics.

"I won," Ray said, healing his godfather's nose. "I need to find new victims. I know your strategies from memory."

"What about teaching the others?" Severus asked, wiping his head with a cloth. "It would be good if they could defend themselves other than with their wands. And speaking of wands, they are in need of some dueling lessons. What do you think, Ray?"

"Why not? This evening? I don't think we planned anything today."

"Ginny, you come first."

"Do I have to?" the girl asked, squirming. She had heard Severus talking about how good Raymond was, and she didn't want to be the first one to find out.

"Go, Ginny, go!" Draco shouted, trying to do some cheerleader moves. "You can do it! Go, Ginny, go! Show him how good you are!"

"Stop it," the female Weasley interrupted, walking towards Ray. "OK, what do I have to do?"

"Forget everything Lockhart ever told you," Raymond began, stretching his legs and arms. "Only basic spells. Go to your position and we can start."

"Wingardium Leviosa!" Ginny yelled, pointing at a tower of books and led them towards her friend.

"Protego Maximus!" the boy countered and all the books fell down as they crashed against the invisible shield. "Nice try, but it doesn't work like this. Petrificus Totalus!"

"What happened to Cedric?" the girl asked as she ducked.

"Is in America, finishing school there," Ray replied as if it was just a normal chat while drinking tea. "Rictusempra!"

This time Ginny didn't had time to do anything and erupted in laughs.

"Neville," Severus said, leading Ginny away. "Your turn."

"Levicorpus!" Ray yelled and a moment later Neville hung in the air. He shook his head. "Guys, if you want to fight against the Order when you're older, you need to be able and fight me for at least a decent time. Otherwise you'll get killed as soon as the enemy spots you. Let's try you, Draco."

"Expelliarmus!" Draco whispered, trying not to let Ray see that he had cast the spell.

Raymond knew what his friend tried to do. Silently he cast another Protego shield and Draco didn't had time to jump out of the way as the charm repelled itself as it crushed against the shield.

"Better we try Boxing and Karate before anything else," the boy said, sighing. "Maybe you're better at that than dueling."

"Lucius, let's see how fit you are," Ray said, putting a yellow belt on. He did this so the others wouldn't know that he already had the black

belt. Because if they would know, then they would think that they didn't had a chance against him.

"I begin," Malfoy Sr. smiled. A moment later he darted forward, trying to take Ray over his shoulder, but the boy was faster. Lucius crashed into the mat. As he stood up again, someone pushed his feet away under him and the man fell down again.

"Enough?" Raymond asked, holding him down.

"Yes." Lucius knew that he wouldn't have a chance against the boy. And now he knew that Ray had the black belt but didn't put it on so that the others wouldn't loose their confidence.

"And just to let you know, Hermione, I don't believe that women are the weaker sex," Ray said as he waited for his girlfriend to attack.

"And just to let you know, Ray, I don't believe that you have the yellow belt," Hermione replied, grabbing the boy by his shoulder and slamming him into the mat. "I won!"

"Constant vigilance!" Raymond shouted as he rolled over, pinning the girl down.

"Hey, I've got good news," Minerva said as she entered the training room. "Tonks is on our side."

"What about a good fight?" Ray asked the woman who followed his godmother.

"I'm sure I'll win," Nymphadora Tonks said, looking at the boy in front of her. "You only got the yellow belt. I'm an auror. Still want to fight?"

"He's got," Ginny wanted to interrupt, but Ray stopped her.

"Course," he said, going into position.

"Ready?" Tonks asked.

Instead of answering the boy ran towards her, trying to push her legs away from under her.

This'll be a good fight, Severus thought, watching them. Ray is clever enough not to let her know how good he is. When she's tired, he'll bring her down.

A/N: Any more characters you want on the dark side?

Chapter 40-Dumbledore

A/N: Moody won't be changing sides; he's too scared that anyone might kill him.

To everyone who told me to get a beta: I've got one now. Thanks, kylenna!

"You're pretty good for someone with a yellow belt," Tonks said, wiping the sweat off her forehead. Ray had, in the end, managed to win the fight by doing a round-house kick.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," Ginny said, glaring at Ray. "He has the black belt."

"You did that on purpose!" the woman yelled angrily.

"What of it?" Raymond asked, shrugging.

"Hey, how are you?" Louisa asked as she came down the stairs.

"Hi, love," Tom smiled. "And, what's it going to be?"

"A girl," the woman said, also smiling warmly.

"When is it due?" Ginny asked curious.

"April," Ray guessed, undoing his yellow belt.

"How do you know?" Louisa wondered.

"Well," the boy began, "If you two married in the summer holidays and you found out you were pregnant in October, then I would say my sister's coming in April."

"Is he right?" Hermione asked.

"Yes," Louisa smiled, stroking her belly.

"Hey aunt Louisa," Draco said. "How fat can you get?"

"Draco, shut up!" Lucius said, glaring at his son.

"Actually, he's right, mum," Raymond said thoughtfully. "You did get a lot fatter."

"Tom, could I speak to you?" Tonks asked.

"Course," the man said, walking towards the woman. "What is it?"

"There is this man...well...could I ask him if he would like to change sides...?"

"Kingsley, I need to speak to you!"

"What's up, Nymph?" the Auror asked, turning to face the woman.

"W-would you go with me to the...Three Broomsticks on Saturday?" Tonks asked. "I need to ask you something important."

"Can't you do it here?" As Kingsley saw that Nymphadora looked around nervously he understood that no one was meant to be hearing it. "Oh. OK. I'll meet you at 8 o'clock, then?"

"Yes," Tonks smiled.

"R-Ray, are you all right?" Draco asked as Raymond suddenly began to cough.

"I - inhaler..." the boy whispered.

"Crap!" Malfoy yelled. Ray hadn't had an asthma attack in a long time, so he stopped carrying it around. Where was that thing when you need it? Draco thought as he looked through the cupboard in Raymond's bedroom.

"What's all this noise?" Tom asked, entering his son's room.

"Ray's got an asthma attack!" Draco shouted, moving on to the wardrobe.

"Dumbledore..." A moment later Raymond lay unconscious on the carpet.

"Draco, forget about the inhaler and get Severus!" Tom shouted, crouching down next to his son.

"Uncle Sev!"

"What's the matter?" Severus asked, looking up from the book in which he had showed Hermione something.

"R-Ray's had an asthma attack," Draco panted, trying to get his breath back. "He's unconscious!"

"Is someone with him?" the man asked alarmed.

"Uncle Tom. He said I should get you."

"Guys," Ginny said, entering the library. "Read this." She held up a copy of the Daily prophet.

"Not now!" Severus shouted, running off.

"How can I thank you?" Tom asked, looking at his now peacefully sleeping boy.

"He's my godson," Severus shrugged. "It's my job to save his life. And anyway, who if not me?"

"Can you read this?" Ginny asked, feeling annoyed. "It will save you the time of thinking how the asthma attack was caused.."

DUMBLEDORE ESCAPED!

Albus Dumbledore, ex-headmaster of Hogwarts School of Wizardry and Witchcraft, escaped from Azkaban four days ago. He's a danger for all the people in the Magical World. If anyone should see him, contact an Auror so that this man can go back to Azkaban.

"How stupid can they be?" Severus asked. "Dumbledore is more than a danger! He's able to do anything he wants to. And why only three lines about something that is really important?"

"For them it's not important," Ginny said. "We just need to keep an eye on Ray."

"Better said than done," Hermione sighed. "He doesn't like it if people make a fuss about him. You should know that."

"He has to accept that it can't be changed," Tom said, exiting his son's bedroom.

"So, what is so important?" Kingsley asked, sipping his wine.

"First I have to ask you something," Tonks said.

"Go on."

"What do you think about You-Know-Who?"

Kingsley was silent for a moment. "Well, I don't actually know. I mean, I don't like the things he is doing, but I somehow understand why he is doing them. Why do you want to know?"

"What would you think if I tell you he's the goody and we're the baddies?"

Chapter 41-Reactions

A/N: A happy new year!

"Show me your arm."

"Don't panic," Tonks said, feeling nervous. "I don't have the mark. I just want to know what you would think if-""

"It's ridiculous!" Kingsley yelled. "He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named can never be good! Dumbledore is the only hero! And Max-"

"You perfectly well know that Max isn't the boy who lived," Nymph said coldly.

"Could you repeat that?" a woman asked.

"R-Rita Skeeter! What do you want?"

"Who is the Boy-Who-Lived if not Maximilian Potter?" the journalist wondered, ignoring the Auror.

"Raymond Snape," Kingsley said without thinking.

"A-Albus!" James shouted as his former headmaster stepped out of the fireplace. "How did you escape?"

"That doesn't matter now. In the order are a few people who are loyal to the dark side. We need to eliminate them," Dumbledore said. "You need to find out who is on Voldemort's side and then bring them out of the way. Do you understand?"

"Of course I do," Potter said. "I will start immediately."

"Oh, and don't forget your son's friends." A moment later he disappeared in the fire.

MAXIMILIAN POTTER IS NOT THE BOY WHO LIVED AND N. TONKS A FOLLOWER OF YOU-KNOW-Who!

Yesterday evening I overheard Nymphadora Tonks and Kingsley Shacklebolt, both working Aurors, in the Three Broomsticks. Tonks asked Shacklebolt what he thinks of You-Know-Who. After the man answered she asked what he would think if He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Names is good and Dumbledore bad. From that I conclude that she stands in contact with the bad wizard. The Aurors' conversation grew louder and louder. Then Shacklebolt said that Maximilian Martin Potter is not the Boy-Who-Lived. Of course I asked him who the real Boy-Who-Lived is. And what did he reply? RAYMOND SNAPE, alias HARRY POTTER. I could not believe my ears. My biggest priority is to find out more about this new piece of information.

The Aurors are looking for Tonks. After Shacklebolt told me about Maximilian and his twin, she fled from the Three Broomsticks. If anyone should see her, please contact any Auror. She needs to go to Azkaban before someone gets harmed.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

Tom shoved the newspaper down and looked at Tonks.

"How did this happen?" he asked. His face was clear of any emotions, but Tonks could hear that he was angry.

"I was so sure that Kingsley would become part of our plan," she said, looking down. "But obviously he doesn't want to."

"And why did you come here afterwards?"

"To report back to you."

"You are an Auror, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why the hell didn't you think about that someone put a tracing charm on you!" Voldemort bellowed. "If someone would've done so, then we would all be in Azkaban now! Don't you understand how important it is to keep ourselves to ourselves? After he showed that

he thought of you as a death eater you should have obliviated him, Tonks!"

Max backed away from the door. He had heard enough. Maybe he had thought wrong of Dumbledore? Surely his friends wouldn't be loyal to the dark side? The door knob turned. Maximilian looked around frightened. What would his father do if he found out that he listened to his conversation with Dumbledore? The door opened. Max didn't had time to think. He had to go somewhere safe. The boy could see his father coming out of the living room from the corner of his eye as he ran out of the house, turning around like he had seen James do it so often and thought at the same time, Raymond!

Hermione and Severus decided to take a walk through the large garden to come out of the house and the bad atmosphere. Ray still was unconscious. Tom still talked with Tonks. Ginny and Draco had have a big argument about their relationship and didn't talk with each other. Minerva hadn't come to visit since Sev accused Dumbledore of causing Ray's asthma attack. Louisa had gone to visit her parents again. Tom didn't want to imagine how she would react when she found out about Ray. She loved him like a mother loved her son. Neville and JWOHPfan had stayed with Raymond.

"Hopefully Ray gets better soon," Hermione said after a long silence.

"We have to hope the best," Severus replied, looking up at the sky. The days got colder. In one weeks it would be Christmas. Hopefully it would snow.

"What do you want for Christmas?"

"The same as always." The man smirked. "A Potion book."

Suddenly there was a pop behind them.

"Max!" Hermione exclaimed.

"How did you get here, Potter?" Severus asked, pointing his wand at the boy.

"W-where am I?" Maximilian asked looking around. "I - is Ray somewhere here?"

"Why do you want to know?" the Potions Professor wondered.

"I tried to apparate to him."

"Max!" Ray yelled, sitting up straight in his bed.

"R-Ray," Neville said, surprised. "Lay down again."

"C-can't...Max...need to get to him..."

"Your brother isn't here," JWOHPfan said, sitting on the edge of the bed to wash Raymond's face with a cold cloth. "C'mon. You've had an asthma attack and high fever. You need to rest."

"Max," the boy repeated stubbornly.

Mary sighed. "Nev, go and look if his twin is somewhere here."

Neville stood up and went out of the room. He didn't know why but his intuition told him to go to Hermione and Severus. The boy knew that both had gone for a walk, so they must be in the garden. As Neville saw them in the distance, he ran towards his friend and Professor. The nearer he came, the more he could make out a third person. Maximilian Potter.

"Neville, what are you doing here?" Hermione asked surprised. "Is Ray awake?"

"Woke up and wanted Max," Nev answered, trying to get his breath back.

"H-he wanted me?" Maximilian couldn't believe his ears.

"For what are you waiting?" Severus wondered. "Get to him if he wants you, Potter."

"F-father furious...Dumbledore too...look for you..."

"What are you trying to say?" Max asked.

"Find out...yourself..." Raymond passed out again.

"Find out...yourself? How shall I do that?"

"Darkness is the key," Ray whispered.

"What shall I do?" Max asked Hermione.

"Guys," Ginny said, entering the room. "Draco and - Max, what are you doing here?"

"Malfoy," Potter sneered.

"Potter," Draco sneered back. "Care to explain why you are here?"

"Ginny, Draco, could I speak to you outside?" Hermione asked.

"Since when are you calling this ferret by his given name?" Maximilian asked. "And what has Ginny got to do with him?"

"We are going out," Draco said. "And what do you want to tell us, Hermione?"

"Keep your hands off them!" Max yelled, punching Malfoy.

"Max!" Ginny shrieked. "Why did you do that?"

"He's a Malfoy and all Malfoys are pigs," Potter said.

"He might be, but then he's a pig I love!" the female Weasley yelled.

"You can't seriously love him!"

"But she does."

"Malfoy."

"Potter," Lucius said. "Draco, get up."

"Yes, father," Draco said, getting up, wiping the blood off his mouth.

"Tom wants to see you all. Including you, Potter."

Chapter 42-Talking

"Tonks?"

"Max?"

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Can we begin?" Tom interrupted.

"Voldemort," Maximilian hissed.

"Yes. I am Lord Voldemort, but while you are here at Riddle Manor you will have to do what Lucius, Severus, Ronny, Remus or I say. Is that clear?"

"Why should I do such a thing?" Potter asked, crossing his arms.

"Because this is my residence. If you don't cooperate then I could obliviate you and send you back to that idiot who calls himself your father."

"Tom, stop it," Louisa said. She had come only minutes earlier.
"Anyway, where's Ray?"

"Ray?"

"Harry Snape is Raymond Eduardo Riddle," Ginny explained to her friend.

"Is he...Voldemort's son?!"

"Yes. And now shush," Hermione said. "I try to explain later."

"So," Tom said. "Now that Tonks brought us in this unfortunate situation-"

"Don't have a go at her!" Max yelled.

"I warn you again," the Dark Lord hissed. "If you don't cooperate then don't expect me to be nice to you. Anyway, Tonks is wanted. From now on-"

"Why is she wanted?"

"Potter, get out."

"I only asked a question."

"I said GET OUT!"

"Come on, Max," Ginny said, pulling him towards the door, sighing inwardly. "I explain everything to you."

"What is going on?" Maximilian asked as he and Ginny waked towards the Library. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be captured?"

"That is only something we made up," the female Weasley said. "Tom wanted us out of Hogwarts before anything else would happen to us."

"What do you mean?"

"Umbridge. We - Draco, Hermione, Ray, Neville and I - went against her and she made us write sentences with a blood quill. Tom needs us so we made the plan of getting captured by Death Eaters."

"Why does he need you?"

"Max, I cannot tell you. It's a secret."

"Come on, Gin," Maximilian whispered, leaning closer to the girl. "Give me at least a kiss..."

"Get your hands off her!" Draco shouted, running towards them.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" Max asked.

"I want to speak to Ginny."

"Why?"

"Max, he's my boyfriend."

"What?"

"She's my girlfriend, Potter."

"This is...this must be a lie!" Max yelled. "Ginny, you can't be together with Malfoy!"

"Why not?" Fred asked, approaching them.

"Fred! You must have something against this!"

"Love is love, mate," George said. "You can't change it. If they love each other then they love each other."

"W-what are you doing here?" Max asked, realizing that the Weasley twins shouldn't be here at all.

"We work for Tom."

Maximilian couldn't do anything except fainting. This was too much.

"Tom?"

"Yes, Ginny? Did Potter do anything?"

"He fainted."

"Thank god!" Tom exclaimed. "At least now he will be quiet."

"Tom!" Louisa yelled. "Don't say something like that!"

"Sorry."

"Anyway, where's Ray?" Lord Voldemort's wife asked. "I haven't seen him today."

"He's...he's..."

"He's ill," Ginny said fast.

"ill?"

"OK, OK," Tom said, holding his hands up. "I admit it. He's had an asthma attack because of Dumbledore. He's still unconscious."

Instead of saying anything Louisa fainted.

"H-Hermione?" Max asked weakly, opening his eyes.

"Thank god you're awake," the girl said, hugging Maximilian.

"Tell me that was all a dream. Especially that Ginny and Malfoy are going out."

"No, it wasn't."

Max groaned and closed his eyes again.

"No, Sev, I'm not going to eat that."

"Why not?" Severus asked. "You need to eat something."

"I won't eat it because you put medicine in it," Ray answered.

"How do you know?"

"You already did that when I was seven."

"Crap," Severus muttered under his breath. "What about this tea?"

Raymond took the goblet, eyed the liquid suspiciously, sniffed and then gave it back. "No. I'm not thirsty. And anyway, you won't be able to trick me. There's a sleeping potion in there."

"Mm. Maybe Potter will be stupid enough to eat the porridge and drink the tea."

"Max? What is he doing here?"

"Can't you remember that you spoke to him?"

"No. What did I say?"

"I don't know. You will have to ask Potter."

Severus got up and walked out of the room. He sighed. Since Tom had adopted Ray he hadn't been called 'dad'. Somehow he missed it.

"Hi, Snape! Hic!" Ronny shouted across the corridor.

"How are ya?" Remus yelled.

"You're drunk," Sev stated.

"Hic!"

"At quarter past three in the afternoon."

"Just a little...hic! Drink under werewolves, ya know? Have you got hic! Any firewhiskey?"

"No. And I don't think you should drink anymore."

"Oh come on," Ronny whined. "Come with us to The Hogs Head."

"Remus could be caught."

"Not if I - hic! - change my appearance!"

"..and then Tom adopted Harry and the boy changed his name to Raymond," Severus finished. "Hey, can I have another drink?"

"Don't you miss being called...hic! Dad?" Remus wondered. He now had green eyes and blond, nearly white hair. Ronny and he had been too drunk to do anything, so Severus had changed Remus's hair and eye color."

"Course I miss being called...hic! Dad. Who wouldn't?"

"I think we should go," Ronny said, trying to encipher what time the clock said it was. "It's..."

"Half past eleven," Abberforth said. "You should go home, all of you. I would like to go to bed soon."

"Severus, Remus, Ronny," Lucius said. "Since when do you come home at one a.m.?"

"We...hic! Went for a drink," Severus explained.

"Where?"

"The Hogs Head, The Three Broomsticks," Remus answered, trying to recall where they had been. "Then...The Leaky Cauldron and a few pups in muggle London, I think..."

"You think?"

"Can't we go to bed?" Ronny whined.

"You have to get up in five hours," Lucius reminded them. "I don't exactly think that it's worth going to bed."

"Aren't there any other pups that still have open?" Remus wondered.

"...and now he's together with Ginny. Time is flying by like nothing, ya know what I mean?"

"Yes. Only...years ago Harry was so little!!" Severus sobbed, emptying his bottle in one go.

"Can you please leave now?" the bartender asked.

"Come on," Ronny said. "In half an hour Tom wants to speak to us."

Chapter 43-Fighting

"And Ray is alright?" Louisa asked weakly.

"Yes, honey," Tom whispered. "He is. And now you have to make sure that our little one is too."

"I will," his wife replied, yawning.

"Potter!" a voice outside the room yelled. "What are you doing?"

Tom sighed as he went out. Potter got on his nerves. He hadn't even been here at Riddle Manor for a week and already he had made every adult except Tonks an enemy against him. Even the good-tempered Remus lost his temper with James' son.

"What happened?" Voldemort asked.

"He's trying to seduce Ginny!" Draco shouted.

"She is my girl!" Maximilian shouted back.

"I'm Draco's girlfriend!" Ginny exclaimed.

"Listen, you all now stop shouting because Louisa is sleeping," Voldemort said. "I don't care where you continue your argument, but not here. I need some peace as well. The last few days have been tiring." He glared at Potter before he went back into his room.

"Well, are you going to shake hands or not?" Ginny asked.

"I'm not shaking hands with this ferret!" Max exclaimed.

"You can't make me touch this git!" Draco yelled.

"SHUT IT!" Tom roared.

"What? Max is missing?" Mad-Eye Moody asked, disbelievingly.

"Probably captured by some Death Eater," Kingsley murmured.

"But what shall we do?" Mrs. Weasley questioned. "People know that Max isn't the Boy-Who-Loved, thanks to you."

"What was I meant to do?"

"Shut your mouth and not tell Skeeter about it!" James shouted. "You ruined my son's future!"

"Fine! If you don't want me, then I go!" Kingsley stood up and left.

"We need to discuss how to get Maximilian back from wherever he is," Arthur said, ignoring the fact that someone had just left. "That's more important than anything else."

Suddenly Fawkes appeared in a flash of fire.

"What's going on?" Moody asked, listening to the bird's chirping and whistling. "Rotiar a si sureves?"

"Severus is a traitor," Arthur translated.

"I knew it!" James yelled.

"What are we going to do about him?" Sirius asked.

"I bet Harry is one of Voldemort's followers as well!"

"Maybe he helped to capture Max!" Molly said.

"I'm sure he did," Sirius snorted. "That's just the kind of thing a traitor like him would do."

"I'm glad you're better," Hermione said.

"Don't move your mouth," Ray said, sketching Hermione's thin lips.

"How many drawings to you have of me?" the girl muttered, trying not to move her lips.

"Quiet a few, actually. But maybe you let me draw you in a different position some time. In a total different position."

"Pig!" Hermione shouted, throwing the cushion she had been sitting at Raymond.

"Now you ruined the drawing!"

"You're fault!"

"We'll see about that," Ray murmured, kissing his girlfriend on her lips.

"HARRY! YOU ASS!" Max roared, seeing his 'twin' kissing the girl that was meant to be Ron's future girlfriend.

"Max!" Hermione exclaimed, pulling Ray's hands out from under her shirt. "What are you doing here?"

"I looked for you. Ginny wants to be alone with Malfoy..."

"Maybe they are already doing it," Raymond mused thoughtfully.

"Shut it," Hermione hissed. "You perfectly well know that we're not old enough."

"You are," her boyfriend said. "I only have to wait another half a year."

"What are you talking about?" Max questioned.

"Forget it," his friend answered. "You wanted to talk with me?"

"Er...yes. Could we go for a walk?"

"Sure."

"But you said you would spent time with me!" Raymond whined.

"Well, the last few weeks you didn't spent time with me," Hermione snapped, getting up.

"It's not my fault! Dumbledore-"

"Stop blaming things on other people!" the girl yelled. "If you had your inhaler with you it wouldn't have happened!"

"Well, the last few years I hardly had any attacks," Raymond sneered. "I stopped carrying it around. And it was Dumbledore's fault."

"You know what? I'm fed up with you behaving like this! Consider yourself dumb." "dumbed."

"We have a big problem then," Molly said.

"Why?" her husband asked.

"Because Snape knows our plans," Moody answered.

"Even if," Sirius said. "Snivellus didn't attend the last few meetings, so we have an ace up our sleeve."

"Yes, he didn't come because we talked about the missing students," Mad-Eye snorted.

"That's it!" James exclaimed, standing up. "He knows something about them we don't!"

"Probably he captured them," Sirius muttered.

"What did you just say?" Potter asked, turning to face his friend.

"That he probably captured them," Black answered, a confused look on his face. "What do you think he did?"

"He let Death Eaters into the school," Potter said thoughtfully, "and then they captured these students. That's how it was done!"

Instead of saying another thing Raymond pushed Maximilian on the floor and started to punch his face. "It's your fault, asshole!" he

shouted angrily. If Max hadn't come in then he and Hermione would still be together.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Severus shouted, hurrying into the room. He pulled Raymond off Max. Hermione helped Max up. Without thinking the boy shot forward and strangled Ray.

"MAX!" Hermione bellowed as Ray began to cough. "STOP IT! Severus, do something!"

Remus rushed in as he heard the shouting.

"Lupin, grab Potter," Severus ordered, trying to get the boys away from each other. Once Maximilian was out of the way Severus held the inhaler to Ray's mouth. Slowly the boy's breaths began to slow down and he stopped coughing. His godfather scooped him up and laid him onto his bed where he fell asleep moments later.

"Max, go to the living-room," Remus ordered. "I'll look at these wounds."

"How could you?" Hermione hissed as the boy walked past her. "You perfectly well know that he's got asthma."

"What happened?" Severus demanded.

"I - Ray and I kissed. Max came in. He asked me if I can go with him out for a walk. Ray complained that I promised to spent time with him. We argued. I blamed him for - for not having the inhaler with him the last time he had an asthma attack. He said it wasn't his fault. I...dumbed him. Then Ray started to fight with Max."

"Raymond, Severus told me about what happened," Tom said. He was looking out of the big window in his study, his back towards his son.

"I'm sorry, dad," Ray muttered, looking at his feet.

"Sorry' is sometimes not enough." The Dark Lord turned to look at Ray. "You need to control your anger. Christmas is in tomorrow, let's forget about it, OK?"

"Thanks. And I will try to control my anger," Ray answered, getting up.

"And Ray?"

"Yes, dad?"

"Go tomorrow morning to the lounge before breakfast. I have a surprise there for you."

Hermione woke up. It was shortly after 8 a.m. Today was Christmas day. Dinner last night had been fun, but the girl knew that Max wanted to be with his father and, even though it wasn't possible, with his mother. But Suddenly Hermione heard a noise. It came from the lounge. She got up, put on a dressing gown and slowly walked out of her room, down the corridor, down the staircase and opened the first door on the right. The big lounge looked like everyday, only that there was a grand piano and Ray sat on it, slowly playing the 9th Symphony, staring at a song book in front of him. Amazed Hermione walked over to him and sat down next to Raymond. He looked up but then his eyes went back to the book. Hermione longed to kiss him, but she knew it was over.

"Who got you this grand piano?" she asked at last.

"Dad," Raymond said, finishing playing. He looked into Hermione's eyes. He wanted to just grab her face and kiss her, but he knew that if he would do that he could forget her forever. "Do you want to try?"

"Why not?" Hermione said. She looked at the book, feeling a bit helplessly.

"Here, I show you," Raymond said, grabbing her hands and showing her where to place them. They looked into each other's eyes, leaning forward...

"No!" Hermione said firmly, standing up. "It's over." She rushed out of the lounge, towards the dining room where breakfast would be served shortly.

Ray sighed. He should have known it. It would be better to forget her now rather than try to get her back.

Chapter 44-Breaking up

"Hermione, are you sure you want to break up with Ray?" Draco asked.

"Yes," Hermione answered, looking into Draco's eyes. "I am."

"You know that I had a crush on you." The boy didn't know why he was telling her that, but he just did.

"Yes?"

"Well, I still have feelings for you..."

"Then show me," Hermione whispered, kissing Draco.

"DRACO!" Ginny bellowed, entering the room. "Hermione, I thought you were my friend!"

"Gin," Draco said, but the female Weasley cut him short.

"Don't 'Gin' me, idiot! How could I ever go out with someone like you?" Ginny fled from the room, crying.

"Ginny, even though I like you I don't want a relationship with you," Raymond said without looking up from the songbook.

"And? It's your ex-girlfriend flirting with my ex-boyfriend," Ginny pouted. "Why can't we be together?"

"If you think like that, then I pretty much doubt that you ever had much feelings towards Draco," Ray said, finishing to play. "And I still am not over it that Hermione dumbed me. I don't know if I ever want a girlfriend after this."

"Fine," the girl snapped. "Then don't be together with me."

"Raymond, can you explain to me what's going on?" Tom asked. "Somehow it seems that everyone breaks up with each other."

Ray sighed. "Hermione and Draco kissed. Ginny saw it and broke up with Draco. She asked me to go out with her but I said I wouldn't. I'm not sure what happened but JWOHPfan broke up with Neville. Now, I think, he's going out with Ginny. But I don't think they're going to be together for long."

"Isn't there anything we can do about this?" Tom wondered.

"I think we should leave our hands away from it and see what time brings. Anyway, in the end we can always blame Max."

"So, do you like your Christmas present?" the Dark Lord asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah, it's great. Hermione nearly kissed me, but then she remembered that she dumped me. Well, see ya at dinner."

"Ray?"

"Yes, dad?"

"Merry Christmas, son," Voldemort said, hugging Raymond Eduard Riddle.

"Merry Christmas," Ray said, hugging back.

"And?" Maximilian asked.

"I'm with Neville," Ginny yawned. "Raymond didn't want me. But he's an idiot anyway. If he wouldn't hide his looks he could have any girl he wanted."

"Really?"

"Yes, sweetie," the girl said, kissing Max.

"We need to do something against this," Severus told Remus.

"But what?" the werewolf asked. "If they don't want to be together then it's their thing."

"I think something is going on," Snape said. "Something fishy. I understand why Hermione broke up with Ray and why Ginny broke up with Draco, but why did Hermione kiss Draco? And why did Ginny want to be with Ray moments after she broke up with her boyfriend? That just doesn't add up."

"I know what you mean. But how did JWOHPfan and Neville break up?"

"As much as I know Mary found Neville touching Ginny up, but I don't think he did it on purpose."

"What do you mean?"

"Neville isn't the sort of boy who'd cheat on his girlfriend," Severus explained. "There must have been a reason why he did it. The question is who is doing all this? Hermione? Ginny?"

"But why?" Remus questioned. "They wouldn't do it just because someone told them to, would they? I mean, Draco and Ginny have been together for a year or so."

"That, Remus, is what we need to find out," Severus said. Albus laughed as he watched through his crystal ball how Mr. Snape and Ms. Collins suffered. He knew that Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley would do anything he wanted them to. What he wanted was to let all of them suffer, suffer for giving him away. Soon Mr. Longbottom and Mr. Malfoy would find out that the girls were only playing with their feelings. And Mr. Potter would too. Even though the boy imagined that Ms. Weasley really had fallen in love with him the girl only played with him so that he was happy, happy enough to give his headmaster informations.

"I think we should obliviate Potter," Ronny told Tom. "Since he came he wasn't anything but trouble."

"I agree. But Severus will do it. He'll have to be more than careful to erase all memories of Riddle Manor, otherwise we're on our way to Azkaban."

"What are we doing for New Year's Eve?"

"I don't know. Hopefully the same as always."

Ray sat at his grand piano, playing some sad songs. Everyone else was outside, welcoming the new year. But he didn't want the new year to come. It didn't make sense anymore. Nothing did. Not since Hermione dumped him. But Raymond knew he had to get over her, as much as it pained him. She was now together with Draco. Ginny was with Neville, or so it seemed. Ray was sure she cheated on him with Max. Max. How much Ray loathed him.

"You don't want to come out?" JWOHPfan asked, sitting down next to him. She had two glasses of champagne in her hand.

"No," Raymond answered, taking one. "I can't bear to look at Draco and Hermione kissing."

"Well, a happy new year," JWOHPfan said, hearing the clock stroke midnight.

Ray took a sip from the champagne. "Happy new year," he said and, to his surprise, he leaned forward and kissed Mary.

Chapter 45-Knowledge

A/N: I hope this chapter will answer your questions.

"So," Albus said, rubbing his hands, looking away from the crystal ball. "I've got Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley under my power. Maximilian will do whatever I want, and the girls will do what he tells them to. I know how their headquarter looks like, but I still need its location. Then I'll be able to tell the Aurors and buy my freedom. The three will come away, but the rest will go to Azkaban without any stops! Ha, isn't my master plan brilliant?"

"Yes, sir," Dobby said mechanically, bowing down. "Do you want a drink, sir? Or something to eat, Master Dumbledore?"

"No," the old man said, looking at the crystal ball again. "But I'd like a new box of lemon drops. I just love them! Nearly more than power. Ha! Soon I'll be reigning the Wizarding World! Everyone will see me as a god!"

"Yes, Master Dumbledore, of course, Master Dumbledore," the house elf said, bowing deeply, walking backwards out of the room to get more lemon drops.

"Albus?"

"What is it, James?" Dumbledore asked.

"Did you already found Max?"

"I did."

"Where is he?" James asked.

"I won't tell you. I need him for something special. How was the Order meeting?"

"Fawkes came. He gave us important information."

"Did he?"

"Yes. I'm sure you know what to do with it."

"Certainly," Albus said in a faraway voice, watching with sad eyes how the man he had thought he could trust spoke to Voldemort.

"What is going on?" Severus asked as the door banged open and five Aurors came in. "I'm in the middle of a lesson! Come back later!"

"Are you Severus Snape?" the leader of the group asked, ignoring his instructions.

"Yes," Severus said.

"We are here to arrest you."

"For what?"

"For being a Death Eater."

The students gasped and backed away from their teacher.

"You can't arrest me unless Albus Dumbledore said so," Snape protested.

"He gave us the information personally."

"Did any of you see Sev?" Ray questioned, entering the dining room., seeing his parents sitting at the table, talking quietly. "He should have been here half an hour ago."

"Raymond," Tom began, standing up. "Severus..."

"He got arrested, sweetie," Louisa finished.

"He...he what?"

"Someone must have told the Aurors that he's on my side," Voldemort said.

Ray didn't want to believe what he had heard. Even though he had been blood adopted by the Dark Lord, he still saw Severus as a father. Without saying another word he turned around and left the dining room.

"Ray? Ray, come on," JWOHPfan said, entering Raymond's bedroom. "Dinner is ready. Come on. Everyone's waiting for you." She knelt down beside Raymond, but he backed away, scared. "Ray, you don't have to be scared of me, you know that. You can trust me." Mary looked into Raymond's eyes and noticed that it was as if they were somewhere else. Far away.

Raymond couldn't help it. Once he had entered his room again he sat down on the floor, still shocked. His mind went back, seeing through memories of his past. Memories from when he and Hermione had been together. Memories from all the happy moments they had. The first kiss. The first time she had come to Riddle Manor. The first time they had met. Then memories from his father came up. The day Tom had married Louisa. The day he had adopted Ray. The day they had first met.

Memories came and went. Ray's mind went more and more into himself, closing the way back to reality. After a few hours he thought he could hear a voice, but his mind wouldn't go back. No, it went farther into Raymond's past. The day he had his fifth birthday. Then his first Christmas. suddenly he remembered being in a cupboard, a dark cupboard. Then there were James and Lily. Dumbledore. The night Max and Ray had been attacked. And then everything ended. There was only fog. Nothing else except fog. and then he didn't know anything anymore.

"Ray?" Mary said uncertainly, looking at the boy. "Are you OK?" As Raymond closed his eyes and his breathes became irregular JWOHPfan stood up, scared, and yelled, "Tom! Come!"

"Ha!" Albus yelled happily. "His mind is trapped! He will never be able to live normally again! His mind is there where it was before he was born, in the nowhere!"

"Here are your lemon drops, Master Dumbledore," Dobby said, looking up at Dumbledore. His eyes were glassy. He was under the imperius curse.

"Yeah, yeah. Pu them over there. I'm busy right now." Albus couldn't believe he had just said that. He was never too busy to suck on of his beloved lemon drops, but right now he was. Harry Potter had just eliminated himself by allowing his mind to back into its past. Even though he still lived, he was as good as dead.

"There's nothing we can do," Tom said. "His mind seems to have gone to the start of its existence."

"And where is that?" Neville asked, sounding anxious.

"The Nowhere," Ronny answered. "That means that Ray kind of eliminated himself by allowing this to happen. If he doesn't have a mind, he cannot live normally. It's similar to the Dementors' kiss. The only difference is that there is one chance to get his mind back to reality, but not many people know about it."

"What do you have to do?" Draco asked, pushing Hermione away.

"Draco!" she shrieked.

"Not now," the boy hissed. "You can kiss me later."

"Now or never," the girl purred. "I tell you, now or never."

"Never," Malfoy hissed, then he suddenly grabbed her.

"Draco, what are you doing?" Lucius asked.

"She's under someone's power," Draco managed to say before he ran out of the room, pulling Hermione with him.

"Where are we going?" the girl asked, scared.

Draco didn't answer. He pushed Hermione out into the garden. There he stopped and looked at her, whispering "Legillimens!" A moment later Draco knew it. He left Hermione alone and went to look for Potter.

Chapter 46-Under his power

A/N: This story is now T-Rated

Same game, same rules. Whoever writes the 300th review gets a character named after them!

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO HERMIONE?" Draco bellowed, entering Max's bedroom. What he saw more than shocked him.

"Draco," Ginny said, pulling the blanket up. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing?" Malfoy questioned, his mouth open. "I thought you were together with Neville!"

"She only played with him," Max said, getting out of bed.

"But why do you sleep with him and not with me?"

"Because she's under my power," Potter said, staring Draco in the eyes. "And you are as well."

"Yes...Master...Potter..."

"Now go and get Mary. Play a bit with her," Max said, getting back into bed.

"Have you seen Draco?" Lucius asked.

"No, not since he went out to the garden with Hermione," Tom answered.

Suddenly the door opened and Draco came in.

"Draco, we've been-"

"Don't 'Draco' me!" the boy yelled, grabbing JWOHPfan.

"What are you doing?" Tom asked. "Where are you taking her?"

"That doesn't matter," Draco shouted, slapping the Dark Lord.

"HA HA HA HA! This is so funny!" Albus roared, not able to stop laughing. "His face as Malfoy slapped him! I'll never forget it!"

"master Dumbledore, Mr. Harrison is here," Dobby said, bowing down.

"Bring him in here," the old man giggled.

"Professor," a young man greeted, entering the room. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, Bertram, I'm fine. And you? I haven't seen you since you had been four."

"Oh, I'm feeling good."

"How old are you? So many years have passed..."

"Nineteen," Bertram Harrison answered. "You must be getting near your hundreds, I suppose."

"Ninety-eight to be exact," Albus said, sighing. "Time flies by...Anyway, how is Adelheid getting on?"

"Fine. We're expected our first child in less than four months."

"do you already know what you're going to name it?" Albus asked curiously. Already a few people had named their children after him.

"A girl. Her name will be Alberta, but I haven't talked with Adelheid about it," Bertram answered, smiling. "Of course I name my first child after you, Albus. But what do you want me to do?"

"You wanted to talk to me?" Tom asked, entering his bedroom, sitting down on the bed next to his wife.

"Yes," Louisa said. It took all her courage to say this, but she knew she had to. "My...my real name is not Louisa. I'm not the woman you think I am. my real name is...is Adelheid."

"Don't tell me you're married to another man," Voldemort said, shocked.

"I...I am!" his wife sobbed. "I am married to another man. But...but the baby is yours. You're her father."

"Who is this other man?"

"Bertram Harrison. My father made me marry him when I had just become seventeen. The...the night after we married he...he raped me. Then I a few months later I met you."

"How old are you?"

"Nearly nineteen."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Tom whispered swallowing hard. It was hard to keep a neutral face, but he knew he had to keep his temper under control.

"Because...because I thought you'd send me back. I didn't want to go back to Bertram! I love you!"

"I would never ever do such a thing," the Dark Lord said, hugging her. "I love you with all my heart. But what are we going to do about this other man?"

"OK. But how am I gonna get in there?" Bertram asked.

"I'll take care of that," Dumbledore promised.

"What if there are any complications?"

"There won't be any."

"What if someone finds out my real identity?"

"That won't happen."

"When do I move in?"

"Tomorrow."

"Shouldn't we tell Ray?" Louisa asked, not knowing what had happened.

"No. Not now. Sleep a bit. Afterwards you'll feel better," Tom said, kissing his wife on the head. He didn't think it would be good to tell his wife what had happened to Raymond, at least not now.

"I love you," Louisa whispered.

"I love you too," Voldemort whispered back, turning the light out. He walked out of the bedroom, out of the house and towards the park where he could see his son sit in the pavilion.

"Hi, Ray," he said, knowing that his son wouldn't reply. "Having a great time? Well, I hope so. Probably better than mine."

"Draco," JWOHPfan pleaded. "What are you doing?"

"That...what...Master Potter...told me to," Draco answered.

"Don't," Mary begged. "Please don't!"

"I...have to."

Without really knowing why Mary kissed him. A moment later Draco fell back, his eyes closed. A moment later he sat up again.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed. "Wait a minute - I was under Max's power, then you kissed me and..."

"The true loves' kiss!" Mary gasped, her mouth open with shock.

"Maybe that'll help Ray too," Draco said thoughtfully.

"But Hermione is under Max's power, isn't she?"

"Maybe we should free Ginny first. The problem is that we don't know who her true love is. It can neither be Max nor Neville."

"That only leaves Ray..."

"But then what about Hermione?" Draco questioned.

"You know what? Forget about this for now," JWOHPfan said, kissing Draco again. "For now only we count..."

Chapter 47-Louisa's story

A/N: Thank you very much for the many reviews!
The lucky one is...Angelpris!

Hip hip hurray for Barack Obama!

"Adelheid!" a woman yelled from downstairs.

"What is it, Mother?" a young girl shouted back.

"Bertram is here," her mother, Antoinette van Gutenberg, said.

"Bertram?" Adelheid exclaimed, running down the stairs. "Oh, I've missed you so much!"

"Good day, honey," a seventeen year old boy smiled, stepping forward to hug the girl.

"Wait," she stopped him, taking a step back. "You changed."

"And you didn't," Bertram said, again trying to hug her, but again Adelheid stepped back.

"You're not the same person," Adelheid said, trying to hide her anxiousness. Since Bertram, the Bertram she had once loved, had gone to Auror training in America the year before he had more than changed. His voice had become deeper, his body more muscular, he had grown a beard and, worst of all, there was an aura of coldness around him.

"Of course I am, Adelheid!" Bertram exclaimed.

"Better we go into the living room," Antoinette said, wringing her hands, feeling uncomfortable.

"I - I'm not hungry," Adelheid said upset, going back to her room.

"Adelheid?"

"Yes, Miriam?"

"Are you alright?" Miriam van Gutenberg asked worriedly, entering her sister's bedroom. She was Adelheid's older sister. Most of the time Miriam was traveling, visiting different Wizarding Towns to write about in her book *The World of the Magical World*.

"Yes, I am alright," Adelheid answered stiffly.

"Mother told me about what happened."

"Do you think Bertram changed?"

"No. He became more muscular, but nothing else."

"Didn't you feel the coldness around him?" Adelheid asked, shuddering at the thought of the aura around him.

"It's very cold outside, Ad," Miriam laughed. "Of course he was cold!"

"So, why are you here?" her little sister asked, sighing. She knew that Miriam wouldn't understand her.

"Father wants to talk to you." Now the smile on Miriam's face was gone. Their father was strict, very strict.

"Well, I better get going," Adelheid said, standing up. "Thanks for telling me, Mir."

"Ah, good that you came," Wolfgang van Gutenberg said as his daughter entered his study, looking up from the parchment he had been reading.

"You wanted to talk to me, Father?"

"It's about Bertram and you," Wolfgang said, standing up, beginning to pace back and forth. His face was neutral, so Adelheid couldn't

read his emotions or say what he was about to be doing. In some way it scared her.

"What...what is it?" Adelheid managed to say. Through her head came thousands of possibilities that could be the reason for this conversation. She had been dating Bertram since she had been fourteen. At the beginning they were madly in love, but as time passed Adelheid less and less liked him. He became more brutal, more cold.

"He asked for your hand."

"What?"

"He asked for your hand," Wolfgang repeated. "And of course you'll be marrying him."

"But...but..." Adelheid didn't know what to say. Shocked she went back to her room.

The next day Adelheid went to her working place in Diagon Alley as usual. She worked in the pet shop, feeding the animals and clean their cages. It wasn't the most pleasant job, but better than nothing.

Today everything was like it was everyday. Adelheid cleaned the cages, fed all the animals and played with the kittens and puppies. Gladly she didn't had time to think about Bertram and their marriage. Soon it was time to close the shop for the day.

"See you tomorrow!" the shop owner said.

"You too," Adelheid said absentmindedly, already beginning to think what would happen once she'd arrive at home. Slowly she walked toward The Leaky Cauldron so that she could have a drink before apparating back to Finland where she lived.

"Sorry," a man said as he ran into her, making her fall over.

"N-No, I'm sorry," Adelheid stammered, looking at him. She guessed that he was about forty. Normally she wouldn't be interested in men like him, but something about him was special.

"My name is Tom," he said.

"I'm...I'm Louisa," Adelheid replied, saying the first name she could think of.

"Would...would you mind if I pay for your drink in The Leaky Cauldron?" Tom asked, helping her up.

"I-I wouldn't," Louisa said, shocked. She knew that she was engaged to someone, but she also knew that she didn't like Bertram anymore. Maybe she could...? No, Adelheid told herself. This man is more than double my age! I can't possibly be his wife, or can I?

"Mother? Father?" Adelheid yelled as she entered her home.

"What is it, dear?" Antoinette asked, coming out of the living room.

"There...there is this training program," her daughter said. "It's for people who work in pet shops, you know?"

"And you want to participate in it?" Antoinette guessed.

"Yes," Adelheid said, taking a deep breath. "I would like to."

"Honey!" Bertram said, coming down the stairs. "I've started making plans for our wedding! We're going to get married on the 29th November if that is alright?"

"Of course," Adelheid answered, making a mental note to tell Tom to marry her before the 29th of November.

"I cannot believe it!" Miriam exclaimed, her mouth wide open in shock. "You're getting married to Bertram?"

"Mm," Adelheid said, wrinkling her nose. "I would prefer to stay single." Or get married to Tom, she thought.

"You want to get married?" Tom asked.

"Yes," Louisa said. "How about at the end of the holidays?"

"In one month?"

"Why not?" the woman asked.

"I don't actually care," Tom said, "but I thought we would wait a bit longer. If you really want to, we can get married at the beginning of December. How about that?"

"No," Louisa contradicted, beginning to panic. "I would like to get married before November."

"Well, like I said. I don't care when you want to get married, as long as we do."

"Louisa, wake up!" Tom whispered, shaking his wife.

"W-what?" Louisa asked sleepily.

"I have a question. Did you want to get married to me so that your marriage with Bertram doesn't count?"

Louisa looked Tom straight in the eyes. "Yes."

"Is there any reason for your action?"

"Bertram...he had changed. There was an aura of coldness around me, and that scared me."

Suddenly Tom had an idea. "Do you feel an aura around me?"

"Warmth, I think."

"And I think you're an aura reader," Tom smiled.

"A - what?" Louisa questioned.

"An aura reader. You are able to feel the auras of other people. If it is coldness like it was by Bertram, then they think something bad. If it is warmth like by me, then they think something good."

"Can I come in, Tom?" Draco asked, knocking at the door.

"Of course you can," Tom answered. "What is it?"

"First, Cedric is back. Second, JWOHPfan and I found a way to help Ray."

"You found - what?" Louisa and Tom asked at the same time.

"A way to help Raymond. Oh, and I'm sorry for slapping you, Tom. And don't trust Hermione or Ginny. They're under Max's spell. Mary and I only need some time to get them back to normal." As fast as Draco had entered he vanished again.

"So," Louisa asked. "What happened to Ray, Tom?"

"And who is this?" Neville asked, bowing down in front of a girl.

"Her name is Rachel O'Brien," Cedric said. "I met her in America, explained our situation and now she is willing to help us. Oh, and she likes to be called Angelpris."

"Here I am again," Draco said, panting. He had run all the way from Tom and Louisa's bedroom to the entrance hall where Cedric and his friend still were. "Did I miss anything?"

"No, not much," Mary said, moving away. "But could I speak to you?"

"What's up?" Draco asked.

"What if Ginny's true love is Cedric?"

"And then Ray's true love is either Hermione or Angelpris or whatever her name is," Draco concluded.

"Yep," Mary said, kissing his cheek. "We only have to find out which one."

Chapter 48 – Ginny

"I think we should let Ginny kiss Cedric and Angelpris Neville," JWOHPfan said thoughtfully. "It would be the easiest to try out for now."

"But how are we going to get Hermione kiss Ray?" Draco questioned doubtfully. "I mean, she is still under Max's power and Ray is still mindless."

"What if Severus puts Mione under the imperius curse?"

"He's in Azkaban, remember? And even if he'd be here, I doubt he would consider doing it," Draco said. "Let's get Ginny out of her misery first, shall we?"

"Do you have everything?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes, I have," Bertram answered, shaking the old man's hand.

"Well, good luck, my boy," Albus said, patting the young man on his back. "I will see you in a week, I suppose."

"If not sooner. And trust me, by the end of the week they'll all be in Azkaban!"

Ronny didn't know what to do. Staying at Riddle Manor wasn't the best option. Ray still didn't have his mind back, Ginny and Hermione both were still odd and for some reason Tom didn't come out of his bedroom anymore. Remus was away on a mission. Severus was in Azkaban. Lucius had gone to the ministry. Mary and Draco hadn't come out of Ray's bedroom for two days now. Neville somehow managed to get himself, Cedric and Angelpris lost. They hadn't shown up for nearly a whole day. Sighing he went out of the estate and apparated to The Leaky Cauldron.

"Ah, hello, Ronny," Tom said as the werewolf entered the pub. "A beer like usually?"

"Yep," Ronny said, sitting down.

"One for me too," a young man said, sitting down next to him. "I'll pay for both."

"Who are you?" Ronny asked, turning toward the unfamiliar man.

"Bertram Harrison, and you?"

"Ronny Lott. But why do you pay for my beer?"

"I heard about this secret organization," Bertram whispered.

"Who told you?" Ronny asked, suspicious. He never liked people he didn't know and which were too friendly.

"That does not matter. What matters is that I would like to join."

"You cannot just join," the werewolf said, shaking his head. He took the beer from Tom and shook his head.

"Then what do I have to do?"

"Well, I have to tell our leader about you and then all the others will decide if you'll be accepted."

"What about another beer?" Bertram offered, smiling inwardly.

"Oh, well. I think we'll be able to make an excuse just this time..."

"What? I shall kiss Ginny?"

"Just try it out, Cedric," Draco pleaded. "You might save her!"

"From who?" Cedric questioned.

"Both Max and Dumbledore. She'll be here any moment, so just kiss her when she appears, OK?"

"Mary, why do you take me here?" Ginny's voice echoed across the corridor.

"Quick," Draco hissed, pushing Cedric towards the door. It opened and Ginny stood there, looking confused.

"Cedric? What-" The rest of the sentence was cut off by his kiss. At first she tried to fight against it, but then she stopped, too shocked and happy at the same time to do anything.

"What...what happened?" Ginny asked as they broke off, touching her forehead with her left hand, looking more confused than before. "Where...where am I?"

"It worked!" JWOHPfan cheered.

"What happened?"

"You were under Max's control," Draco answered. "Only the true love's kiss could rescue you."

"And Cedric is my true love?" Ginny asked.

"Looks like it," Cedric said. "Rachel is probably Neville's, and Ray is Hermione's."

"we should go and tell Tom about this," Mary said.

"So, this is where you all live?" Bertram asked, looking at the mansion.

"Well, most of us," Ronny answered. "Some only come for a visit or a meeting."

"Can I...can I meet your leader?"

"You could. I show you the way, OK?"

"Thanks," Bertram smiled.

The men went into Riddle Manor, up the grand staircase, along a short corridor and stopped in front of the last door on the right. Ronny knocked.

"Yes?" a voice came.

"Tom? I've got someone here who'd like to meet you."

"The door opened and Tom came out. Behind him Louisa came out.

"A-Adelheid?"

"Bertram! What are you doing here?"

A/N: Shall Neville be with Ray or Hermione?

Chapter 49 - Raymond

A/N: Dumbledore has Max and Dobby under his power. Potter has Hermione under his power, but Ginny is free now thanks to Cedric. You shall have it.

"Hello, honey," Max said, walking towards Ginny who backed away until she stood pressed against a wall.

"What do you want?" the girl sneered angrily.

"Another round," Potter purred, moving his hand under Ginny's shirt.

"Don't touch me, bastard!"

"What is going on?" Dumbledore questioned himself. "How did Ms. Weasley come free? It is impossible! Well, let's see how Bertram is going on..."

"What?! How do you know?" Angelpris demanded.

"We know because JWOHPfan helped me come free," Draco explained.

"But...but what if this Neville is there for this other girl, Hermione or whatever her name is," Rachel argued.

"No," Cedric said. "She and Ray are meant for each other, believe me."

"Shall we try it out?" Mary asked.

"And where is...Ginny anyway?" Angelpris asked.

"She went to get Neville," Cedric said. "But she should have been here minutes ago..."

"Crap!" Draco suddenly exclaimed. "What if Potter found her?"

"Adelheid, explain all this!" Bertram shouted, pushing Ronny out of the way.

"Leave my wife alone," Tom snarled without thinking.

Bertram stopped, shocked. His mouth opened and closed like a goldfish. "W-Wife? Adelheid, what is going on?"

"Bertram," Louisa began, slipping her hand into Tom's. "It's...I never wanted to marry you."

"But you love me!"

"I thought I did when I was younger, but when you came back from the auror training, I noticed my love for you isn't strong enough. And then I met Tom. It was like...love. The first time I looked into his eyes I knew there was something special about him."

"Then...then the baby is his?" Bertram managed to ask.

"Yes," the Dark Lord said. "The girl is mine."

"IDIOT!" Bertram roared as he jumped upon Voldemort, starting to kick him. Louisa fell back, hitting her head on a cupboard which stood just behind the door. The last thing she felt was the coldness from Bertram and the warmth from Tom

Ronny ran to get Draco.

"Why is Adelheid there? She should be at home!" Albus exclaimed, looking into the crystal ball with wide eyes. "Better I contact her parents...But first I should bring Ms. Weasley out of her misery."

"What is wrong with you?" Max asked.

"Nothing is wrong with me," Ginny replied, moving away.

"Don't you love me anymore?"

"I never loved you!"

"Leave her alone, Potter!" Draco shouted, approaching them.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" Maximilian sneered, grabbing Ginny by her shoulders as Draco pulled his wand out of his pocket. "I wouldn't be so sure about this. At least not as long as you don't want to hurt Weasley here."

"What did she ever do to you?" Cedric asked, panting, as he stopped running next to Draco.

"She is mine," Potter said, starting to move backwards. But suddenly he stopped, grimacing in pain. A moment later Potter collapsed and Ginny fainted.

"Draco!" Ronny exclaimed. "Come, Tom needs you! There's this man...apparently he knows Louisa...and now they fight! "

"Where...where am I?" Hermione asked, coming out of one of the rooms.

"The spell broke!" Draco said. "Now we're able to help Ray and he'll be able to help his father."

"Raymond is here," Mary said, approaching them. Next to her was Ray and on his other side Angelpris. Raymond staring into space, moving uncontrollable. Both JWOHPfan and Angelpris helped him to walk. As they stood a few steps in front of Hermione, Mary pushed him forwards. Not knowing what to do the girl stepped forwards to catch Ray, but instead they kissed.

"Ray, do you hear me?" Draco asked, shaking his friend.

"Stop...stop shaking me," Raymond said, confused. "What happened...?"

"That doesn't matter," Ronny said, pulling Raymond towards his parents' bedroom. "There is a man who's fighting Tom, and you need to help him!"

The two reached the scene minutes later. Bertram had hardly any bruises, Tom's face was bloody, and Louisa was still unconscious. Without thinking Ray stepped forward, grabbed Bertram by his shirt and pushed him into the nearest wall. He then took his wrist and threw him over his shoulder. Bertram, too surprised to do anything, screamed in pain as he hit his head on the stone floor.

"What the...?" he said, trying to stand up again to fight back. But Raymond had known he'd try that. The boy hit the man's nose with his palm, and smirked as he howled in pain. What happened next took him in surprise.

Raymond had thought that this man wouldn't be trying to fight back anymore, but then Bertram managed to kick the boy into his testicles.

Ronny watched in horror as Ray fell back, leaning forward, howling in pain. Luckily Draco and Cedric arrived, knocked Bertram down and then Draco, with a good aimed kick, hit the man on his head so hard that he lost his consciousness.

"So, you're not injured?" Hermione asked, taking the path which lead to the green house.

"Na," Ray said, grimacing. "But it did hurt."

"I...Mary told me about the true loves kiss. As it seems you're my true love..."

"But you don't want to be together with me, do you?" Raymond guessed, sighing. He'd love to come back together with Hermione, but it was her choice.

"No," the girl answered, kissing him on his cheek and running away, trying not to cry. Her heart longed to be with Ray, but her mind told her she'd only dumb him again and again and again. It wasn't worth it. Maybe some day in the future, but not now.

Chapter 50 - Out of Azkaban

A/N: I hope you like the 50th chapter! I know this is short, but hopefully I'll be able to write the next chapter today too.

The room was dark. In the middle of it stood a piano. The moonlight from outside made it look scarier than it actually was. A boy sat at it, playing the Turkish March with his right hand, trying to concentrate. He made a mistake. Angrily he hit the piano, but then put his head on it, sighing frustrated. The boy looked up again, into the moonlight which streamed through a nearby window.

"Mum," he whispered, "I need you!" Tears begun to stream down his cheeks and hit the keys of the piano soundlessly. The only thing that disturbed the silent of the night was his sobs and his cries for his mum.

Two months had passed since Bertram had gone away, and he still hadn't send a letter. Albus began to get worried.

"Did you see anything about Adelheid?" Mr. van Gutenberg asked.

"No," Dumbledore sighed, looking away from the crystal ball. "And nothing from Bertram, either. Or Maximilian."

"But how can that be?" Antoinette asked. "A crystal ball can show you everything, right?"

"It cannot," Albus answered. "There is an ancient spell which doesn't let the ball see things in a certain area. For example, I wouldn't be able to see what the Minister of Magic does right now. The only thing we can do is wait and hope for the best. Sooner or later Adelheid has to show up."

"Ray, she'll wake up sooner or later," Neville said, wandering through the library.

"But what if she doesn't?" Raymond asked, looking frightened. "And all just because of this stupid man!"

"She will wake up," Angelpris reassured him, pulling a book out of a bookshelf. "Your sister has to be born."

"Max woke up," Ginny said, entering the library. "Luckily he doesn't remember anything about this place anymore. Tom said he'll be gone before lunch."

"Did he already decide Ronny's punishment?" Rachel wondered.

"No. But I think it's going to be something mean," the female Weasley answered. "After all it's his fault that Louisa is still unconscious so shortly before your little sister is born."

"Did any of you see Tom?" Neville asked, approaching them.

"He's been in their chambers since his wounds were healed," Raymond said. "He's been with mum for the last one and a half months, I think. Daisy is the only one allowed to enter so that she can bring food and drinks."

"Not even you can enter?" Angelpris asked, surprised.

"Nope."

"Can't we talk about something happy?" Neville whined. "All this talk about Tom and Louisa brings a bad atmosphere in the room. It doesn't do anything to cheer any of us up."

"Neville is right," Rachel decided. "What about a walk through the park? The first flowers are growing."

"No thanks," Raymond said. "I'll practice a bit on my piano."

"L-Louisa?" Tom stammered as his wife opened her eyes.

"Tom," the woman whispered. "The baby...it's coming."

Cedric, Draco and Mary had been sitting at the dining table playing cards as they heard the door open. The three rushed out and saw him.

"Severus!" Draco exclaimed.

"Shouldn't you be in Azkaban?" JWOHPfan asked.

"They let me go," Severus said, taking his coat off. "But how are you?"

"We're fine," Cedric answered.

"Tell me what happened since they arrested me."

"A...a lot happened," Mary said. "A bit too much, I think." She turned around as she heard footsteps. Tom appeared.

"Severus, thank god!" he panted.

"What happened?" Snape asked, alarmed. "The baby is coming!"

Chapter 51 - Betty

A/N: JWOHPfan - Yes, over Dobby. If you have any more questions, just ask and I try to answer them as best as I can.

"What's her name?" Raymond asked, taking his little sister from his father.

"You can choose her name," Louisa said, exhausted. She smiled broadly, looking at her stepson holding his sister.

"She looks beautiful," Tom said, hugging Louisa.

"She is," Severus confirmed, washing his hands.

"Betty," Ray decided. "Her name should be Betty Anne Riddle."

"Do you feel better now that you know that both Louisa and your sister are OK?" Mary asked, giving Ray a cup of tea. She and Raymond were in the lounge, enjoying a cup of tea while everyone else was cuddling Betty.

"Yep," the boy said, sipping the black tea. "It would be perfect if Hermione..." He didn't need to finish the sentence. JWOHPfan knew what he meant.

"She needs some time," JWOHPfan said. "Then she'll know what's best. I'm sure of it. Her heart knows what it wants but her mind doesn't."

"Well, I hope you're right," Raymond sighed.

"Where am I?" Bertram asked himself, rubbing his head. He sat up, looking around.

"So you're awake," a voice behind him said.

"Y-You again?"

"Yep," Ronny said. "Louisa's and Tom's daughter was born a few hours ago. Tom told me to sit with you."

"She's my daughter!" Bertram exclaimed. "Do you know what her name is?"

"Betty Anne Riddle."

"But...but...but..."

"Max!" James exclaimed as his son appeared in his living-room. "Where were you?"

"I - I don't remember," the boy answered, startled. "Who are you?"

"I'm your father," James said, walking over to his son. "Don't you remember me?"

"I do not remember you."

"I see her!" Albus exclaimed. Another week had passed without seeing either Bertram or Louisa.

"Is she alright?" Antoinette asked.

"She...it's seems she gave birth to her daughter," Dumbledore answered, shocked.

"What!?" Wolfgang said. "But...but..."

"Master Dumbledore," Dobby said, appearing out of thin air with a pop. "Master Harrison is here."

"Let him in," Albus said. The house elf disappeared again and a moment later Bertram entered.

"What's going on?" Antoinette asked him.

"Adelheid - she's married to another man," Bertram managed to say before he collapsed. A knife stuck out of his back.

"Betty is so sweet," Louisa said, cuddling her daughter. She, her husband and stepson were in the living-room, talking. All the others were discussing when to go back to Hogwarts. It was now nearly April and in about three months the school year would end.

"I wonder if Bertram got safely home," Tom smirked.

"What did you do?"

"Well, he was delivered by Ray..."

"I gave him what he had asked for the minute he stepped onto this estate," Raymond shrugged.

"Which means?" Louisa asked, looking at her stepson.

"I don't think anyone would want to cook with that knife again," Ray mused.

"Raymond!" his stepmother exclaimed. "How could you?"

"Easy. Take the knife, grab someone's -"

"Stop it! You're terrifying Betty!"

"Am I?" Ray asked, watching his sister laugh happily.

"Hi," JWOHPfan said, entering the living-room. "Ray, we're leaving at the end of April."

"In one month?" Raymond gasped. "But my sister..."

"You're going to see Betty you're whole summer holidays," Tom tried to cheer his son up.

"But...two whole months! How am I going to live through them without seeing my favorite sibling?"

"You're overacting," Hermione snapped as she entered. "Two months is less than a year. I'm not going to see my parents more than a few days a year. You'll be able to see your sister nearly every day."

"Oh, yeah? I'm overacting?" Ray asked, standing up. "Just as you were when your grandma died?"

"I was not overacting!" Without realizing what she was doing Hermione slapped him. Raymond was too shocked to say anything.

"We're...we're better go," Tom stammered as he and Louisa, who carried Betty, exited.

"I - I'm so sorry," Hermione stammered, stepping backwards.

"Of course you are," Ray said icily, following his parents.

Chapter 52 - Dance lessons

A/N: grumpish-pko - Every genius needs a bit of a break

Next week I'll be visiting my grandpa, so there won't be a new chapter until the 23th February at soonest.

"What can we do, Severus?" Tom asked his friend, looking at the colorful flowers from the greenhouse. "Ray and Hermione don't even eat in the same room anymore."

"What about dance lessons?" Severus said. "I could teach them all how to dance, and sooner or later Hermione and Raymond have to start talking again."

"That's a great idea! when do you want to start? Before they leave or in the holidays?"

"Before they leave," Snape decided. "The sooner they start cooperating again the better."

"I'm not going to dance with him!" Hermione exclaimed, pointing at Ray. She, the others and Severus were in the dining room. The furniture had been pushed to one side so that there was enough space to dance.

"And I'm not dancing with her," he replied, stepping away from the girl. "Why can't I dance with Rachel and Neville with Hermione? I'm not going to touch this bitch."

"Because I said so, and now get into your positions," Severus barked furiously. This was worse than he had thought. Much worse.

Reluctantly Hermione and Raymond stepped together again. They glared at each other.

"Say that again," Hermione hissed.

"Bitch," Ray hissed back.

"Stop it!" Snape shouted. "Get into position! We start with the waltz."

"I already told you I'm not going to dance with him," Hermione said, crossing her arms in front of her chest. "And you can't make me."

"Then leave, both of you."

"With pleasure," Ray sneered as he walked out of the room.

"Can't you at least try?" Tom asked his son.

"I'm not going to," Raymond answered, kicking a stone away. He and his father were taking a walk through the park. "At least not as long as she doesn't apologize for slapping me."

"That was nearly two weeks ago," Voldemort said. "Why don't you forgive her?"

"Because I can't. she doesn't know how it is when you looked for something your whole life and then someone tells you you have to give it back only days after you finally got it. I always wanted a little sibling, and now that I have got one I don't want to go away from Betty. I feel responsible for her. If something would happen I could never forgive myself."

Tom sighed. "I guess you all can stay a little longer. Or at least you and Draco. You could help us when we fight against Potter and Dumbledore at the Ministry."

"Thanks, dad," Raymond smiled, hugging his father.

"Why not?" Hermione asked, trying to keep up with Severus's pace.

"Because you're a witch," Snape answered. "They don't have churches in the magical world."

"But they must have a belief," the girl insisted. Ray came out of one of the rooms. "Without belief people wouldn't be inspired to do things!"

"You belief in god?"

"Yes, Riddle, I do," Hermione snapped. "Got a problem with that?"

"I do have one." Ray smiled sweetly. "Witches and Wizards don't believe in Christianity."

"Well, I do."

Raymond laughed dryly. "Do you really believe there's a god out there? A god who lets innocent people die and suffer? A god who lets bad people live but not good people? If so, you are more stupid than I thought." A moment later Ray disappeared back into the room.

"Did you tell him that?" Hermione asked, turning abruptly to face Severus. "Did you?"

"I - er...neither of my parents believed in any religion, so..."

"What do you mean, 'believed'? Don't they live anymore?"

"What Ray means is that there was an Order attack on my parents' house," Severus explained, turning his head away. "There was an explosion. Mum and dad died, but the three Order members managed to escape."

"How could they?" Hermione whispered.

"They found out that I was a spy," Snape said, walking away.

Hermione watched him, now understanding why Ray had acted the way he had. She went into the room he was in.

"What do you want?" Raymond snapped as soon as he saw the girl enter.

"I - I wanted to apologize," Hermione stammered, blushing. A moment later Ray had stepped in front of her and taken her hand. "W-what are you doing?"

"Dancing," Ray smiled, beginning to move. "The waltz."

Chapter 53 - The Daily Prophet

A/N: nxkris - I hope this chapter will answer some of your questions
Sorry that it's a bit late, but I had a few technical problems so I couldn't access my account for a bit of time.

It had to be somewhere. Hermione already had searched most of the newspaper piles which were in the library, but still hadn't found what she was looking for. Maybe it was destroyed. Suddenly she saw something that was interesting.

SEVERUS SNAPE - GUILTY OR NOT?

On Wednesday, 10th March, S. Snape will stand in front of the Minister who will decide if he is guilty or not. He is a former Death Eater (at least he is believed to have changed to the good side), Potions Professor and Head of Slytherin at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry. Snape has been arrested due to the fact that Albus Dumbledore gave the Aurors the information that Snape is a spy for You-Know-Who. Since the 11th January he has been Azkaban.

Professor Dumbledore has been set free for his help to fight against You-Know-Who.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for The Daily Prophet

Then came another article which was interesting. Severus had never said anything about how and why he had come out of Azkaban.

SEVERUS SNAPE IS NOT GUILTY

Due to lack of evidence the Minister of Magic could not speak Severus Snape guilty. Tomorrow morning Snape will be free to go wherever he wants. Let us only hope that he is not a Death Eater and loyal to the Light.

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for The Daily Prophet

"Interesting," Hermione murmured, looking through the rest of the pile. Then she came across a potions recipe.

Amnesia Potion

The Amnesia Potion lets the person who drinks it forget certain events, names, people or faces. These can be replaced with false happenings. The stronger the dose is the less will the person remember about the things they are not to remember. If the dose is only weak, then the person will still remember names and faces but they will not call someone else by their true name but by the name they are to remember.

To make a person forget a name you have to add to the potion a piece of parchment with the name written on it.

To make a person forget an event you have to write on a piece of parchment where it took place and what it was about.

To make a person forget a face you have to add a picture of it to the potion.

To make a person forget another person you have to add a hair to the potion.

"I can't believe it!" Hermione exclaimed. "Tom and Severus drugged us to stop calling Ray by his original name!"

As the girl put the next newspaper aside something fell out of it. Another recipe. The only problem was that some parts were missing. Here is all what was left:

ger Potion

r Potion makes a person up t ger. It is one of the most co rew, and only a little mistake can caus After a person tion, they will go through a most painful p ir bodies are gettin p ke up to three hours, if not longer.

"I wonder what this is," Hermione muttered, putting it on a pile with stuff she wanted to take to her bedroom. "Maybe I'll find out soon, but first let's see what else is here hidden."

There were more newspapers. Finally she found what she was looking for.

HOUSE ATTACKED

Yesterday, Friday 13th March, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Snape was attacked by men with Death Eater masks. It is believed that You-Know-Who wanted to warn S. Snape by attacking his parents' house. When the Aurors finally arrived at what was left of the house, it was already too late.

"The sight was horrible," Auror McCall said. "Blood everywhere. And Mr. and Mrs. Snape in the middle of it all, dead."

We hope to find out more about this incident. Was it really You-Know-Who who gave order for this? Or was it someone who wanted revenge on ? Were it even Death Eaters that had attacked the house or normal wizards and witches disguised to not reveal their true identity?

Rita Skeeter, Journalist for the Daily Prophet

"So, you found them," a voice behind Hermione said. The girl turned around abruptly, but then sighed out of relief.

"It's you, Ray!" she said, looking at the boy who was sitting on one of the desks. "I thought it was Severus or Tom or whoever."

"Well, that was how I found out about grandpa and grandma," Raymond said, pushing himself off the desk. "Through this newspaper that dad and Uncle Sev had tried to hide. Dad had wanted to destroy it, but for Severus it was the last thing that reminded him of his parents. Everything else had been burned down with the house."

"Oh my god," Hermione whispered. "That must have been terrible."

"Not as terrible as knowing that my own father drugged my friends so that I won't be reminded of my past," Ray said, crouching down next to her. "Or knowing that he is so in love with a much younger woman that he considers drugging himself to be as young as her again."

"Younger Potion!" Hermione gasped. "This second recipe is for the Younger Potion!" She took the parchment with the recipe again and read out aloud. "Younger Potion. The Younger Potion makes a person up to forty years younger. It is one of the most complicated potions to brew, and only a little mistake can cause death. After a person drank the potion, they will go through a most painful process in which their bodies are getting younger. That can take up to three hours, if not longer." Hermione looked at Ray.

"I could stop him just in time," Raymond shrugged. "He hadn't brewed it right. Then he begged me to do it for him."

"And did you?"

"No, not yet. I mean, mum loves him and he loves her. It doesn't matter how much the age difference between them is as long as they are happy. Better you look at this too." Ray put his hand up in the air and a moment later a book flew into it.

"Wandless magic?" Hermione said, her eyebrows raised.

"Yup. Wasn't that easy to learn, but somehow I managed. Here, read this. That is how Dumbledore controlled Max and the others."

Legillimency and the crystal ball

With the art of Legillimency people are able to control other people. The more powerful the witch or wizard is, the more people they can control at the same time. With the help of a crystal ball the witch or wizard is able to watch over their "slaves" even when they are too far away from them to keep an eye on them. What they cannot do is get other people under their control through the crystal ball, but they can through the minds of the ones they already enslaved. It is a good way to win a war for example, but it is ancient and most people have forgotten about it.

"How old is Dumbledore?" Hermione asked Ray, looking at him.

"Old enough to know it," Raymond replied.

"Darn it!" Albus bellowed, licking one of his lemon drops. "They found it out! Good that none of 'em are still under my control. Let's see how the things worked out for Maximilian..."

"Who am I?"

"I don't know," Max said.

"It can't be true!" Sirius wailed angrily. "He cannot have forgotten me!"

"Well, it seems he forgot everyone," James sneered. "Even me, his own father!"

"I've got an idea!" Black suddenly said. "Let's show him some pictures of his friends. Maybe he remembers them."

"Great idea!" James said, patting his best friend on his back. "You're always the one with the best ideas, other than Wormtail and Moony!"

A few minutes later James and Sirius had found a few images of Maximilian's friends.

"Who is this?" Sirius asked, holding up a picture of Ginny. Max shook his head.

"And this?" James inquired, showing his son an image of Ron. Maximilian shrugged.

Grimacing Black held another picture up. This time the boy's face lit up.

"Raymond, my twin!" he exclaimed.

Chapter 54-Memories

"That can't be!" Arthur exclaimed at the next Order meeting. "How is that possible?"

"How the bloody hell should I know?" Sirius exploded.

"Fact is that Max only remembers "Raymond"," James said, sounding a bit more calm than Black. Even though he did not show it inside James seethed.

"What if we show him some memories?" Molly asked. "Maybe then he'll remember more."

"I don't think we have a pensieve anywhere here," Potter sneered, glaring.

"Well, there has to be one way," Moody stated. "What if you let him meet Ronald? They're best friends. He's bound to remember him."

"We showed him a photo," Black said.

"A photo is not a human," Mad-Eye laughed. "Let him meet Ronald and then he'll start to remember things."

Arthur went to get Ron. James went to get Max.

"Hey, mate," Ron smiled.

"Are you...are you Ron?" Max asked, grimacing in thought.

"See, I told you," Moody smirked triumphantly. "Let Maximilian go to Hogwarts. Hopefully he'll remember some more things."

Max couldn't concentrate on his homework. It was already past midnight and Ron had gone to bed ages ago. Maximilian knew he himself could not. He had to wait for it. Somehow he was both nervous and scared. What would it show him this time?

A knock at the window.

Potter moved away from the desk and opened it. An owl flew in and sat down on top of the fireplace. The fire was nearly out. The owl stretched its foot towards the boy. Tied onto it was an envelope.

Max walked over to the animal, trying to control his breaths. He untied the letter. Slowly, with shaking hands, he opened it. He closed his eyes instantly. Maximilian felt the wind again. He felt himself being sucked up into a different world. At least that was how it felt. In reality he was only pulled into a memory.

In front of him was the dark corridor again. At the end of it was a door. Through a slit under it you could see light. Max moved towards it. At least he tried to. Like before he could only walk half way down. Then something always stopped him. Like an invisible wall. Seconds later he felt himself being pulled back.

"Ray, everything is OK," Ginny muttered, washing the boy's sweaty forehead with a wet cloth. "It's only a memory again." Moments later Raymond stopped screaming. Instead his left hand moved to his forehead where the scar was.

"How many more?" Raymond breathed, trying to calm down again. "How many more memories?"

"As many as Potter needs to get the hint," Severus answered, giving him a goblet with pumpkin juice. Ray didn't want to drink it but he knew that he had to.

"Everything OK?" Hermione asked as she entered Ray's bedroom.

"I thought I had muffled the room," Severus muttered as he closed the door after the girl.

"You did, but I know when it's time," Mione answered, sitting down next to Ginny. "How are you, Ray?"

"I have felt worse," he replied, managing to smile. "The time you dumped me."

"Better we all try to sleep some more," Ginny said with a look at her watch. "It's nearly half past twelve."

Where had he seen that corridor? Where? He knew the answer for sure.

"Did you listen to me?" Ronald asked, elbowing Max. "Hey, I asked you something!"

"What did you say?" Maximilian asked, coming back to reality. He had daydreamed a lot lately. All because of these memories.

"I asked you if you would like to get another tour through the Ministry of Magic?" Ron asked, speaking every word slow and clear to make sure his friend understood everything.

"I am not stupid," Max hissed. Then he hit his forehead. In the summer holidays he had gotten a tour through the Ministry. Now he knew where he'd seen the corridor from that mysterious memory. "We need to get there today!"

Max ran out of the Great hall and up the main staircase towards the Gryffindor common room. He had been at Hogwarts for a month now. Slowly memories had come back. And two weeks ago this owl started to come. every evening it would bring a memory. It had always been of that corridor. Why had he not remembered sooner?

Ray sat up straight in bed. He looked at his watch which was lying on the bedside table. Half past eight a.m.

"Everything OK?" Hermione asked, entering his bedroom. Her bedroom was next to his, and for some reason she always knew when something had happened in his room (Ray suspected that she put some kind of spell on the room).

"Yes. Max found out. We have to organize a meeting at 9 a.m. so check over the details for tonight."

"I'll tell everyone," Hermione said, leaving the room again.

Half an hour later everyone sat at the breakfast table.

"OK," Tom began. "Potter and Weasley will be at the Ministry at around five o'clock in the evening. Potter will lead his stupid-"

"Tom, don't insult them just because you don't like them," Louisa told him off. She eyed him suspiciously. In the last month he seemed to have gotten younger and younger. Now she guessed that he was about thirty, and not fifty or sixty anymore.

"Fine. When they are in the corridor, they'll find the room with the prophecies. Then what happens?"

"I, Remus and Ronny appear," Lucius took over. "We'll chase them around for a bit. Then they'll find Mary, Neville and Ginny."

"Of course they will free us," Ginny said.

"Then I will bring them into the room with the curtains," Severus muttered. "The fight will begin there. Lucius will make Sirius fall behind the curtains. Then he'll run back to the entrance hall where Hermione is tied up. There Tom will begin to fight Potter. Ray and Draco appear. It'll look like as if they are under the imperius curse. Dumbledore comes. Louisa will distract him while Tom is going to make him breathe his last breath. Then we will all live happily ever after."

"Let's only hope that everything will go after plan," Raymond sighed. "A life without that old coot Dumbledore would be heaven for me."

"I can believe that," Hermione laughed, and to everyone's surprised she kissed Ray on his cheek.

"Crap," Lucius muttered. He, Remus and Ronny were hiding in the prophecy room. They had just seen Potter. Potter and Weasley, Lovegood and some other boys and girls.

"We have to send an patroni to Tom," Remus hissed.

"We can't," Lucius muttered. "They'll see it. The problem is that they outnumber us, and when the Order members come too we don't have a chance. We just have to fight and hope for a chance to contact the others and warn them. There isn't anything else we can do."

Chapter 55 - At the Ministry

"Max, here is a prophecy about you!" a boy exclaimed, pointing at a glowing ball. Potter walked over to it and took it in his hand, staring with his mouth wide open in shock.

"Potter, Weasley and their friends," a voice behind them sneered. "I knew you'd come."

"Malfoy!" Ron yelled, surprised. "Lott and Lupin too!"

"Yes, and now give us the prophecy!" Ronny barked.

"NEVER!" Max bellowed. A moment later he regretted it. Lott and Lupin had transformed themselves into werewolves and were now chasing all the kids into different directions.

Potter and Weasley ran to the other side of the prophecy room. Luna Lovegood followed them, making the shelves with glowing prophecy balls fall over so that no-one could follow them. They stood in front of three doors. Max choose the left one.

"MAX!"

"Ginny, Neville, Mary," Max breathed, relieved. "I knew that these bastards had captured you!" With Luna and Ron's help he untied his friends. As fast as they had come in they had gone again, seeing that there was no other door leading out of that room. Neville choose the middle door. He, Ginny and Mary knew what was coming now. Just before Neville stepped into the darkness of the next room, he saw all the other students which were running away from Remus and Ronny.

"What the hell are they doing here?" he gasped. The plan had said that only Potter, Weasley and maybe one or two friends of them would come.

"What do you mean?" Ronald sounded, irritated.

"He thought only you three were here," Mary answered, glaring at Neville. Then she looked worriedly at him and Ginevra.

"Come on, hurry up!" Potter pushed them aside and walked into the darkness. Then he screamed. Without thinking Ron and Luna followed. The other three went after them, but more careful. Seconds later they landed on the floor about thirty foot beneath the prophecy room.

"What...is this for a room?" Ginny questioned, acting as if she didn't know.

"I - these curtains," Max muttered, rubbing his hurting head. He walked over towards a platform on which some kind of framework with two huge curtains stood.

"Don't walk any closer!" Luna shouted anxiously. "These are the Curtains of Death!"

Mary wanted to laugh. How stupid they were. The framework with the curtains only looked like the Curtains of Death, but in reality anyone who walked behind them would be disappearing here and appearing in the dungeons of Riddle Manor. That way Lucius, Remus, Ronny, Tom and Louisa could disappear and everyone would think they died.

Slowly the other students came too. They came from different direction, a few from where Potter, Weasley, Lovegood, Longbottom, Collins and Weasley came, some from a door opposite the "Curtain of Death". Finally there were fifteen together with Ginny, Neville and Mary.

"Ha, now you're trapped!" Lucius said, appearing out of thin air. He stood opposite Potter. Behind him other Death Eaters appeared: Goyle, Crabbe, Lupin, Lott. For some reason Snape had not met them earlier.

"That's what you think!" another voice boomed from the door leading to the prophecy room.

"Sirius!" Max exclaimed happily. He still held the prophecy ball. "Dad! Mad Eye Moody! Mr. and Mrs. Weasley!"

Moments later the fight began. The Order members tried to get the students out of the room, but Max had been standing next to the curtains, so Sirius came to help him duel against Lucius.

"HA HA HA!" Black laughed as a spell missed him.

"See if you're still laughing now," Lucius hissed as another spell hit Sirius in the chest.

"SIRIUS!" Max roared as his godfather fell backwards into the curtains. He wanted to go after him but James had already grabbed him around his waist.

"No, Max, you need to stay here!"

Maximilian wanted to cry. He saw Malfoy going away. He stopped fighting against his father. Then, as he let go of him, Max ran after Lucius.

He came back into the entrance hall. There he saw Hermione, tied up and gagged, sitting against a fireplace. Max walked towards her. Suddenly Ray and Draco appeared out of nowhere between him and Mione. Lucius had already gone.

"Go away!"

"No, Potter, we will not," Raymond said, staring into space. Severus had taught him and Draco how to act to be under the imperius curse.

"Well, well, well. Who do we have here? Potter alone from anyone who could rescue him."

"I do not need rescuing!" Maximilian shouted, turning to face Voldemort. He aimed his wand at the Dark Lord. The next second Ray had stunned him.

"Ha, you're not close to the hero you think you are," the Dark Lord sneered, throwing a silent spell at Potter.

"And you're not as courageous as you want to be," a voice responded. Dumbledore stepped out of one of the fireplaces which went along the walls of the hall.

Voldemort flicked his finger and Raymond and Draco went over to Hermione. Only now Albus and max noticed that someone else lay beside her. The boys made that other person stand up. Ray held a knife at her throat.

"Adelheid!" Dumbledore gasped, nearly letting his wand fall down.

"We fight over her," the Dark Lord said spontaneously. He rolled his wand around in his hand, looking bored. "If you win you can take her with you. If not, then she's mine." Which she already is, he added in his mind. Without thinking Dumbledore began to throw spells at Tom. Skilled Tom led him out of the entrance hall. Ray followed with Louisa.

"Ray," she hissed as she felt that a drop of blood fell from under her chin. "You shouldn't cut my throat through!"

"I know, but Dumbledore has to see how important it is that he wins, and then he's getting nervous and Dad will be able to jump behind the curtains and I'll push you in after him," Raymond muttered in response, trying not to make his lips move.

The four entered the room where the "Curtains of Death" were. Around them people fought against each other. They didn't have time to notice that Dumbledore and Voldemort had entered; not even that Raymond Snape had followed them with a hostage.

"Now you're trapped!" Dumbledore laughed as Tom stood directly in front of the curtains. Only now the Death Eaters and Order members noticed him.

Acting uncertainly Tom looked around. Then he jumped into his "death". Everyone gasped. The Death Eaters, except Lucius, Remus and Ronny, didn't know that the Curtains of Death had been replaced, so they thought that Voldemort was dead. No one noticed that Ray and Louisa stepped towards the curtains. Then he pushed her and she shrieked.

"NOOO!" Dumbledore shouted as he saw his friend's daughter fall into her "death". Ronny, Remus and Lucius followed. A moment later the Death Eaters ran out of the hall. Ray staggered before he fell over. He used a silent hex which made himself unconscious, one that Severus had created. Anyhow, where was Severus?

Chapter 56 - Fatal Potion

A/N: I'm sorry for the wait. This is a long one. Just for you, my beloved readers.

The next twenty days went by like Ray had expected them to be. He and the others got intensively questioned by Dumbledore more than once. Madam Pomfrey wouldn't let them take one step out of the infirmary until she was 200% sure that there was nothing wrong with them. However, as soon as Raymond was out Severus told him that Louisa wanted to see him. So, after the last lesson was over Raymond went to Riddle Manor through the floo-network. He was curious what his step mum wanted.

“Ray, what for a potion did you give Tom?” Louisa asked her stepson as soon as he exited the fireplace. “He’s getting younger and younger every day. By now he’s ten years old! He babbled something about you brewing a potion for him, Raymond.”

“I brewed the Younger Potion like he asked me to.” Raymond tried to think clearly. His father a ten year old boy? What had he done wrong in the process of brewing? He’d followed the recipe. He had done everything like it had said.

“If we don’t act soon he’ll be a baby, and then he’ll die because he hasn’t got the strength to live anymore! Do something about it! I don’t want to lose him. Besides you are the one who messed the potion up.”

“I know that!” Ray shouted at his step mum. The last thing he needed now was Louisa telling him what he already knew. He had to concentrate. Something was not the way it should be. It was true that Raymond had changed a small detail to give his father a lesson, but that shouldn’t have deaged him to ten years but fifteen. Another thing was that he should have gotten younger one year every week, and not daily.

“I talk to Severus,” Ray finally decided. “He’ll know what to do.”

“How stupid could you have been?” Severus bellowed angrily. “Only changing the slightest detail can make a potion poisonous, you should have known that!”

“But –“

“No buts!” Severus started to collect various herbs and other ingredients. “Tom won’t be living longer than ten more days. I know an antidote, but that’ll take eleven days to brew. Someone will have to teach my lessons.”

“I –“

“You are in deep trouble,” Severus sneered. “Go back to your dorm. You’re grounded until Tom is back to his real age and able to punish you.”

Ray left feeling furious, but he didn’t go to his dorm. He went out onto the grounds, not knowing what to feel. Should he be angry at himself for being so stupid? Should he blame his father? Should he have refused to brew that potion? Hundreds of questions crossed his mind.

He sat with his back to a tree furthest away from the castle opposite the lake, so far away that you couldn’t see it anymore if you’d be standing in the entrance hall.

Ray looked at his arms. The scars were still there. The scars from when he’d cut his arms to let his emotions out. Raymond then took his shirt off and looked down on his chest. Another scar just over his heart.

He sighed.

Was it his fault if Severus wouldn’t be able to brew the antidote in time? His fault that his father would die? He’d be a murderer. A killer. His half sister would grow up without father. His step mum would be a widow. He’d have killed his own father.

Emotions overcame him. Hot tears ran down his cheeks. He laughed. He sobbed. He shouted into space. Every emotion you could feel came together. He expressed all of them. Again and again.

It began to rain. Ray did not care. He did not care about anything anymore. He didn't care that his father might die. He didn't care that he was the one responsible for it. He did not care that he might go to Azkaban because of murder. He simply didn't care.

All the emotions he bottled up over the years came out: the anger towards the Potters, the wanting to have parents which cared about him, the sadness of his childhood, and all the other things that he had not expressed so long ago.

Raymond was drenched in water. The rain poured down his face, mixing with his tears, and he laughed. He laughed like a mad person, thinking about the few happy moments in his life. He relived them. Over and over again. To forget about the sad things. To forget about everything. To forget about life.

He sobbed like a child, not being able to get rid of the sadness and anger overcoming him. The anger against all these people that had made his life hell. The sadness that he could never have a normal childhood.

Laughter and sobs. Sobs and Laughter. Again and again. They changed from one moment to another until there was nothing more to laugh or cry about. Then he fell into a peaceful sleep, raindrops pouring down his hot face.

"Where's Ray?" Draco asked Hermione, looking out of the window. They were doing their transformation homework in the library. Outside it had begun to rain. The drops splashed against the windows.

"I don't know." Hermione sounded worried. Raymond should have been back from Riddle Manor at least half an hour ago. Where was he? He'd promised to go to the library after he returned, however he wasn't coming.

“What if he forgot? Or if Louisa wanted him to watch Betty?”

“She’d never do that while he is here at Hogwarts,” Hermione conjectured. “She knows he’s got homework to do. Additionally I don’t think he’s the type of person who’d do everything to get out of homework. It would be more correct to say that he’d do everything to get more than less.”

“You’re right. But where is he? I mean, he can’t have disappeared, can he? And I don’t think he’s been sucked up by the ground. Better we go look for him.”

Hermione looked out of the window again. She had a feeling that he was outside. “I go to the lake. You look in the Slytherin common room and your dorm. If he isn’t there join me.”

Her feeling had been right. She found Raymond sitting up against a tree opposite the lake. He slept. In the rain. She touched his forehead and withdrew immediately.

“He’s burning up!” she gasped.

“Hermione...” Raymond muttered in a low voice, half opening his eyes. “I...”

“Ray, you need to get to the infirmary!”

“I...” Ray repeated, but before he could finish his eyes closed. His head fell to the side. He had lost consciousness.

As soon as he opened his eyes he knew it was night. His head was throbbing. His whole body hurt.

“Ray,” a voice whispered from the darkness around him. “It’s me - Hermione.”

“What... happened?”

"I don't know why but I found you outside by the lake in the rain. You've got high fever and pneumonia. You've been unconscious for two whole week. "

"Dad!" Raymond exclaimed, sitting up straight. The he gasped at the pain.

"Lie down and be quiet!" Hermione hissed. "Madam Pomfrey doesn't want anyone to visit you, so I've come night for night to see you at least a few minutes."

"What happened to dad?"

"He's OK. Severus was able to finish the potion early, just in time. By now Tom is back to his real age, and he said he is not angry at you and that he has learned a lesson. By the way, Betty can't wait to see you again. But why were you outside? And it looked like as if you cried back then."

"I... did." Ray slowly remembered what had happened. "I cried... because of my childhood."

"Didn't you have a happy childhood?" Hermione asked irritated. "I always thought you loved living with Severus."

"Somehow... I did. But I was never allowed to play with any of the children who lived in the same town as grandma and grandpa." A tear rolled down his face at the thought of Severus's dead parents. "Only with Draco, Goyle, Crab and the others from Slytherin. They always made fun of people like you though I never joined in. However they stopped once dad was there again. after all they didn't want to get in trouble.

"One time when I'd been five I think, a girl had come up to our house and asked if I could play with them hide-and-seek. Of course I had wanted to, especially as she was a beautiful girl, but Severus wouldn't let me. He muttered something about muggles and then told her to go away. My childhood was lonesome, Hermione. I never played any muggle-children-games. Though I'd love to have done so, Severus never let me. He never let me have the childhood I wanted

to have so badly." He paused. Then Ray began to sing, his eyes closed and a single tear falling down his cheeks.

"Have you seen my Childhood?
I'm searching for the world that I come from
'Cause I've been looking around
In the lost and found of my heart...
No one understands me
They view it as such strange eccentricities...
'Cause I keep kidding around
Like a child, but pardon me...

People say I'm not okay
'Cause I love such elementary things...
It's been my fate to compensate,
for the Childhood
I've never known...

Have you seen my Childhood?
I'm searching for that wonder in my youth
Like pirates in adventurous dreams,
Of conquest and kings on the throne...

Before you judge me, try hard to love me,
Look within your heart then ask,
Have you seen my Childhood?

People say I'm strange that way
'Cause I love such elementary things,
It's been my fate to compensate,
for the Childhood I've never known...

Have you seen my Childhood?
I'm searching for that wonder in my youth
Like fantastical stories to share
The dreams I would dare, watch me fly...

Before you judge me, try hard to love me.
The painful youth I've had

Have you seen my Childhood..."

"I... didn't know," Hermione began, but then she suddenly remembered something. "That girl... did she move away after that?"

"How do you know?" Ray asked, and then he knew it. "You... are that girl?" He smiled. "You're still as beautiful as on the first day I saw you."

Hermione smiled too, but instead of replying she captured his lips and said, "I fell in love with you the first time I set eyes on you, and since that day my heart longed for you."

"Me too, my love..."

Chapter 57 - End of Year Five

Weeks passed. Soon Ray was fit again, just in time for the end of year exams. Although he hadn't learned it was easy for him. Days later his fifth year ended. However Max wasn't in a good mood. On the last day of term he started a fight with Raymond.

"You bloody helped killing Sirius!" Max shouted, punching Ray.

Even though Ray hadn't trained for months he still was superb at kick boxing. As Maximilian was turning around for one moment to say something to Ron, Ray twisted back around his left shoulder and pulled his hand up tight above his wrist. When Potter turned back Raymond thrust upwards, smashing the palm of his hand against Potter's temple.

Max's neck snapped around so fast that his eyeballs didn't have time to follow. Surrounding students recoiled in horror as they watched the Boy-Who-Lived crash backwards into Professor McGonnagal's classroom door with nothing but pure white in his eyeballs. Unconscious, the plump Year Five slid down the door in a weird angle, ending up with his legs splayed out and his torso lying across an unfortunate Year Two Hufflepuff who had stood directly behind Max.

"Bloody hell!" some students gasped. "What have you done?"

Ray didn't answer because Ronald came his way with both fists swinging. Raymond ducked, then bobbed up and drove a punch hard into Weasley's nose.

Caught off guard, Weasley stumbled back as Raymond launched a devastating assault. His blows hit all the weak spots: a dig in the ribs, two knees in the kidneys and a final chop behind the neck that sent Weasley sprawling.

"Anyone else wanna try fighting 'gainst me?" Raymond snarled. The students backed away.

"What are these -" Minerva began, popping her head out of her office door next to her classroom, but stopped herself mid sentence as she saw Maximilian and Ronald. "What happened?" she shrieked. "Who is responsible for this?"

The students pointed at Ray.

"Mr. Snape," Albus Dumbledore, who was the Headmaster of Hogwarts again, said. "Why did you beat up Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley on the last day of term?"

"Because."

"Mr. Snape," the old man repeated. "Why?"

"Because," Raymond said firmly.

"There as to be a reason."

"Yes, because."

"Another reason, Mr. Snape."

Suddenly Ray thought about something. "I won't say another word without my lawyer."

"You don't have a lawyer!" Dumbledore exclaimed.

"Well, then I will not say another word."

"I only want an explanation."

"Like I said, I will not give you another explanation for my acting." Ray tried hard not to erupt in laughter.

"You think this is funny?" Dumbledore roared, his voice sounding like letting the air out of a balloon.

Raymond couldn't hold it back anymore. Hearing old coot Dumbledore roar was too much. He erupted in laughter and soon

couldn't breath anymore. Tears began to stream down his face, and he fell onto the carpeted floor, still laughing his head off.

"This is it!" Albus roared angrily, making Ray laugh harder. "Mr. Snape, you're expelled."

Raymond choked, trying to stop laughing, but he failed in succeeding.

"I can't believe it!" Tom bellowed at his son. Ray had got send home one day earlier than the rest of the students. "How could you get expelled?"

"Potter started!" Ray defended himself. Now he wasn't laughing anymore.

"You are old enough to know that you should ignore people like him!"

"HE started punching me!"

"You could have stunned him easily!"

"You know what? This all sucks!" Raymond screamed, walking out of the room. As soon as he was in his bedroom he went to the attached bathroom and opened one of the cabinets with enough energy to force the door to fly through the air only to land in the shower. In the cabinet was row for row of phials, half of them sky-blue, half of them blood-red. He took a red one, unscrewed it, drunk the liquid and then threw the glass bottle at the mirror, only to realize that Severus had put a non-breaking charm on it.

"FUCKING GO TO HELL!" Raymond roared before he drew his wand and fired an explosive spell at the bottle which lay in the sink. Although he wasn't of age yet he could use his wand around Riddle Manor as the magic couldn't be detected.

The bottle reflected the spell and the mirror, which had already been cracked, exploded into hundreds of pieces. Ray took a deep breath, and sat down at the edge of the bath tub. He picked up the biggest

piece of mirror from the floor and looked into it. He'd changed back into his normal self: the self that looked identically to his father.

The border of the piece of mirror had been sharp, and a second later Raymond saw his blood trickle down. He didn't grimace at the pain. For him it was only satisfaction. Satisfaction that he still lived.

Chapter 58 - More trouble

A/N: JWOHPfan: A few weeks passed, Ray got released from the infirmary and then on the last day of term Max started the fight, with Raymond ending up expelled. Does this answer your questions?

Ray breathed heavily. He let the piece of mirror fall down onto the floor. The floor which already had blood over it. He had cut himself. He had started again.

"I hate this fucking world!" Ray shouted, rubbing his face, spreading blood all over it. "I hate every fucking person!" Blood went into his hair. But he didn't care one single bit. Raymond just wanted to die. He wanted to leave this world. For ever.

Hours must have passed since he'd come home again.

Ray picked up another piece of broken mirror, intending to cut his veins and finally end it. But then he heard noise in his bedroom. He didn't move. Was it his father, coming to talk?

The half-open bathroom door moved. Betty crawled in, babbling happily. However she stopped, frightened, as she saw her half-brother, the broken mirror and the blood which was spread over both the room and Raymond. She began to scream and cry.

"Betty, what's the matter?" Ray heard his step-mother say. She too came into the room and gasped. "Raymond! What happened?"

"I got expelled," Ray slowly answered.

"But why did you injure yourself?" Louisa asked, picking up Betty and placing her on the other side of the bathroom. It wasn't a sight an infant should see. She locked the door and slowly stepped towards Raymond. With a wave of her wand she healed the cuts.

"Father... he gave me the fault for being expelled. But it was Potter and Weasley who started on me..."

Louisa grabbed his arm, unlocked the door again and stormed out, dragging her step-son with her. This was too much.

"Tom!" Louisa said firmly as she entered her husband's study.

"What on earth...?"

"This is what Ray did to himself because of you!" Louisa yelled, pushing Raymond towards Tom.

"Well, I didn't do it, did I?"

"It doesn't matter if you did or not, you made Raymond angry and that is why he begun to cut himself again!"

"Why blame me? He got himself expelled!"

"It wasn't his fault! This Potter and Weasley started on him!"

"He's old enough to ignore people like him!"

"Are you really that stupid or do you only act like that?" Louisa shouted angrily. "Ray would never show weakness in front of his enemies. You know that, right?"

"There is always a first time," Tom sneered.

"You know what? This is it. I'm gone." Louisa grabbed Ray's arm, walked briskly out of the room, back to Raymond's bedroom, picked the still crying Betty up and left the manor.

The next day Hermione, Draco, Neville, Ginny and Mary came back from Hogwarts with Severus. As they entered Riddle Manor there weren't any noise.

"Hello? Anyone here?" Hermione called.

Severus went into the living room, followed by Draco. "Tom?" he asked.

"Hm?"

"What happened?" Draco asked, surprised to see Tom drunk. Around him stood twenty or thirty beer bottles, partly full, partly empty. In his hand was another bottle, half-full.

"Left," Voldemort grunted. "They left. Gone."

"Who?" Ginny asked as she too came into the living room.

"Louisa, Raymond, Betty! They've left. They're gone!"

"I bring Tom to bed," Severus said. "Ginny, you and Hermione look for any traces that could tell where Louisa, Betty and Ray have gone. Draco and Neville, you look if there's anyone else in here."

"OK," the teenagers said before they parted.

Ginny and Hermione went upstairs to the bedrooms. First they went into Ray's. His trunk stood next to the door, still not unpacked. Then they went into the attached bathroom, and they both gasped. There were pieces of mirror everywhere, with blood spread across the floor and the bath tub. It looked like some kind of fight.

"Look, here's a phial in the sink," Hermione said. She had moved into the room, careful not to step on any pieces of what had once been the mirror. "There's still a tiny amount of red liquid." She looked over to the cabinet. "Raymond probably transformed back into his normal self and then thrashed this room."

"But why?" Ginny asked. She thought it more careful to stay in the bedroom than to enter the bathroom.

"I do not know, Ginny."

Draco and Neville had started to search the ground floor, but soon noticed that there wasn't a soul there. Neither was on the first or second floor. That only left the third floor and the attic.

"Anyone here?" Neville called, wandering through the rooms on the third floor.

"Give up," Draco said. "There's no-one here."

"We still have to look in the attic."

"Longbottom, leave it. Why should anyone be hiding up there? C'mon, the others are probably already worried. We've got more important things to do right now."

Miles of miles away in a hotel...

"Mum, I'm sorry about what happened," Raymond said.

"It's not your fault. These boys - Maximilian Potter and Ronald Weasley - are to blame, Ray," Louisa answered.

Betty sat on the floor next to the bed her half-brother was sitting on. She looked up at him and said, "Ray!"

Chapter 59 - Tom Riddle II.

"What!?" Ray exclaimed.

"Ray..." Betty began to laugh and clap her hands happily. "Ray!"

"Her first word," Louisa smiled.

"I can't believe it!" Raymond said, shaking his head in disbelief.
"Her first word is my name..."

"Well, there you see how much she loves you."

"Ray! Ray! Ray!"

"One question: what do we do about me being expelled from Hogwarts?" Raymond asked.

"I suppose as you are in your normal, Tom-looking self you could go to school under a different name," Louisa said.

"Yeah, Tom Riddle II.! Dumbledore and the other teachers will be stunned."

"Maybe you should choose a less... criminal-sounding name. after all your father is wanted for numerous things."

"As long as we do everything in a clever way no-one will ever suspect that I'm Voldemort's son," Raymond pointed out.

"What about your looks? Albus Dumbledore and probably a few other people will recognize you as the fifteen year old Tom Riddle who later became Lord Voldemort."

"I could dye my hair," Raymond said, picking Betty up from the floor.
"And wear contacts. Maybe even darken my skin a bit."

"Ray!" Betty laughed. "Ray!"

"Yes, Betty, I know you love me!" Ray said, cuddling with his sister.

"Better we go to sleep soon," Louisa said, looking out of the window. "It's getting dark."

"And?" Severus asked, sounding concerned.

"Nothing," Draco said, shaking his head.

"We found Ray's bathroom in a total mess," Ginny reported. "Blood and pieces of broken mirror everywhere, even in the bedroom is a bit of a blood mess. But nothing else. No clue to where they could have gone to."

"Did Tom tell you anything?" Hermione asked. That was their only hope. To the time when things had happened the Dark Lord had been the only other person in the house.

"Only that Louisa left with the children. He was too drunk to say anything else. Thankfully he passed out. He'll have a major headache tomorrow, but I can give him a potion against it. The only important thing is that he recovers from his alcoholic consume and tells us everything he can so that we can find Raymond, Betty and Louisa as fast as possible."

"What if someone else already got them?" Neville asked.

"Then there's nothing we can do," Severus answered. "All we can do now is wait for tomorrow. Today it's too late to continue searching for them anyway."

The next day Louisa and Raymond started their work on their new personalities. They decided that he'd be called Tom Riddle II., son of Tom Riddle, a millionaire in the Muggle World. Unknown to everyone Tom Riddle was a warlock, and, surprisingly, his wife had magical powers. They both "died" ten years ago, and since then Tom Riddle II. had lived with his aunt. Now He'd be going to Hogwarts for the last two years.

Raymond quiet liked his new looks: blond hair which fell over his eyes and ears, clear blue eyes, and more muscles than he had before (his

six-pack was now perfect). Louisa bought him new clothes so that he actually looked like the son of a millionaire. All that wasn't cheap, but luckily the real Tom Riddle had given her a large amount of his money to his wife, so she was able to pay for all of it easily.

Louisa dyed her hair black, used black contacts and wore only dark things. Betty didn't have to change any of her looks as only the people who were at Riddle Manor knew how she looked. The only thing that happened is that they started calling her Beth, which confused her. Also, every time she said Ray she got told off, so after a few days she stopped again. Little did she know that it was most painful for her brother not to hear her voice say his name.

One week later, after Louisa had received a reply from Dumbledore concerning Tom Riddle II.'s apply to Hogwarts, the three of them went there, hoping that their looks would trick anyone they saw. With a bit of luck Severus and Minerva wouldn't be at school, otherwise things might become a problem.

"Ah, you're Mrs. Riddle?" the headmaster greeted them. "And you're Tom Riddle the II.?" He eyed the boy suspiciously. There was something weird about him. Something that shouldn't be there.

"Yes," Louisa said. "We are."

Albus knew he had heard her voice before from somewhere, but where?

"So, Mr. Riddle, you applied for a place at Hogwarts," he continued instead of thinking about the Riddles in front of him.

Raymond thought it lucky that his voice started breaking about two weeks ago, so it sounded deeper than it used to be. "Yes," he said. "I did. My auntie wants me to be nearer to her. Durmstrang, where I had been going to school the last five years, is too far away for her likings, and if I go to Hogwarts then I'll be able to see her and Beth, my cousin, more often."

By now the headmaster was more than confused. These voices... somehow they were familiar to him. Very familiar. Had he met these people before?

"Well, I'll be sending a letter again if there's a place for you in the next sixth year," Albus said, ending the interview abruptly. He needed time to think. Not only the voices were suspicious but also the names. Tom Riddle. Was he the son of Lord Voldemort trying to get into Hogwarts with a false background?

Chapter 60 - Holidays

A/N: Sorry for the wait, but my school work and finishing Maltratar Camp took up a lot of my free time. I know it's short a bit, but the next one will be a lot longer. I promise.

Three weeks into the holidays Raymond got another letter from Dumbledore. He was now a student at Hogwarts again. Louisa ordered the things he needed for the next school year through the catalog to avoid him meeting any of his friends for as long as possible. The disguise might have fooled the headmaster, however it might not fool Draco, Hermione and the others. If it worked they'd find out on the first September.

Ray missed his friends, especially Hermione. They had ignored each other for so long, and only been back for about three months in which they had only seen each other a few times a week, especially at Hogwarts where they had to act like enemies rather than lovers.

Louisa wanted to be with Tom again, however she knew she couldn't be until at least the holidays were over for the sake of Raymond. Although they still had enough money it became quiet lonely. There weren't any other witches or wizards in the hotel, so they had to be more than careful not to draw any attention towards themselves.

Betty learned new words. She started saying 'Mummy' next to 'Ray', and Louisa thought it heartbreaking that Tom couldn't be there. Other than that Betty enjoyed the stay at the hotel greatly, though of course she didn't know why they weren't at home and that her parents had had a fight.

“Say 'stick',” Raymond said, holding his wand up in the air.

Betty looked at him. “Ick!”

“Stick,” her brother corrected. “Stick.”

“Ick!”

“Ray, give up,” Louisa laughed. “You won't be able to teach her a new word. Come on, let me try. Betty, say 'dog'.”

“OG!”

“Dog, Betty, Dog.”

“DOG!” Betty laughed loudly and clapped her hands joyfully.

"See? You just need to use some easy to learn words," Louisa said triumphantly.

"Oh, well. You're right. Maybe 'stick' is a bit hard, eh, Betty?"

"DOG! DOG! DOG!"

"Where on earth can they be?" Draco questioned. "They are not in the manor. Tom doesn't have any idea where they could have gone to and we are sitting around here wasting time."

"Then what would you do?" Severus asked annoyed that he couldn't come up with an idea. "Search every millimeter of the planet? If so, then good luck. I don't know how you want to do it especially as you cannot apparate, but maybe you will manage to do so in three weeks to be back here in time to go to school."

"Severus is right," Hermione said. "It's no use going out looking for them. There are millions of places to go to. They might have left this country, or even this continent. For all we know they could be somewhere in China or Australia or America."

"But we can't just sit around doing nothing, can we?" Mary demanded. "I mean, maybe they are held hostages by Dumbledore or something like that."

"Yeah, but even if they are, what would you do?" Rachel asked. "I don't think the headmaster of Hogwarts would give them back if you go up to him and ask him politely if he can set them free, would he?"

"She's right," Cedric agreed. "There's not much we can do except waiting."

"Thinking in a logical way is the only way to solve problems like these," Neville said. "Let's say they are captured. What could we do? Nothing except waiting what's gonna happen. Let's say they are not captured. What could we do? Nothing except waiting for them to come back. And if they don't then it's their choice and we have to respect it."

"There has to be something we can do," Ginny said in distraught. "Except waiting I mean."

"If you think of this thing then please inform us all," Severus told her. "I'm sure we all would like to know."

Chapter 61 - School

Albus knew something was wrong, but what? everything about this Tom Riddle II. seemed suspicious. He looked a bit like a Malfoy, had the name of the Dark Lord, had an aunt that reminded him of Adelheid van Gutenberg, and the fact that he had first gone to Durmstrang was strange. If Ms. Riddle wanted to see him more often why hadn't she sent him here to this school from the beginning onwards? Well, the headmaster told himself, I will find out later. After all the new school year would begin today.

At platform 9 3/4 were less people than usual. A lot of parents preferred to teach their children at home rather send them to a boarding school which You-Know-Who could always attack.

"Good luck," Louisa whispered as Raymond boarded the train. They had arrived at King's Cross at ten o'clock, knowing that Severus and the other students wouldn't be here until shortly before the train would departure.

"You too," Ray replied. "Hopefully Severus doesn't suddenly want them to be early for the train. Otherwise it might be a problem for you and Betty to get away."

"Ray!" Betty said, stretching her arms toward him.

"I'll see you at Christmas," Raymond whispered, hugging her a last time.

"Take good care of yourself," his mum said before she and Betty left.

Raymond took his trunk and began to walk through the train. He had chosen the third wagon from the front on purpose because he knew that if, like always, the others would come shortly before the Hogwarts Express would depart, they wouldn't bother themselves to run to the first wagon but stay at the last one.

He found a compartment in which only one other girl sat. He opened it.

"Is there a seat free?" he asked.

"Sure," the girl answered, looking up from the magazine she was reading. Ray noticed that she was blind. Looking at the pile of papers in her lap he noticed that it was written in these dots blind people read with their fingers. "No-one ever wants to sit with me."

Ray sat down.

"I never saw you before," the girl continued. She had a thick Scottish accent. "I'm Gemma Scott."

"That's because I went to Durmstrang the last few years," Ray answered. "I'm Tom Riddle II."

Gemma looked searchingly at him. "You didn't go to Durmstrang," she finally said. "You don't have the accent the boys had which came from there in my fifth year, the Triwizard Tournament."

"So, you're in year seven now?" Ray changed the subject, amazed that she had noticed something like that.

"Yeah. You're in... ?"

"Six. Year six."

The train would leave in ten minutes. Raymond wondered if Hermione, Draco, Neville, Mary and Ginny were already on the train.

"So, what house do you think you'll be in?" Gemma asked. "I'm in Gryffindor."

"Well, I dunno. Maybe Gryffindor as well?" Ray shivered. Him in Gryffindor? Never. "Or maybe even Slytherin."

Again Gemma looked at him searchingly. "I don't think you'll be there."

You'll be surprised, Ray thought. Because I will be there.

Minutes later the train started moving. Raymond and Gemma talked some more.

"Why don't you think I'll be in Slytherin?" he questioned.

"You don't have that aura around you," Gemma responded, looking through the magazine. "The aura of Slytherins is somehow different. Surprisingly though Ginevra Weasley has that aura around her, as well as Hermione Granger and Neville Longbottom, and all three are in Gryffindor."

"Maybe I will be in Gryffindor," Ray shrugged. "Maybe not."

"Hermione, he can't be on the train," Neville said.

"But what if he is?" Hermione asked. "I mean, to which school should he go?"

"He got expelled. I don't think Dumbledore would let him go to Hogwarts again," Ginny agreed with Neville. "And why hasn't he been at Riddle Manor? Something must have happened between him and Tom. Otherwise Louisa wouldn't have gone away with Betty and Ray. Sadly Tom isn't able to remember what happened; he drunk too much alcohol, and the shock of what happened erased his memory of that day."

"We should always hope for the best," Hermione replied in thought. How much she missed Raymond. Not only her mind but also her heart told her that something happened to him.

"Why do you want to be in Slytherin so badly?"

"Dunno. Just like the snake and the color green I guess."

"Come on. I know that there's something else behind it."

"Really, there's not, Gemma," Ray laughed. He was sure that he had found a new friend in Gemma Scott. Surprisingly she was, like his step mum, an aura reader. It was her way of seeing.

"I know there is, Tom. I can feel that you're nervous and that you try to hide something from me."

"OK, OK," Raymond gave in. "My great-grandpa and grandpa had been in Slytherin."

"What about your dad?"

"Well, I don't know much 'bout him actually. When I lived with him he hardly ever spent time with me. He always worked."

"Oh. My parents spent most of their time at work, too. They're doctors and St. Mungus."

"Sorry for asking, but how do you walk around without bumping into people and things?"

Gemma laughed. "I think you already noticed that I'm an aura reader. The auras tell me where people are. And, in order not to bump into walls, I have Fred."

"Fred?" Raymond questioned.

The window had been open throughout the journey, and suddenly a huge hawk flew in.

"Here, this is Fred," Gemma said as the hawk sat down next to her. She began to stroke his feathers. "He's like a dog for blind people for me. Without him I'd have many bruises of walking into walls and things like that, but in the six years I've gone to Hogwarts now I started getting used to the surroundings, and I only use Fred if I go somewhere where I never have been before or when I don't know the layout of the place very well."

Ray and Gemma talked more during the rest of the journey to Hogwarts. But finally it was time to get dressed, and soon after they reached Hogsmead, got off the train and went into one of the first carriages.

"Good luck," Gemma said to Raymond as they parted before the Great Hall. Ray had been told to wait for the other first years. The other students went into the hall. as his friends came Ray hid behind a wall.

Finally the first years, led by McGonnagal, came. Ray walked in behind them.

"And now I will call out the names, and if I read yours then please come here and put the sorting hat on," Professor McGonnagal said once the hat had finished its song. "As he is new to our school but not a first year, he will be sorted first. Riddle, Tom."

As nervous as on the day he had been sorted as a first year Ray walked up to his teacher, sat down on the chair, and out the hat on. Not even a minute had passed before the hat shouted out in which house he would be."

A/N: Which house do you want him to be in again? Gryffindor? Slytherin again? Ravenclaw or maybe even Hufflepuff?

Chapter 62 - A huge surprise

Slytherin, Ray thought, his eyes closed, biting his lip. Slytherin! SLYTHERIN! Send me to Slytherin! It's where I belong to!

Are you sure? the hat replied doubtfully. It had closed its mouth again, much to the disappointment of the pupils and teachers in the Great Hall who were dying to find out in which house the student would be. Are you really sure?

Course I am! You sent me there the first time, so why not now?

People change, and so do decisions. It has not been right for me to send you there, Mr. Potter.

I'm not a Potter anymore! Raymond argued. I'm a Riddle.

You will always be a Potter, the sorting hat explained patiently. You have been born a Potter and you will die as a Potter.

I don't want to be a Potter!

Even though you have Riddle blood in you you were not born one. You cannot be a true Riddle. Never.

Don't lie! I don't want to hear any lies!

These are not lies, Mr. Potter. These are facts. You have accept this before I can sort you.

Why now? Why not before? Raymond questioned, gripping the edges of the chair so hard that his knuckles were white.

Because I thought that things would turn out different. I thought that you would go and live with your family.

I have gone to live with my family!

Not your real family, Mr. Potter. Accept that you are a Potter and I will sort you.

I - I am... I can't! I can't accept it! I hate them too much. Raymond started to sweat.

Accept it. Accept it and everything will be over.

I told you, I can't! They hurt me too much that I could accept that I'm one of them. Why can't you just sort me?

Because I regret that I ever sorted you into Slytherin. It is partly my fault that the things that happened to you happened. I should have sorted you into Gryffindor when you stood in the crowd like these first years do, waiting to be sorted. I did the worst mistake I could have done.

It had not been a mistake! If I'd been in Gryffindor Draco and other friends of mine would have quit our friendship.

Are these friends of yours really your friends if they'd quit the friendship between you?

Of course! They have been my friends for years!

I don't think so. If they really are your friends, they would not have cared if you were in Gryffindor or Slytherin.

Slytherins and Gryffindors don't get along.

What do these people more care about? You or being a "loyal" Slytherin?

I - I ...

Accept the truth and this conversation will end.

How often do I have to tell you? I cannot accept the truth!

You just did the first step by accepting that it is the truth, the hat smiled. Go on. I know that you can do it. Say the one sentence and I will leave you alone.

I - I... I am a... a... It took Raymond all his strength to say the one sentence. I am a Potter.

"GRYFFINDOR!"

Raymond gasped.

The Gryffindor table clapped. Hermione clapped. Neville clapped. Ginny clapped.

The Slytherin table booed. Draco booed. His other friends booed.

Full of shock Ray stood up from the stool and walked to his house table. He avoided Hermione, Ginny, Neville, Weasley and Potter. He walked to the other end, the end Gemma sat on. She sat on her own. Fred wasn't with her.

"See?" she said, smiling broadly. Her eyes seemed to smile too. Although she was blind she could see his aura sit down opposite her. "I told you you won't be in Slytherin, Tom."

"You were right," Raymond admitted, sitting down next to her. Sadly, he added in his thoughts.

"So, will you find yourself other friends?"

"No, why should I?"

"Dunno." Gemma shrugged. "No-one ever hangs out with me, so why should you?"

"Dunno," Raymond said, laughing as he noticed that eh had repeated Gemma. "You're the only person I know round here, so for the moment I'm gonna stick with you." He knew that this wasn't true that that he could easily befriend Hermione, Ginny and Neville, but the conversation with the hat had made him think. He needed time. And the only way to get that was to stay away from his friends.

Chapter 63 - Weird feelings

Fucking Gryffindor. He had never imagined it to be true. But then, every Potter had been there, so why should he be an exception? However, why had the hat not sorted him there at the very beginning? Raymond didn't know why. There must have been something he had then that he didn't have anymore. The sorting hat had said that he had made a mistake by sorting him into Slytherin. What had Gemma said? That Ray didn't have the aura of a Slytheirn.

"Maybe it's that," Raymond muttered. He was in the library. The first school days had been OK. It was different to be in Gryffindor. Severus treated him differently, as did Minerva. The whole houses of Slytherin and Gryffindor acted different around him, Tom Riddle. His house members tried to befriend him. His old house members tried to make his life a living hell. "Growing up with Slytherins gave me some kind of Slytherin aura, but then moving out and going to Hogwarts made it vanish."

"Did you find the book?" Gemma called, stepping around one of the book shelves, feeling her way forwards with her hands. "The one you were looking for."

"Oh - yeah," Raymond answered, thrown out of his thoughts. "Yeah - I've got it." Gemma. He had hung out with her a lot. He tried to ignore Hermione, Neville and Ginny as often as possible, fearing that they would uncover the truth. "I've got it..."

Gemma frowned. "I know something is wrong," she said. "Your aura is telling me."

"Nothing is wrong," Raymond reassured her. He pulled out a random book from the shelf, not even bothering to read its title. It didn't matter if this was the right book or not. He didn't actually need one at all, but this had given him an excuse to spent time with Gemma.

"Tom, you know you can tell me anything you want," Gemma said, her hand on his arm. She looked worriedly at him.

"It's - nothing. Really. I'm fine. There's nothing to worry about, Gemma."

She shrugged. "If you say so."

The two walked towards Madam Pince's desk. Neither of them talked. Suddenly someone walked out from behind a book shelf.

"Riddle - look where you're going!" Severus sneered as he got up, picking his books up. He had walked into Raymond.

"If I am allowed to say so, it was your fault," Raymond corrected.

"No, you are not," Snape barked. "And now apologize to me!"

"I will not as it wasn't my fucking fault."

"Tom," Gemma hissed, feeling the tensivity that was between her friend and her teacher.

"Well, have it your bloody way. Detention at eight."

Raymond shrugged. "Won't come."

"If you don't come then you'll get a detention every single day for the rest of this term," Severus threatened.

"OK, OK. I'll come."

"Why not like this from the start on?" Snape asked as he turned to walk out of the library.

As soon as Riddle and Scott were out of sight Severus smirked. He suspected something about this Tom Riddle, and tonight he'd find out.

"What do you mean, you're not planning to go to the detention?" Gemma exclaimed, walking along the corridors with Raymond. "You'll get into more trouble than you can imagine, Tom! I don't want that that happens."

Raymond's heart jumped high as he heard that. She didn't want him to get in trouble. Did that mean she liked him not as in like but in like, the like that has to do with love? No, Ray told himself. I'm already going out with Hermione. I cannot do this. If she found out, she'd kill me before I could take another breath. But then, a voice in his head whispered, Hermione doesn't need to find out. She doesn't even know who you are.

"What's wrong? Something is troubling you, I can tell by your aura."

"It's - nothing. Just gotta finish some stupid homework for Binns which is due tomorrow. See ya later, Gem!" Raymond called, running towards the Gryffindor common room. Gem. He had never called her that before. But somehow he liked doing it. That nickname suited her. She was a gem: beautiful, dainty and precious.

8 o'clock. This boy should come any minute now, Severus thought, unless he does want the other detentions as well.

8: 10 p. m. Severus started to get impatient. Riddle was now ten minutes late.

8:20 p. m. Slowly Severus's nerves broke. How dare this boy not come to his detention.

8: 30 p. m. Severus had enough. He walked out of the classroom.

Raymond knew why Severus had found an excuse to give him a detention. If he'd go, then his cover would be blown. If he didn't, then he'd have to go sooner or later. That just left one option: changing Severus's memory so that the teacher would think that Ray had gone to the detention but that he wasn't anyone else than Tom Riddle II.

As soon as Ray saw his godfather storm towards the stairs leading up from the dungeons he fired the hex. He saw Severus froze for a moment, then fall over like a statue. In about three hours Snape would wake up again, thinking that Tom Riddle had gone to detention and then back to his dorm.

"I knew you'd do this. Tom, why on earth?"

Raymond turned around, frightened. Had someone seen him hex Severus? He looked at the person in front of him.

"Gem???!!!" he exclaimed. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

Chapter 64 - Confessions

A/N: I know this is short, but I wanted to get over with this.

"Tom, I don't want to hear any stinking lies!" Gemma yelled. For the last half-an-hour her friend had tried to make up some kind of excuse, but now she was fed up of listening to these stupid things. "Just tell me the fucking truth! I don't think you have that much to hide, Tom Riddle II.!"

"OK, OK, OK!" Raymond said. "I tell you the truth. I'm Raymond Snape alias Raymond Riddle. I'm Voldemort's son, OK?"

"You're not," Gemma conjectured. "You're Harry Potter."

"Dad bloody blood-adopted me! I'm not a Potter anymore!!!"

"Tom - I mean Raymond," Gem said, stepping towards Raymond. She put her left hand on his cheek. "Raymond. You were born a Potter and you will always be a Potter. No matter how many people blood-adopted you. They will never be your biological parents. The only biological parents you will ever have are Lily and James Potter."

Ray closed his eyes and took deep breaths, calming down. "I am Harry Potter," he whispered.

"Yes, Harry," Gemma breathed, leaning forward. "You truly are Harry Potter."

Raymond smirked. He captured her lips, the butterflies in his stomach awakening after a deep sleep.

A golden light came up, surrounding him. His features changed. He first became Raymond Riddle, getting taller and better-looking, then he changed back again into the person he'd been born: Harry Potter. The golden light became fainter and fainter until it was gone.

They broke their kiss.

Raymond took a breath. "I'm Harry Potter again," he said. "Shit."

Chapter 65 - Killing

"How - why did you change back?" Gemma asked, stepping backwards. She'd felt the change in his aura.

"I - it probably was because... because I accepted with my full heart that I'm a Potter? Maybe that broke the blood adoption," Harry mused. "Yes, that has to be it."

"Then... how do you change back? I mean, no-one here knows that you're Tom, right?"

"Right. No-one except you and me."

"What if suddenly someone comes along and sees you like this?" Gem questioned, turning her head to either side to try and sense any auras which might come near. Luckily there were none. "And what if Professor Snape wakes up any moment? He'll see you - and then you'll be in trouble. Especially because you hexed him."

"You need to know all of the information," Harry said hastily. "But not here. Come with me. There's only one place where we can talk without interruption from anyone."

Harry took Gemma's hand. They started walking up the stairs.

"If you can see any aura coming our way, tell me instantly," Harry told her. "Not one single soul is allowed to see me like this."

"Where are we going?"

"The Room of Requirements."

"Never heard of it."

"Didn't think you had," Harry said, practically flying up the stairs, dragging her behind him. "It's on the seventh floor. If you walk three times from one side of where the door is supposed to be to the other, wishing what kind of room you want, a door is going to appear, and behind that door is the room you wanted."

"So, if I didn't miscalculate we're on the seventh floor now, right?"

"Right," Harry whispered, looking around. There wasn't anyone in sight. Luckily. Everyone had already finished dinner an hour ago. The library was closed for forty minutes.

A nice cozy room, Harry thought, walking up and down the corridor where the door would be. A nice cozy room. A nice cozy room.

"What's that?" Gemma asked frightened, suddenly hearing an unfamiliar noise. "I don't see any auras..."

"It's the door," Harry explained. "Everything is alright, Gem." He took her hand and led her inside, smiling as he saw middle-sized room with a lit fireplace, cushions on the floor on top of a thick carpet and a few armchairs by the fire.

"Where are we?" Gemma asked slowly as she sat down, Harry guiding her. She felt the cushions and the carpet. "Are we in the Room of Requirements?"

"Yes," he answered, still holding her hand. "No-one will be able to listen to our conversation here."

"What is it that you want me to tell so badly, and that no other person is allowed to find out?"

"I'll tell you, but only if you listen carefully. Nothing that I will say now will leave this room."

"Nothing. Not a single syllabus."

Harry began his story. His story of what happened during the last ten years of his life, beginning with Voldemort summoning him and Severus for the first time, ending with him changing his identity to Tom Riddle II. By the time he stopped talking it was near midnight.

"That was... amazing in a way," Gemma said slowly, cuddling with Harry. "I mean, I've never met someone whose life was... like yours."

Your life has been full of tragedy and loss so far. I don't know how you can cope with all that. I really don't, Harry.

"So... what are we going to do about you looking like Harry Potter and not Tom Riddle II.?"

"Well, the only thing left to do would be sending an owl to Mum," Harry said thoughtfully. "She probably knows what to do. Until she replies I have to stay here though, otherwise my cover will be blown."

"Isn't it already?" Gem questioned him. "The portraits have most likely seen you. If anyone's gonna ask them your cover as Tom Riddle will end."

Harry bit his lip thoughtfully, his arms still around Gemma. "Gem, could you do a favor for me?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure."

"Could you go and send an owl to Louisa telling her about what happened? I need to meet her as soon as possible to discuss what's gonna happen now."

"I'll do that. Fred will be able to lead me. However, I strongly suggest that we should catch some sleep before that."

"Sure," Harry muttered in a low voice into her ear. "My princess..."

Harry knew that although Hermione was his true love he needed something new, something fresher. And Gemma had captured his heart. He knew that she was the girl he'd been waiting for. She was different than Hermione, a lot different. They thought in different ways. They looked different. They spoke different. True, Hermione was intelligent, but the fact that Gemma was blind made her special in a way. Harry's true love was a normal sixteen year old girl. Gem was blind. She wasn't like any other sixteen year old girl in Hogwarts.

Not only girls made Harry think though. He hadn't thought that a blood adoption could be broken. Especially not by admitting that you're not who you think you are. And what would happen now?

Would he go back to Riddle Manor the next summer? Would he go back to live with his biological father? (Harry shuddered at the thought of it, but in a way it made him feel happy.) However, before he'd made any of these decisions, he had to try and find a way to change back. And that was more urgent than anything else.

"You wanted to talk to me?" Draco asked as he emerged from the fireplace.

"Yes, Draco," Tom said, stopping to pace back and forth. He sat down at his desk. "I do. I have a job for you. You see, I've been thinking. About Raymond. Old fool Dumbledore has made his life miserable. Although I do not know where my son is at the moment, I wish to make his life easier from now on."

"So... ?"

"I'd like you to kill him, Draco."

W - What!?" Draco exclaimed, lost for words. This was too much of a surprise. "Kill my own headmaster?"

"I know this must come shocking, but I also know that it's either his life or Raymond's life, and I'm sure you'd agree with me that it'd be better to let Dumbledore die."

"Leave me time to think about it," Draco said after a pause.

"Very well. You're dismissed."

Chapter 66 - I love you

Gemma, led by Fred, her pet bird, made her way to the owl tower. Although it was already after sunrise she could hear them from the bottom of the staircase, screeching for food, waiting for someone to come and give them a letter to deliver.

As soon as she stepped into the room the owls were living in, she grimaced at the smell. It stank horribly. Gemma turned her face as she heard an owl flutter towards her. At the same time she stepped into a pile of owl poo. Her face screwed up in distaste she stretched her arm out for the owl to land on. She felt the claws of the owl even under her coat and school shirt. Gemma patted the feathers, then pulled an envelope Harry had given her out from under her coat. She did her best at tying it to the animal's foot- while stroking it she'd noticed that it was huge, meaning that it belonged to the school - then, hoping that the letter would stay on it she let the owl fly away. It was near impossible tying a letter to the small feet of a living being like this when you couldn't see what she'd done, but somehow Gemma had managed. She left the tower again, heading for the Gryffindor Tower to make herself fresh for the lessons.

The whole day Gemma was thinking. About Tom - or rather Harry - and the situation she was in. Although she'd never seen him or his face, his presence alone made her feel calm, relaxed, loved. She'd never had a friend let alone a boyfriend. She wasn't sure about her feelings towards Harry. He seemed to be a nice boy. He'd been the first one to willingly spend time with her. But then, what if he only did it to escape meeting his friends? No, she told herself, that couldn't be true. The kiss they shared had made her feel... special. Her heart had run a marathon. Her whole body had been flying instead of standing on the solid ground. And then she realized. She was in love with Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived.

Tom crept around the huge, silent mansion, not having anything to do. He felt totally lonely without Louisa. Severus had taken all the alcohol bottles away so that he couldn't get drunk again.

"Tom," his friend had said, "if you continue drinking like this you'll die eventually. You have a daughter, a son, and a wife. Do you want to

leave them all, then? Make Betty and Raymond fatherless and Louisa a widow? If you know what is good for you you'll stop."

The old man sighed. He missed his wife. He missed his children. His life was nothing without them. It was worthless. Life didn't make sense if you didn't had someone you could love - and someone to love you back.

He descended the staircase leading to the ground floor and looked around. He went into the living room. Raymond's piano stood in the middle. He walked over to it and opened the lid. Looking at the keys he pressed randomly some downwards. It sounded weird. He closed the lid again and looked around the room. Pictures of Raymond. Louisa. Betty.

Suddenly there was a noise from the entrance hall. His heart beating fast Tom hurried back out to look who was coming in. He didn't believe his eyes one second. It couldn't be true. He had not thought it possible.

Louisa, holding Betty in her arm, stood there, smiling at him.

"I'm back," she said.

"Any news?" Harry asked as Gemma entered the Room of Requirements, sounding somewhat hopeful. He'd spent the whole day there, eating the food and drink that Gem had brought and reading the books that the room and provided.

"No, except that everyone wonders where you are," the girl replied, slowly sitting down next to him. "I've been questioned by McGonagall, Dumbledore and a few other teachers. Thankfully the house elves didn't say anything that I came to get food during lunch."

"Better than I thought."

"Hardly," Gemma laughed. "If you'd knew what the hell is going on out there, you wouldn't believe it. They're turning the castle upside down looking for you, Tom - Harry, I mean. Everyone who has any idea where you could be or any clue to your whereabouts was

promised a hundred house points by Dumbledore. The last thing he'd like to do is to admit to the board of Governors and to your aunt - or rather step mum - that you disappeared over night cause they're not going to be happy 'bout it."

"Well, hearing this it sounds worse," Harry smiled, closing his eyes. "You know, Gem, I've been thinking."

"Me too," she confessed, not sure where this conversation was going to lead. Of course, she had an idea, but she didn't thought it'd be going that way.

He opened his eyes again. "It's - I don't know how to say this." Harry laughed uneasily. "Well, it's, like -" He sighed and went with his hair through his hair. "I kind of... well... uh, what is the best way to say this?"

"Straightforward, I think," Gem replied slowly, her heart racing, her mind full of questions. Was he going to ask her? To ask her if she'd like to go out with him? Or would he just tell her that he didn't want to hang around with her anymore?

Tom embraced his wife. "Don't you ever run off like that again," he said, silent tears making their way down his cheeks.

"If you promise me to never lose your temper again," Louisa said softly.

"If there would be something to turn back the time, I'd do it, no matter what," her husband told her. "You know I love you."

Harry swallowed and took a deep breath. "I - I think I love you."

Chapter 67 - Lost, Ray lost

A lonely owl flew through a city, a piece of paper tied to its leg. It was huge, and the people living in that city were surprised to see it. However, as the animal flew across a pair of tracks, a train happened to pass. Never having seen one from that close, the owl went crazy and flew right into electricity pylons which were standing right next to the tracks. The people watching saw the burned body of the dead animal fall down onto the floor, the feathers still flaming.

"So, where's Raymond?" Tom asked, looking at his wife.

"He want back to Hogwarts," Louisa told him. "Disguised, of course. His name is now Tom Riddle II."

"Tom Riddle II.?" Tom laughed out loud. "I should have known that! Only he could think of something like that!"

Suddenly an owl flew through an open window into the entrance hall, right onto Louisa's shoulder.

"A letter from school?" she asked irritated, untying the paper from the owl's foot. "Did Ray do something?"

"Read the letter to find out," Tom suggested smugly.

His wife smiled at him while breaking the seal bearing the shield of Hogwarts. She unfolded the parchment and began reading. Slowly her jaw dropped down.

"What? What is it?" Voldemort asked, growing worried. His daughter tugged at his sleeve and he picked her up, his eyes fixed on his wife.

"Lost!" she sobbed. "Ray is lost!"

A/N: Short, I know, but the majority of my exams are next week and I need to learn for them

Chapter 68 - Breaking news

"Are you really sure about this?" Harry asked concerned.

"Yes, I am," Gemma said, looking straight at her boyfriend. September had passed away without any letter from his step mother. November had reached its midpoint, and students started counting the days towards Christmas. Not knowing what to do Harry had stayed in the Room of Requirements. Gem had brought him food and drink on every occasion she could.

"Well, it's just..."

"It's just what? Did you never had it with girl? I always thought that a boy like you had a huge choice of girlfriends."

"There was this girl... but she didn't want to have it until we were both of age, Gem."

The girl laughed. "Don't be afraid to say the word, Harry."

Harry grimaced as he voiced the word. "Sex."

"We don't have to do it if you don't want to," Gemma said instantly, taking Harry's hand. "Only when we're both ready fo it."

Harry turned his head away in thought for a minute, then he spoke. "Come here this evening and we'll see how we feel about it."

"Until later," Gem bid goodbye as it was time for her to go to her next lesson. She stood up as did Harry. They shared a quick kiss before Gemma left.

As soon as Gemma entered the Room of Requirements she could tell that Harry had changed some of the furniture. The room smelled like roses. In the fireplace there was a friendly fire flickering, its light reflecting in the whole room. On the floor were even more cushions, a mattress, a flushy blanket and huge cushions.

"I ask you a last time," Harry said, taking Gemma's hand and leading her over to the mattress. "Do you really want this?"

"Yes," Gem breathed, capturing Harry's lips, unbuttoning his shirt. He kissed her back and pulled her top over her head after she'd managed to get his shirt away from his body.

"I love you," Harry muttered, inhaling the scent of coconut in her hair, as they sat down on the mattress. They kissed again, and he knew that tonight they'd both lose their virginity.

After that night weeks passed, nothing changing. Harry kept spending his whole time in the Room of Requirements. During the day Gem would visit him, bring him food and drinks. In the evening she'd come, do her homework, cuddle with Harry, and simply enjoy being with him. However, things didn't stay like that.

Two months after she'd lost her virginity Gemma started feeling unwell. In the morning she'd throw up, but luckily she was able to hide it from her roommates.

At dinner she'd hardly eat anything, knowing that it would not stay down. And she suspected that she knew why.

"Gemma, what's wrong?" Harry asked one evening. "You haven't been the same for the last few days."

"It's - I have to tell you something," Gemma told him reluctantly. "But before that I need to go somewhere."

Before she'd tell Harry she wanted to be sure. Sure that she was right. After all she couldn't be sure how he'd react.

"You were right," Madam Pomfrey said. "Do you know who...?"

"Yes," Gem cut her off. "Thanks for helping."

"And?" Harry asked as his girlfriend entered the Room of Requirements again. "Where did you go?"

"Madam Pomfrey," Gem answered, biting her lip nervously.

"You aren't ill, are you?" the boy asked, worried.

Gemma took a deep breath. It had to be said. "Harry - I'm pregnant."

Chapter 69 - James Potter

"I - I don't think I can cope with that," Harry said after a long, awkward silence.

Gemma frowned. "You mean you don't want to have anything to do with the baby?"

"No!" her boyfriend conjectured instantly. "No - what I mean is that we have to tell an adult about me having changed back to Harry Potter, Gem. An adult who we can trust."

"Madam Pomfrey said that she'd tell Professor Dumbledore, and that I'd have to contact my parents about this whole affair."

"Shit," Harry swore, annoyed. "They'll want to find out who the father is. My cover will be broken."

"I - I could -"

"No," Harry said softly, not letting her finish speaking. He stepped forward, standing right in front of her. Harry stroked her cheek. "Don't get an abortion, Gem," he whispered. "I couldn't bear the thought. We just have to think of something."

"You said something about letting an adult into your secret."

"Yes. It needs to be one who we can trust to stay silent, meaning it cannot be someone people would go to to look for me."

"How about James Potter?" Gemma suggested.

"You know what?" Harry beamed. "Your idea is so crazy that it's brilliant."

Gemma sat in the Transfiguration classroom, listening intensely to Professor McGonagall talking about how it is to be an animagus, as the fireplace changed colour and lit up in green.

"Professor McGonnagal, if you could send to the infirmary ward?" Madam Pomfrey pleaded.

"Any particular reason?" the teacher replied, frowning.

"I think she knows why," the matron smiled.

"Very well then," McGonnagal said. "You're excused ."

Gemma stood up, and, stretching her arm out for Fred, she left the classroom after having packed her books into her bag. Fifteen minutes later she arrived at the ward.

"The headmaster wants to talk to you," the healer said, not wasting any time for long explanations. "He'll be here shortly." Just like she'd said did the fireplace change from orange to green, and Professor Dumbledore came out of it.

Gemma, who'd sat down on one of the beds, stood up to greet him, had to sit down again as she suddenly became a bit dizzy.

"Stay seated," Albus told her. "I'm sure you know why I wanted to talk to you." Gemma nodded in response. "OK. You told Madam Pomfrey you know who the father is." Again did Gemma nod. At Dumbledore's expectant look she noticed that he waited for her to tell him.

"Oh, I cannot tell you, sir," she said quickly.

That answer clearly irritated the headmaster. "Why on earth not?"

"He prefers to stay anonymous."

"Has it anything to do with Raymond Snape alias Harry Potter?" Albus asked suspiciously. "If yes then you must tell me immediately."

Gemma swallowed. Should she lie to her headmaster? Would he know it if she did? But then she had a much better idea. In the last few weeks Harry had taught her how to do wandless magic, and she used that skill to escape from answering that question just then.

Albus sat in his office, furiously sucking lemon drops. Why did the girl had to faint? Why could she not have answered that question? Although it was obvious that she knew something about Raymond Snape's whereabouts, it was not obvious if he was the father of her child. After all Gemma could have had intercourse with any boy in the school. Any boy.

Madam Pomfrey held Gemma in the infirmary ward over night, not giving in to the arguments of having to finish homework. The next morning she was released in time for breakfast.

"Have you already told your parents?" the matron asked before Gemma left.

"No - not yet."

"Do you want me to tell them?" Poppy Pomfrey asked, seeing how uncomfortable the girl was.

"Yeah, that'd be great." Gemma managed a smile before she left the infirmary ward.

George Scott had always dreamed of the perfect life: a wife, a child, a good-paying job, a big house. By the age of twenty-five he had three of them, but the fourth - the child - did not seem to come along. By the age of twenty-seven he and his wife decided that it was useless and that they'd never have their own child. She had suggested adoption to him but he had declined, saying that if he could not have his own child, he would not have one at all. However, at the age of thirty, a child did come. From the moment they found out George and his wife did everything in their might to let their still unborn child have a good life. The more time passed the more nervous they got. Before he had married his ever-so-loving girlfriend, she'd had a few miscarriages from previous relationships. They were scared that this time it too would not survive. But the day came on which their child was born. It had been a day they could not have awaited, so excited they had been. However, as soon as their baby daughter opened her eyes, they had a shocking experience.

Their daughter was blind.

Although he was a healer and his wife helped out at St. Mungus, there was nothing George could do but live with the fact of having a blind daughter who would, in time, inherit all his fortunes. He hoped that there'd be another child, a boy, but they were blessed with no other child.

As Gemma - how George had decided to call his daughter as it meant jewel, and, as it seemed, she should be the only one - grew older, her parents adjusted to the different life of having a blind child living with them. For her fifth birthday she got a bird from her father which she called Fred.

At the age of eleven Gemma was able to read and understand the language of the blind, follow Fred who was trained to lead her, and, most importantly, she'd learned to see auras, a gift that only certain people have, and even then mostly don't know about it. All these factors helped the girl to live a life as normal as a blind person ever could have.

When her Hogwarts letter arrived George and his wife had been a bit worried of her meeting with hundreds of children she'd never met before, and going to a totally new environment without having any idea how it looked like. The headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, managed to talk them out of their worries, saying that everything would be fine and that she'd soon find many friends.

People do not say for no reason that Dumbledore is an old fool, for who would believe that a girl like Gemma would ever find friends in a place like Hogwarts where she was the only one of her kind?

It was the opposite. Throughout her years at Hogwarts until the day she left she had not found a single friend, leaving Harry Potter as an exception. However she'd never told her parents as she didn't want them to worry, for she thought that having a blind daughter was burden enough.

So George did not know of his daughter's school life. He did not know of her newfound friend and boyfriend. He did not know that she had

lost her virginity until he got a letter from the school healer, Madam Pomfrey.

Dear Mr. Scott,

I herewith inform you of important information which concerns the well-being of you daughter Gemma. It has been found out that she not only left her innocence behind her, but also that she has started to develop a new life within her body. It is extremely uncommon for such a thing to happen to a student of Hogwarts (not so much for the first but for the second). I am sure that Gemma could do with all your help and support that you can give her. The route she choose to take is more than unfamiliar to her, so I strongly suggest that you talk with her about all the risks that this choice brings with it, for she will profit from it.

Although Gemma admitted that she knew who the father of her child is, not a single word of him would pass her lips. It might be of great help if you, her father, could talk with her about it, to let her know how important it is not only for the headmaster but also for you to know that fact.

Sincerely,

Madam Pomfrey

A/N: There'll be about another seven chapters, and then that'll be it. The story will be finished.

Chapter 70 - Visit

"Ah, I expected you," Albus Dumbledore said to his visitors, pointing at the chair in front of his huge wooden desk, indicating them to sit down. "Gemma has, unfortunately not been able - or rather cooperative enough - to give me any more information."

"What, may I ask, do I have to do with this?" James Potter asked. "It's his child this is about, isn't it?"

"I too would like to know what he is doing here," Gorge Scott said.

"It is only a suspicion of mine, but I dare say that your son, Mr. Potter, has something to do with this," the headmaster explained.

"Maximilian?!" the auror exclaimed, standing up.

"I am not talking about Max Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, but more of his twin, Harry Potter."

"He is NOT my son anymore," James snarled angrily. "Snivellus took care of him."

"Or so you believe." Albus leaned back in his chair. "I believe that a third person has had the pleasure to be Harry's - or should I say Raymond's - guardian. Why else would you think he suddenly disappeared? Last year I expelled him, and, to my knowledge, he has not been attending another school. So the idea of him disguising himself and applying for a place in Hogwarts does not seem to weird I think."

"Have there been any applications from someone in sixth grade?"

The headmaster stood up and walked over to the window, looking out. "A boy called Tom Riddle II., James."

James gasped. "You don't mean...?"

"That your son, Mr. Potter, is You-Know-Who's son?" George finished, a look of disbelief on his face.

Albus turned around sharply. "That is what I suspect. However, if he is just his son and not originally yours, then it would seem more than odd that he is a Gryffindor. But then there also is the chance that he is the son of neither you or Voldemort."

"My son like you call him," James said, grimacing at the thought, "was sorted into Slytherin in his first year. Why did the hat not sort him there this year?"

"Both you and Lily, his biological parents, had been in Gryffindor, so I think the hat had not been completely sure where to sort him," Albus voiced his thoughts. "Anyway, let's go back to today's facts. Tom Riddle II. (alias Harry Potter) is missing since a few weeks into the year. He had been Miss. Scott's first friend, I believe."

"What do you mean?" George asked bewildered. "I thought you said that she'd find lots of friends here."

James snorted. "A girl like her? A girl which is abnormal?"

"Gemma is NOT abnormal! She might be blind, but that is, to my knowledge as a healer, not uncommon," George shouted.

"Calm down, calm down both of you," Albus said sharply. "So. He's her first friend. It would not surprise me if they were a couple. Then he suddenly goes missing. No one has any information about why and where he went, not even Miss Scott, though I do believe that she knows more than she says."

"You accuse my daughter of lying?" George growled.

The headmaster ignored him.

"Not soon later Gemma appears in the infirmary ward asking Poppy - Madam Pomfrey - to check if she is pregnant. The results are positive. She says she knows who the father is but is unwilling to tell me who, saying that he wants to stay anonymous. What for deductions can you make of that?"

"Maybe someone raped her," James shrugged carelessly.

"Definitely not," George argued. "She'd be scared. She'd say who it was but ask for it not be made public. Did she ask to get an abortion?"

"No."

"Then she clearly was not raped," Mr. Scott concluded, smiling smugly at James who was scowling at him.

"What if it was that brute Malfoy?" he asked. "What if he wanted a heir fearing he'd die of some strange disease and raped your daughter, saying that if she'd give birth to his child she could have anything she'd want?"

"Please be logical about this," Albus pleaded. "It doesn't help anything to make things up which aren't actually there. What did this famous muggle detective say? Eliminate the impossible and whatever remains must be the truth. Let's go after that phrase, shall we? I think we can leave Mr. Draco Malfoy and rape out of this." Again did James scowl. "The most probable answer would be that Tom Riddle II. is Mr. Harry Potter in disguise, and that he is the father of Miss Gemma Scott's child. Anyone disagrees?"

George and James stayed silent.

"So," the headmaster said, clapping his hands cheerfully. "Which one of you wants to go and talk to Gemma and Severus?"

"Why Snape?" James asked irritated.

"Well, as you gave him all the rights over Harry, he should be the one knowing who his current guardian is."

James took a last deep breathe before, with gritted teeth, he knocked on Snape's office door. A moment later it opened.

"Draco, I told you -" Severus Snape said, cutting himself short when he saw James. His face darkened. "What do you want?" he asked. "I've got things to do." He wanted to slam the door shut but James put his foot between the door frame and the door.

"I want answers," he said. "Concerning my son Harry Potter."

"Father?" Gemma exclaimed as her father entered the Gryffindor common room. "What are doing here?"

"I want answers," he said. "Concerning Mr. Harry Potter."

Severus opened the door fully and let Potter in.

"Sit down." He pointed at a chair standing in front of his desk which was laden with parchments. "What exactly do you want to know?"

"Who is his current guardian?" Potter asked him, getting straight to the point.

"Why would you be interested in that?" Severus asked sweetly.

"He is still my son. I have the right to know."

"Did you forget? You gave all rights to me."

"Fine," James gave in. He wanted to spend as less time with Snape as possible. "Dumbledore wants to know."

"Why would the headmaster wish to know that?" the potion master asked with raised eyebrows.

"Because - because he suspects that Harry is the father of Scott's child," the auror answered impatiently.

"So so. Miss Scott and Harry Potter alias Raymond Snape who did not even attend school this year. I wonder how the headmaster got that suspicion."

"Tom Riddle II.," James said shortly. "He thinks Harry disguised himself."

Gemma looked shocked at her father. Then she grabbed his sleeve and pulled him out of the common room, every eye of the people inside on them.

"How do you know?" she hissed as they hurried along a corridor.

"Dumbledore."

"We should have known that he'd figure it out," George's daughter muttered, shaking her head.

"It's true then, is it?" George asked disbelievingly.

Gemma stood still, facing him.

"Yes," she breathed. "It is true that he is the father of my child."

Chapter 71 - Important Information

"Who Raymond's current guardian is?" Severus spoke, and to James it seemed that he'd said it more to himself than to his visitor. "Yes, a good question indeed."

"What do you mean?" Potter asked irritated.

"I failed watching over and guarding the boy who had once been known as Harry Potter," Snape hissed, leaning forward into James's face. "I failed after you gave me the rights over him. The Dark Lord himself blood adopted him, Potter. After he'd been expelled last summer Louisa, Voldemort's wife, took him away along with Betty, his half-sister. Since then I do not know what happened to him. Whether he is Tom Riddle II. or not I cannot answer. Happy now?"

James was shocked at the outburst, at being told the truth and nothing but the truth by Severus Snape, his enemy, the man he despised.

"Thanks," he simply said, standing up again. "Thanks for telling me the truth."

"How do you know that I said the truth?"

James stood in the doorway and looked over his shoulder, opening his mouth to speak, closing it again and looking at the closed door.

"The pain," he said, his voice trembling. "The pain in your eyes. Never before have you failed. Never before had you had such responsibility, responsibility of watching over a boy who is stubborn, who has his own mind, other than some students here at Hogwarts, like my other son, Maximilian. I saw the pain of having failed, S-Severus. The pain of having let down people again." Before the potion master could say anything else, James had disappeared.

He ran along a corridor, up two flights of stairs, along a few more corridors and up some more staircases.

"Where's your daughter?" James asked, panting, as he entered Dumbledore's office and saw George Scott sit in front of the desk in a deep conversation with the headmaster.

"Why, she's with Harry," George said. "She gave in and told me."

"Where are they?"

"She didn't say. That's what we're talking about," Albus said. "The most probable room they could be in is one that no one knows and that is therefore not used."

James slapped his forehead. "The Room of Requirements!" he called out, already having turned around on his heels and run out of the office again.

"What is wrong with him?" Albus asked bewildered. "The Room of Requirements is known to people, so why should they hide in there?"

"What is this Room of Requirements?" George asked irritateted, looking at the headmaster.

"D'you think it'll be a boy?" Harry asked, stroking Gemma's belly which slowly started to form.

"Maybe," she breathed, kissing Harry's cheek. "What would you call him?"

"Julian. It is of Greek origin, and its meaning is "Jove's child". Variant of Julius, the family clan name of several of the most powerful Roman emperors. What do you think?"

"If it's a boy we call him Julian, and if it's a girl we'll call her Julia," Gem said, looking dreamily into her boyfriend's eyes.

Harry cleared his throat. "You know," he said, "that if we don't marry, our child will be illigetimate."

"What does it matter?"

"Gem, I don't want him to be called names and I don't want him to be excluded by others."

Gemma stood up. "Who says that that's gonna happen?" she asked. "Times change. Fifty years ago it might have been a crime being illegitimate, but not anymore."

"Never underestimate purebloods," Harry hissed.

"Okay. Who says that our child will be in a house other than Slytherin which will only consist of purebloods?"

"But it is not said that it'll be in a class in which no purebloods in it," Harry argued.

"So, who's saying it'll even go to Hogwarts?"

"Which other school would you say then?"

"Well, how about Durmstrang, Beauxbuton, or a non-magical school?"

"Don't be daft, Gemma. Of course our child will go here."

"Ever thought about how we'll pay for this all? A baby needs lots of things, which means we'll need a lot of money which we don't have. We're still going to school, we do not have jobs, and we're both under age. Your father abandoned you years ago and mine probably will after this is over."

"Maybe you should have thought about this earlier," Harry said icily, standing up. "Before you wanted me to have sex with you."

"So all of this is my fault?" Gemma screamed. "It is my fault that I'm pregnant?" Before Harry could respond she'd stepped forward and slapped him furiously across the face, leaving an enormous red mark on his cheek.

James walked briskly along a corridor towards the seventh floor. As he turned a corner a girl ran past him, sobbing, nearly throwing him

off his feet. Had it been his imagination or had she looked like George Scott?

Chapter 72 - Draco's Plan

"I planned everything into the last detail," Draco reported after he'd stood up from his chair. He and Lucius, Remus, Severus, Tom, Hermione, Neville, Cedric, Ginny and Rachel were in the dining room, holding a meeting concerning Draco's mission.

"And I still think we shouldn't do it," Hermione objected. "Killing is just wrong. If we murder Dumbledore we won't be any better than him. Anyway, who says that Raymond is being held prisoner by him?"

Tom cleared his throat to get everyone's attention. "None of you know the real story," he said in a low voice. All eyes wandered to him, looking at the Dark Lord with utmost interest.

"Then what is the real story?" Lucius dared to ask. "Everyone has been told that he was being held prisoner by us, but because that's impossible we all thought he was being held prisoner by Dumbledore."

"Louisa told me," Voldemort continued. "Raymond went back to Hogwarts in disguise. He called himself Tom Riddle II."

The Hogwarts students gasped.

"But he is missing!" Ginny exclaimed.

"What?!" Remus asked, more irritated than before.

"It is true then," Severus muttered.

"What is true?" Tom asked, sharply.

"Potter visited me, James Potter. He asked me who Raymond's current guardian is. He also said that the headmaster suspects him to be the father of Miss Gemma Scott's child."

Hermione drew air in through her teeth. "That can't be possible," she said matter-of-factly. "Gemma isn't pregnant, and even if she was, we'd all know."

"As it seems it is unknown to you that, by performing a special spell, you can hide the bigger becoming stomach," Severus told her, smirking.

"I do know that," Hermione said, glaring at him. "But we'd still have noticed it. You can't just oversee a pregnant woman! There are many signs which she didn't have, like morning sickness, -"

"I don't think you're in her dormitory, so you can't be the judge of that statement," Ginny interrupted. "Just because you didn't see any of these signs it doesn't mean that they're not there, Mione."

"But - but - he'd never do such a thing!" Hermione cried, tears filling her eyes. "I know it." Her voice started faltering. "I just know that he'd never do such a thing to me..."

"I bring her to her room," Ginny said in a low voice, helping up Hermione who had started sobbing.

The others watched them go.

"We can get started as soon as you want to, Tom," Draco finished his report.

"H-Harry?!" James exclaimed as his son walked into him.

"J-James," Harry stammered, just as well shocked and surprised.

"Harry, what are you doing here?" his father suddenly hissed, remembering the situation they were in. "What if anyone sees you?"

"Gemma -"

"You can talk later to her," James cut him off. "First goes your safety, boy."

"Since when do you care about my safety?" Harry asked irritated.

"Since you somehow changed back from your disguise and since I found out that you're going to be a father."

Before they could move, however, the castle shook and, only a few meters away, the ceiling suddenly collapsed.

"Gemma," Harry whispered, and before his father could stop him he'd run towards where the corridor was blocked.

"Maximilian, you swore to obey every order that I gave you," Dumbledore muttered, absentmindedly looking over the banister of the Astrology Tower where they'd landed only minutes earlier. "Hide yourself under the invisibility cloak and don't come out until everyone is gone."

No sooner than Max had obeyed the door was thrust open, and Bellatrix Lestrange, Draco Malfoy, Remus Lupin and Severus Snape entered, seconds later followed by Voldemort himself. He raised his wand and pointed it at his headmaster.

As his lips moved Maximilian couldn't resist the urge to be heroic, and he threw himself in front of Albus Dumbledore.

"NOOOOOOOO!" Harry screamed, frantically pushing bits of the ceiling and wall away, forgetting that everything would go faster if he used his wand. A moment later a hand came into view. The hand of Gemma, lifeless. "NOOOOOO! GEMMAAAA!" He didn't want to give up hope, so he continued to make the way free.

Suddenly he stopped.

Harry looked up, feeling pain where his heart was.

"Max," he whispered, his eyes filling with tears. He knew that his twin had just died. Died by the hands of Voldemort - Tom - who called himself Harry's father. A moment later the pain increased rapidly, making Harry's head want to explode, making the tears stream down his already wet cheeks. And then the pain was so much that he lost consciousness.

"Hello, Harry."

"Maximilian?" Harry exclaimed. "How - why - are you not dead?"

"I am dead," his twin brother said. "But I have been allowed to have one final conversation with you. Harry, I am more than sorry for all the misfortunes that I caused you. Please forgive me."

"Don't be stupid," Harry told him, laughing at Max's surprised face. "Without you I'd never found out where I really belong. Where I really belonged all the time. Not with Severus, Grandma and Grandpa. Not with Tom alias Voldemort. Not with the Dursleys. But with the Potters. If it hadn't been for you I probably would have killed you with my own hands."

"You wouldn't have," Maximilian gasped.

"Probably." His twin shrugged. "But hey, all is over now. Soon you'll be at peace, Max. Soon I'll have to confront my friends and ask them for forgiveness. Soon things will slowly go back to normal. At least I hope so. With Hermione you never know."

"Hermione?" Maximilian asked with raised eyebrows. "Did you not know? Ronald proposed to her, and, yesterday, she accepted."

Harry's jaw fell down. His eyes grew as big as dinner plates. He quickly embraced his brother. "Maximilian, I'll see you in a few decades," he said hastily. "I need to get back to Hogwarts and try to change her mind."

"I understand you," Max said, swallowing hard. He tried not to cry. "See ya in heaven, bro." He waved and slowly faded away into nothing.

"Raymond!" Harry heard faraway voices. "Raymond!" they called, over and over again. "RAYMOND!"

"Thank god you're awake!" Hermione said as he opened his eyes. "We thought you were dead!"

He took her hand and pulled Ron's ring off her finger.

"Hermione," he croaked. "Please don't marry him. I need you and all the others. You're my friends."

"If we are your friends, why didn't you trust us?" Hermione yelled furiously.

"Mione, I couldn't tell anyone!" Harry defended himself, slowly standing up. "The chance of getting thrown out of school again was too big."

"So you put your education before us?" Draco snapped.

"Don't you dare say anything!" Harry roared furiously. "If it wouldn't be for you Gemma would still be alive!"

"Ah, so all is my fucking fault?" Malfoy bellowed.

"Draco, just shut up!" Neville shouted. "It's bad enough that Ray betrayed our trust. You don't have to make things worse."

"So, I betrayed your trust?" Potter said sarcastically. "Did I really? Oh, I am ever so sorry."

"We were fucking worried about you!" Ginny exploded. "What do you think? You not only betrayed our trust but also hurt Hermione's feelings!"

"Gemma was blind. I fell in love with her. We had sex, which Hermionedidn't want to have. I lost both Gemma and my child. How do you think I would bloody react?"

"It still doesn't change the fact that you cheated on me!" Hermione screamed. "You aren't any better than that bastard of your father."

"So, you think James is a bastard? If you do, then I welcome you to call me the same: BASTARD! You are the cause of Gem's and Julian or Julia's death for Christ's sake! If Voldemort hadn't ordered you to kill Dumbledore then nothing would have happened! Both Gemma and my son would still be alive!"

"Yeah, just like you said," Draco said. "Tom ordered it. If you should shout at anyone, then him. Not us."

"You could have gone against his orders!" Harry roared. "Then my own flesh and blood would still live!"

"A father at the age of sixteen?" Ginny sneered. "Come on. You don't have a job to pay for what this child of yours would have needed."

"James -"

"Yeah, of course," Neville said sarcastically. "Of course your oh-so-good father would have payed for it all. You don't believe that shit yourself, Ray."

Harry had enough. Maybe he had used his friends' trust. Maybe he had broken Hermione's - his true love's - heart. Maybe he had gone to James for help instead of going to Tom. Maybe he had done all these things and many more. But he had just lost his dear Gemma and their child. How did they think he'd react? Be happy about it? Be happy about not having to have to care about a blind girl that he loved and the son she'd carried inside herself for months? Was that what they wanted him to feel? Happiness that he had lost everything that he ever cared about since the school year began?

"I'm sorry, Hermione - but I can't do this," Harry said, looking at his friends as he walked towards the door. "Maybe one day in the future we'll have a chance to be together, but for now - after what happened today - I have different plans."

The End

A/N: Yes, there will be a sequel